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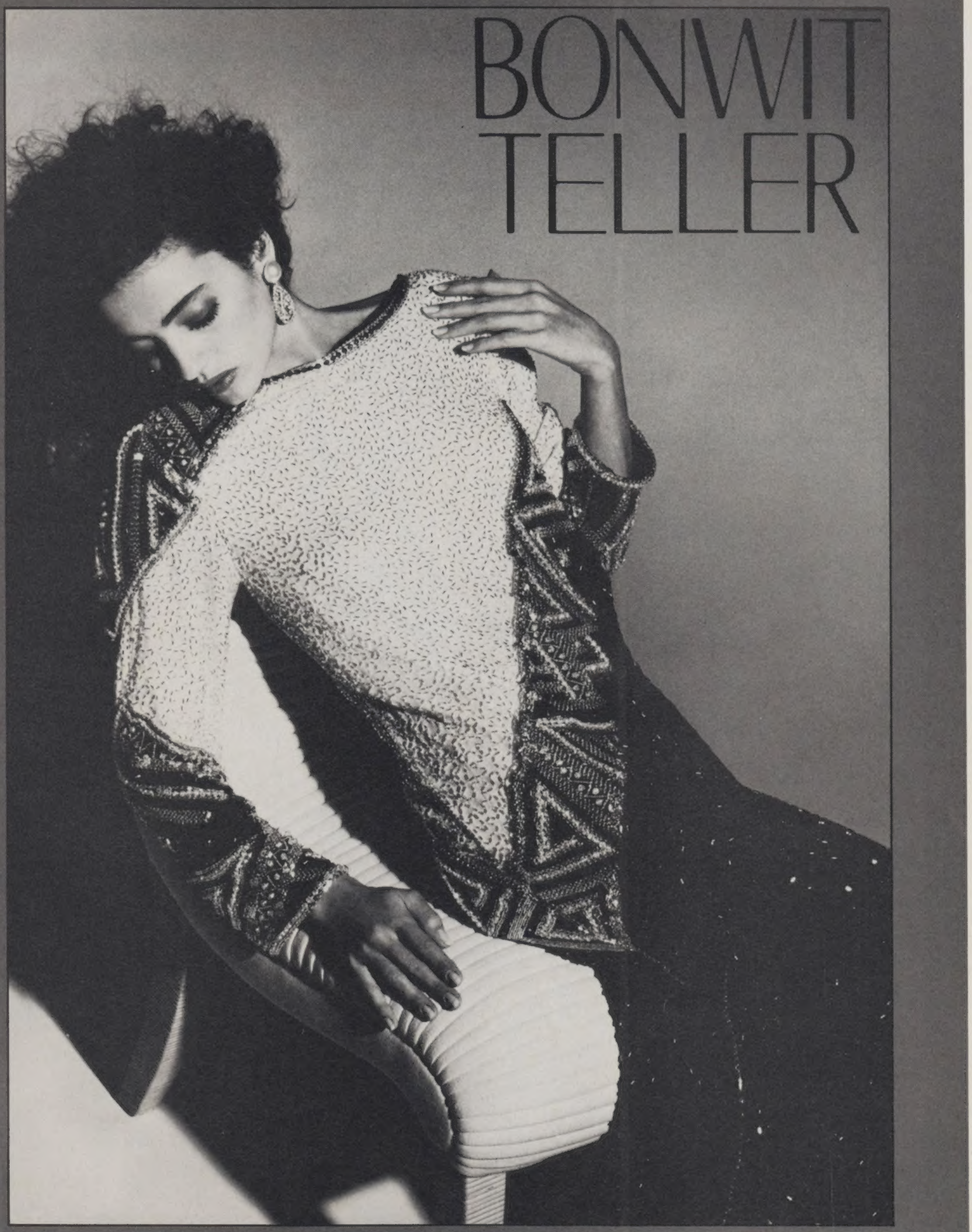

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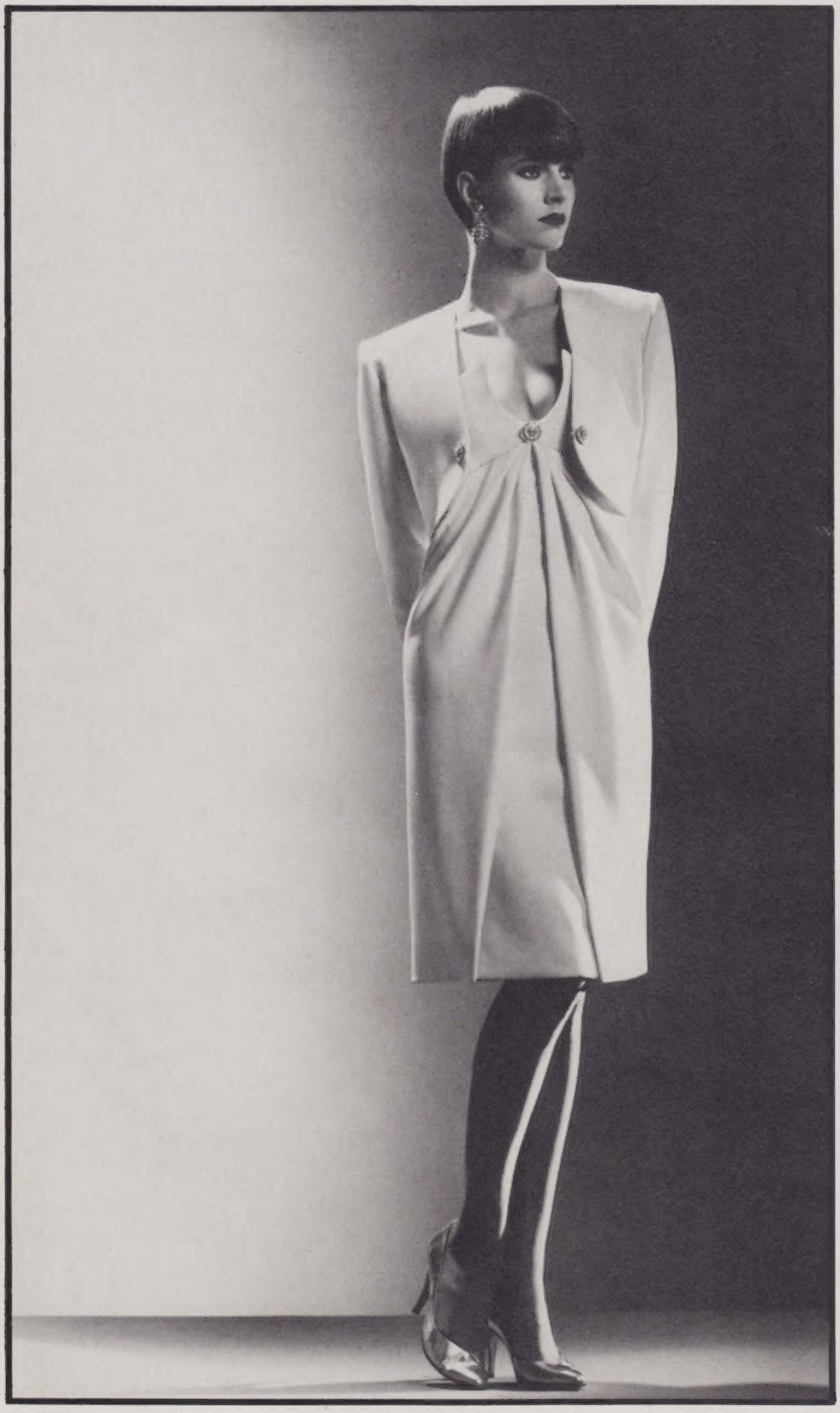

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1986

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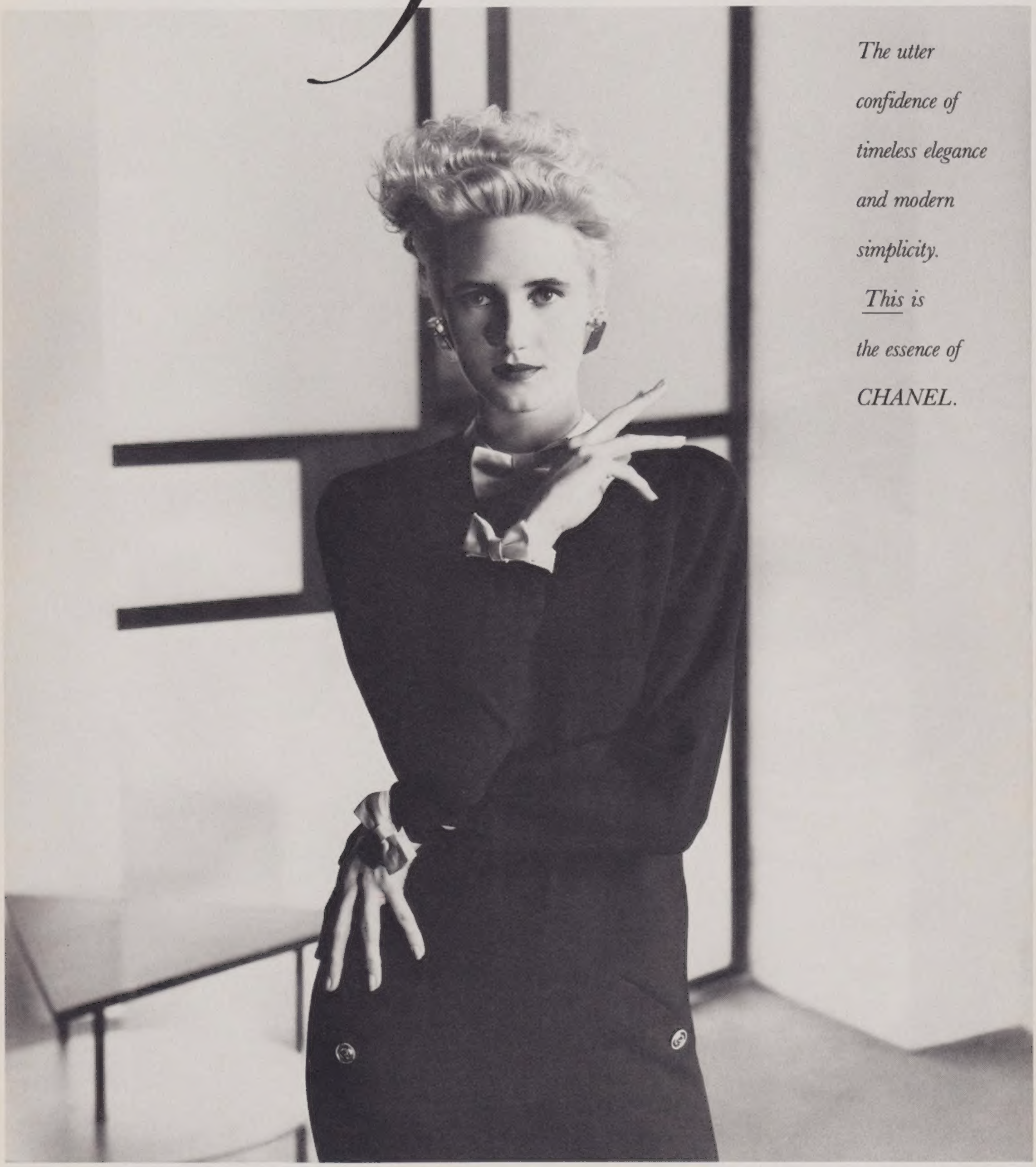

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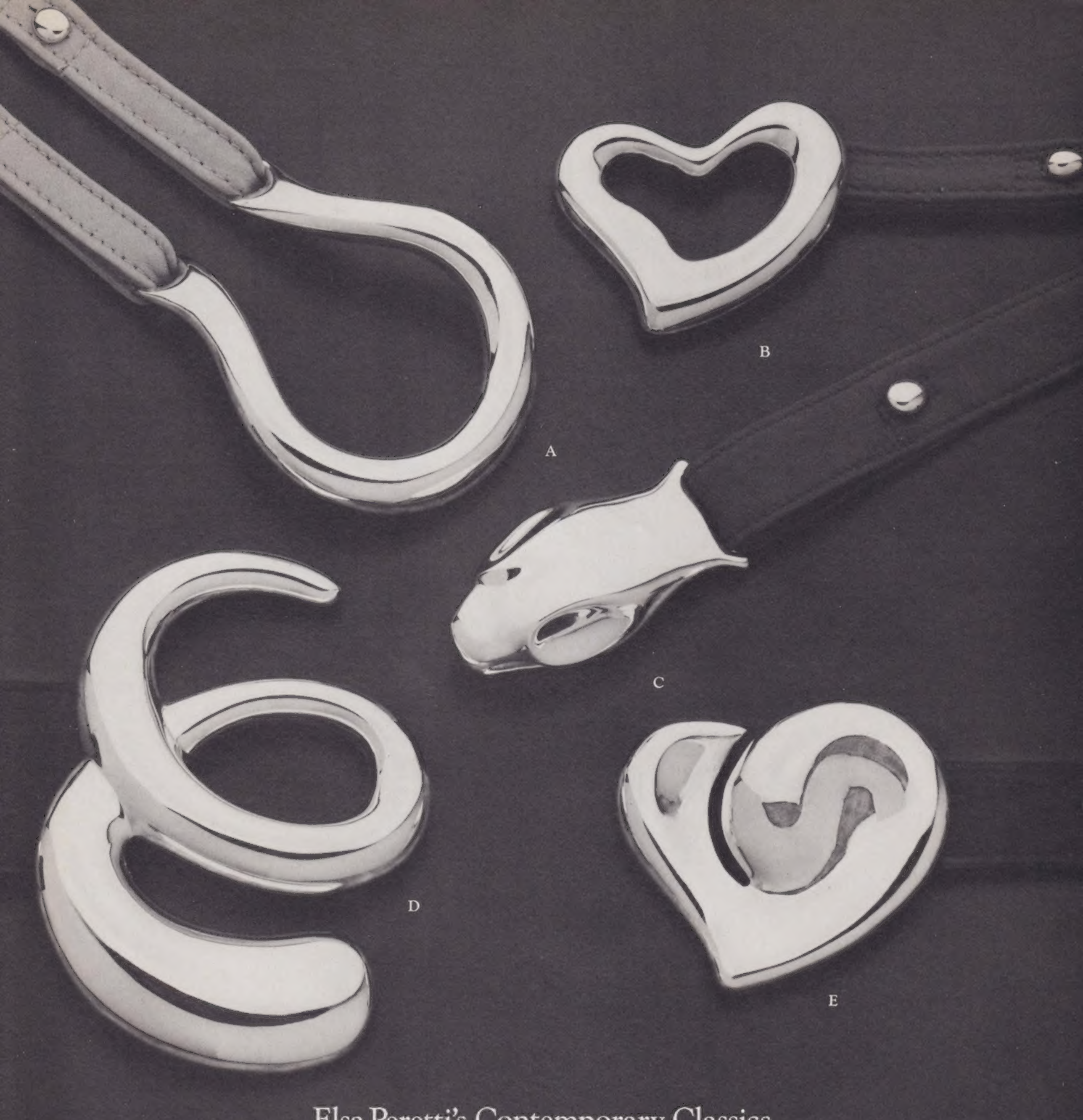

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COVER LOOK

COVER LOOK

The fresh appeal of summer beauty . . . of a simple, easy makeup idea that—literally—can be done in minutes. Here and on our cover, on actress/model Shari Belafonte-Harper, very modern makeup, pared down to six essentials, hot-weather basics that begin with Sunlit Tan sunscreened foundation, Plum Rose lips with sunscreened Lip Soother Plus, Twilight Pink cheeks; Allspice Silky Shadow, Black Sapphire eye pencil on eyes. All, from Merle Norman. (For more summer makeup ideas, see pages 260-263.) Joan Vass, N.Y. sleeveless sweater. Joan Vass, USA cardigan. Straw hat by Hat Attack. Hair, Garren, Garren, NYC; makeup, Ariella. Details, last pages. Photograph by Avedon.

confidence

In a survey in which women were asked *why* they use makeup, the most common answers included "to please myself" and "to feel more assured"—responses applauded for honesty and "healthfulness" by psychologist Joyce Brothers, Ph.D., spokesperson for The Cosmetic, Toiletry and Fragrance Association . . . . Part of using makeup to your advantage: having the right "tools." Some of the best—brushes, sponges—are Cover Girl's MakeupMates. Also essential now, with makeup's sheer finish: the "base" of hard-working skin care. Erno Laszlo's Hydra-Therapy mask, used weekly, helps skin "hold" moisture; Sothys' Promenade Ampoules go on under base, enhance skin texture.

Instant day-to-night change: Curl eyelashes, use a bright-red lip pencil to line, fill in lips . . .

■ New—and very appealing at this time of year: fragrances that go on icy-cool to the touch, refresh skin as they scent. Two to look for: new Charlie Go Lightly Cologne Spritzer, Ralph Lauren Classic Body Tonic . . . .

VITAMINS IN COSMETICS?

Do vitamins really give skin treatments an extra edge? "Most topically applied vitamins can't penetrate skin. And even the few that do may not have any cosmetic benefit," said Albert M. Kligman, M.D., Ph.D., professor of dermatology, University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine. Example: "Vitamin E—in a moisturizer or applied directly from an open capsule—doesn't help skin and may even cause reactions in skin-sensitive people," said Dr. Kligman. The real promise lies in topically applied retinoic acid, a derivative of vitamin A.

Retinoic acid cream is widely prescribed as an acne treatment. Dr. Kligman has also discovered its anti-wrinkling potential on sun-damaged skin. Retinoic acid cream speeds cell turnover, increases blood flow to skin, stimulates collagen synthesis, and—as a result—may smooth fine lines. One snag: while many cosmetics contain a dollop of vitamin A acid, only prescription strengths are effective. Good news: Dr. Kligman predicts that a more efficacious vitamin A acid in an ointment will be available over the counter in the future.

beauty in this issue . . .

One glance at the utterly appealing looks beginning on pages 222-235—and it's obvious that less—less makeup, less hair manipulation—adds up to more . . . What's required, the unseen element, is *more* care. That is the "base" for the simple makeup done by Maria De Schneider. All you need, she says: lightweight foundation, a blusher to *match* skin coloring, transparent face powder. You can skip lipstick; instead, use a bit of Vaseline.

Bottom photo, WAYNE MASER, hair, Pascal Cruca for Bruno Dessange, makeup, Mana De Schneider, Donna Karan New York shirt

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reader letters

South African awakening

I was very touched by Charlayne Hunter-Gault's article on South Africa in your March issue. It reminded me of my first knowledge of apartheid.

In 1976, I was fortunate enough to train and compete with a girls German gymnastic team in Frankfurt, Germany. Halfway through the year, I was sent as a representative of the German club to compete at an invitational meet, Germany vs. South Africa. Being a teenager, I knew very little of South African politics except that the Olympic Committee had denied South African athletes [the opportunity] to compete at the Olympic games.

I arrived for the two-day competition to find the entire South African team to be blond and Caucasian. The team was very cordial at first, until I asked, "Why aren't there any blacks on your team?" They replied, "Because the blacks are ignorant and illiterate." I was shocked hearing this from another teenager. I felt embarrassed and very unworldly. Most of my previous four years had been spent, literally, in a gymnasium in Oregon.

It has been ten years now since my year in Europe.... but I'll never forget my disheartened feelings meeting the South African gymnasts.... Black South Africans are denied their basic rights that we as Americans take for granted.

....Ms. Hunter-Gault must be a very determined woman. Her article was clearly written from the heart. Marti Chaney
Gresham OR

I read and reread the article on South Africa. It has to touch all of us as inhabitants of the same planet. In answer to the question presented in the article "Doesn't that type of thing go on all over the world?"—No, we have come a long way, baby!

May the time never come when my mind and heart can understand and accept man's injustices against his fellow man.

Many years ago when I was training with a major airline as a stewardess, our teacher made a remark along the lines, "Adopt Vogue as your *other* bible and you will always be well dressed and well informed." Thank you, and keep up the good work for your readers.

Marilu Hubbard
Anaheim CA

Blame it on the samba?

Please accept my heartfelt congratulations for [Molly Haskell's] comments on the film, *Brazil* [in the March 1986 issue of Vogue].

She has the rare ability to distill her critique into a most informative and enjoyable form. The review—as well as the picture—was a pleasure!

She may ask her research assistant for her money back, however. Xavier Cugat's orchestra may have performed "Brazil" in rumba tempo (as they did most everything else in those days); but "Brazil" is really a samba, and was composed by Ari Barroso.

But then, this was just a test to see how many of your faithful readers would react, wasn't it? Pedro E. Misner
San Juan, Puerto Rico

"Arc" for art's sake

I must take exception to the canard Barbara Rose ("Art," March 1986) and other critics have too often repeated in defense of Richard Serra's "Tilted Arc," which created a public outcry for its removal from a public plaza in New York City.

Ms. Rose labels all those who objected to this overbearing and arrogant sculpture as "philistine" and "uneducated" in their artistic taste and judgment. Is it not possible for persons of educated taste to dissent from the conformist views of the art elite, to object to the work on informed esthetic grounds? As Ms. Rose is well aware, the history of modern art offers ripe example of new and fruitful expression springing from those who had the temerity to question "expert opinion" and received canons of esthetics.

While Ms. Rose states that Mr. Serra's work has been "enthusiastically supported" by Parisian officialdom, the photo caption reveals that the piece displayed in the Tuileries has since been removed to a backwater of the thirteenth arrondissement. Apparently, not even the French public is sufficiently well educated to accept Mr. Serra's vision of the urban landscape.

If it is possible to defend the confrontational "values" of Mr. Serra's sculpture as esthetically valid and appropriate to the public space where it was displayed, it would be enlightening to hear such a defense, but to sling unwarranted invective at Mr. Serra's critics (not all of whom are government employees) serves only to stifle debate. Instead, it implies that Ms. Rose favors the very thing Fernand Léger cautioned against: putting our faith in the fabricators (and explicators) of art because they are professionals. L.H. Lowe
New York NY

Getting the right dose

Ellen Switzer's article "Overmedication: Health Hazard of Our Time" [March, 1986] is an excellent review of a very important issue that should concern both consumers and health-care professionals alike. Our experience at The Brooklyn Hospice over the past six years confirms the observations of Drs. Pasternak and Foley. The advanced and terminally ill patient who is experiencing pain is far too often *inappropriately* and *under*medicated. Despite technological advances that now make palliation (relief from pain) possible in virtually all cases, gaps in medical education and baseless fear of addiction still contribute to patients in pain *remaining* in pain.

Through our medically supervised interdisciplinary team approach, we—along with other Hospice programs throughout the United States—are able to provide palliation so that patients can spend their remaining weeks and months at home in comfort and dignity. We also offer educational programs to health-care professionals throughout the metropolitan New York area to ensure that the *entire* health-care system is better prepared to meet the needs of their patients in pain. In the final analysis, a "partnership" of concerned health-care professionals and consumers must work together jointly to ensure that *all* medications be prescribed, dispensed, and utilized in an appropriate and responsible manner.

William S. Liss-Levinson, Ph.D.
Director, The Brooklyn Hospice
Brooklyn NY

Words for the weary

I found your article "Women and Fatigue: Why Are You So Tired?" by Leslie Garis in the March issue, quite appropriate to our times when women still struggle to find the perfect balance between home and career. However, the article fails to conclude important points about fatigued professional and nonprofessional mothers.

For instance, Ms. Garis misses the opportunity to analyze the typical housekeeper syndrome, even though she writes a lot about their fatigues and depressions. This housekeeper syndrome can be described as the inevitable product of a generation of women who were not prepared, at any stage of their lives, to be part of the professional working world. A large portion of these women, especially those who were later to inhabit "conservative Connecticut towns," were reared to become the wives of successful men, and mothers to their children. In order to "have it all" they had to give all. If all these fatigued women would have had more outside help and more cooperative husbands, maybe they could have been less fatigued....

On the other hand, women of my generation (late twenties to late thirties) have been well prepared to join the working force as professionals of every sort. Contrary to this training, we all soon find out, when children enter our lives, the choices and sacrifices we have to make involving our careers and families. In this predicament, it is unfair to suggest that women longing for more time, more help, and more cooperative husbands are never going to be superwomen. We are all superwomen nonetheless. We all want to be successful at combining motherhood, career, and marriage at any cost. It is inevitable that at certain stages of our lives we will need outside resources in order to overcome the initial overwhelming periods of fatigue and depression.... Ana R. Steinschraber-Eskreis
Riverdale NY

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"CORRECTIVE" MAKEUP

Few women are lucky enough to have perfect skin; most of us—owing to age, heredity, or skin trauma—have imperfections we'd like makeup to hide. But using "camouflaging" cosmetics doesn't mean wearing heavy makeup. New technology has produced lighter-textured makeups that can create the illusion of smoother skin. And a growing number of makeup artists are working with both dermatologists and plastic surgeons to help women learn to conceal skin flaws.

"A woman can successfully camouflage just about any type of skin flaw," said Albert M. Kligman, M.D., Ph.D., professor of dermatology, University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine. "Psychological studies have confirmed that even small imperfections in facial skin can affect self-image; yet 90 percent of patients given 'cosmetic therapy'—who are taught to use cosmetics for camouflage—are amazed at how much can be done, and report an enormous boost in self-confidence and self-esteem."

Here, a look at how to "hide" skin problems, techniques that take ten to fifteen minutes...

● **UNDER-EYE CIRCLES**—one of the most common skin problems—usually result from "skin that looks dark because it is thin enough to reveal muscle tissue underneath. Dark circles can appear at a relatively young age in a woman who has fair, translucent skin, or may develop as a consequence of the normal thinning of a woman's complexion as she ages," said Samuel J. Stegman, M.D., associate clinical professor, dermatology, University of California School of Medicine, San Francisco. "What seem to be dark circles may also be shadows cast by 'bags' of fat under eyes, usually an inherited problem."

The simplest way to camouflage dark circles under your eyes is with a concealer (stick or cream) in a *lighter* shade than your skin and/or foundation.

The biggest mistake women make in using under-eye concealers, says Iris Model, senior vice president/director of education at Clinique, is applying them too heavily. "Concealer should be applied *only* on the dark circle," she notes. "If applied on top of 'bags' under eyes, concealer will make them look bigger. To apply: use a small, flat brush. Stroke concealer on bare or moisturized skin *before* applying base.

● **"BROKEN" CAPILLARIES** (telangietases) are most common in women with sensitive skin. These are enlarged, not broken, blood vessels; and seem to result from repeated exposure to sun, cold, and wind. (Women who over-use alcohol may also have this problem.)

In mild cases, a bit of extra foundation—patted, not rubbed—onto ruddy areas may be all the coverage that's needed. To camouflage broad areas of enlarged capillaries, a better option: a green-toned primer (such as Estée Lauder's Undercover Green) under foundation; the green "cancels out" the redness and provides a base for foundation.

Another new choice: a cream that evens out skin tone. Stendhal's Bio-Rosis contains the opaque sunblock titanium dioxide, can be worn alone or under makeup.

● **ACNE SCARS** (or other skin depressions) can appear as dark areas on the skin surface. If shallow, these marks can be covered with a liquid foundation into which a touch of loose powder has been added (makes makeup matte, a little heavier). Another choice is to use one of the many "pore minimizing" foundations, which are usually oil-free (good if skin is still breakout-prone) and contain camouflaging talc.

To lessen the obviousness of a very large or deep scar, Clinique's Iris Model recommends using a lipstick-shaped concealer stick and gently "rolling" a bit of color into the skin depression, then smoothing it with foundation. Keep all face color matte, as luminescent products can highlight skin imperfections.

● **MORE EXTENSIVE SKIN FLAWS,** such as port wine birthmarks, burn scars, or the skin condition vitiligo (in which pigment is absent from large skin areas) cause emotional pain as well as facial disfigurement. "About 80 percent of facial burns can be masked with cosmetics," noted Cleon Goodwin, M.D., director of the Burn Center at The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center. "In cases in which a facial injury has left behind a scar that is amenable to cosmetic camouflage, using makeup may be preferable to repeated cosmetic surgery, which may still leave a patient with skin that needs 'correcting' with makeup."

To successfully cover scars or large birthmarks, the secret is a special color-corrective makeup base. *Corrective makeup bases* differ from regular foundations in formulas and in how they are applied. Most (made by Lydia O'Leary, Dermablend, and Clinique) are opaque, sunblocking, and waterproof or water-resistant, so they resist "thinning out"—from perspiration, skin oils, swimming—as the day goes on. Many of these cosmetics come in shades suitable for black women.

Used with *special under-make-up lotions,* many of these makeup bases, unlike regular makeup, can adhere to skin left without pores or hair follicles as the result of a third-degree burn. These products are also often hypoallergenic and free of ingredients that encourage acne breakouts.

"For lasting coverage, corrective makeup bases should be *patted,* not rubbed, onto skin with a sponge," said Boston makeup artist David Nicholas. "To keep the makeup waterproof, it is dusted with talc-based setting powder. If more coverage is needed, another layer of foundation and powder is applied."

Camouflage bases can be used instead of other foundations, or under a lighter, sheerer foundation—a technique that, while time-consuming, many women feel produces the illusion of smooth skin seen through a sheer foundation. If the scarred or discolored area is small, just that area can be covered with the opaque base, notes Nicholas; but if the problem is extensive, such as over a cheek, it is usually better to apply corrective foundation, with a lighter hand, on the other cheek as well for a more even finish.

"One drawback of corrective makeup: it sometimes provides such effective camouflage that it hides the normal shadows cast by facial bones," said Nicholas. "For that reason, many companies make shadow powders or creams that can be used to 'recreate' a normal bone structure."

WHERE TO GO...

for personalized advice on corrective makeup: In Chicago, Marilyn Miglin (312/943-1120) works with the Red Cross, physicians. Boston makeup artist David Nicholas (617/625-9435) gives private lessons, volunteers at Shriners Burns Institute, teaching corrective makeup to children, too. Lydia O'Leary (Covermark), Dermablend, and Clinique, teach corrective makeup at the counter, work with doctors (call Covermark at 800/524-1120; Dermablend at 800/631-2158). NYC makeup expert Pablo Manzoni (212/355-5700) teaches corrective techniques to private clients. —SHARI MILLER SIMS

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

WHAT'S NEWS / WHAT'S COMING

movies

STATE OF THE HEART FILMMAKING

It's independents' day: Jon Voight and Annabeth Gish in "Desert Bloom"

The keynote of this year's Academy Awards was *class*—not just that the hipsters have taken over the show, leaving Jack Valenti the only square (what *would* we do without him?), but the fact that two of the five major awards went to independent, non-Hollywood films: William Hurt was named Best Actor for *Kiss of the Spider Woman*; and Geraldine Page, Best Actress for *The Trip to Bountiful*. The Academy has always rewarded the high-minded—when it's glamorized by the big-budget treatment (*Amadeus, A Passage to India, Gandhi, Out of Africa*). But here are a couple of "little" films with decidedly unglamorous subject matter: *Kiss* is two hours locked inside a Brazilian prison with a prancing homosexual and a grimy revolutionary; *Bountiful*, an old woman's trek to the broken-down farm of her youth.

If independent cinema isn't yet calling the tune, it's certainly playing music to which the bottom-line boys can no longer turn a deaf ear. Independent films of the last couple of years, like the scruffily original *Stranger Than Paradise*, the jazzy thriller *Blood Simple*, or Scorsese's playfully morbid *After Hours* are movies with first-class performances and first-class technical credits. This year's line-up—Joyce Chopra's *Smooth Talk*, Horton Foote's *On Valentine's Day*, and the two "desert" films, Donna Deitch's lesbian romance *Desert Hearts* and the extraordinary atomic-age family drama *Desert Bloom*—includes films that tackle sensitive issues, deal with adult relationships, and stay in the memory long after the latest horny teen pic or action schlockbuster has faded from view.

"I'm not sure what an independent film is," says director Chopra, in discussing how she and husband/screenwriter Tom Cole brought *Smooth Talk* into being, "but I know what it isn't. You don't test market it, or design it for specific audiences. We were attracted to the story which was about a subject we're interested in as filmmakers: the American family. So we set out to make a film about it—we didn't ask a lot of people to come in and advise us."(If anyone, Chopra credits American Playhouse's Lindsay Law, the spiritual father of the independent movement, and Utah's Sundance Institute with providing the wherewithal, psychological and financial, for getting *Smooth Talk* off the ground.)

One of the shrewdest and most committed of the independent producer/directors is Martin Rosen, head of California's Nepenthe Productions. A co-producer of *Women in Love*, and director/producer of *Watership Down*, Rosen was in on the ground floor of Britain's famed Goldcrest Productions. "He could have done anything he wanted," says Chopra, Rosen's colleague. "He could be making deals, running companies, but this is what he wants to do."

Rosen's current projects make up what has to be one of the most mouth-watering production line-ups ever. It includes *West with the Night*, an adaptation of the riveting memoir by Beryl Markham, the British pilot who was in East Africa when Isak Dinesen was there and outdid her as a Hemingwayesque woman of action; an adaptation of C.S. Lewis' religious science-fiction trilogy *Out of the Silent Planet*; *The Woman Warrior/China Men*, a film of the stage play that Chopra and Cole have written (based on the novels by Maxine Hong Kingston) that will be performed at the Mark Taper Forum next year.

Now that independent cinema is emerging from the "museum" of film festivals and into the marketplace, filmmakers like Rosen seem more relaxed and less defensive about Hollywood. "There are a few films on my list that would benefit from big studio handling," he says, "while others need the support of a smaller-scale operation. I'm no denigrator of Hollywood, but what it has done is to sacrifice the breadth of movies and go for the blockbuster."

Rosen also credits Sundance Institute with providing independent filmmakers with opportunities for trial and error, even mediocrity. "The great thing about the foundation is not its financial or physical resources, which are minimal. It's the networking, the non-competitive atmosphere. If you're an independent in Skytech, Oklahoma, you can pick up the phone and call Jim Brooks (the director of *Terms of Endearment*). He may not be able to help you, but you can talk out your problems. If you have a problem in Hollywood, you don't dare tell anyone or you'll get fired."

Sundance and American Playhouse aren't the only games in town. There's the adventurous and successful Island Pictures (formerly Island Alive), the people who gave us both *The Trip to Bountiful* (developed at Sundance) and *Kiss of the Spiderwoman*, and whose hot prospects include *Down by Law*, *(Continued on page 50)*

COLUMBIA PICTURES

IT MUST BE WITCHCRAFT

Given their collaboration as a pair of mafioso lovebirds in *Prizzi's Honor*, it was clear Jack Nicholson and Anjelica Huston could ripen into one of the great screen couples like Gable & Lombard, Tracy & Hepburn. Their next partnership will make the Mafia look benign: the film version of John Updike's devilishly lascivious novel, *The Witches of Eastwick*. Nicholson will play the dissolute Darryl Van Horne who regularly shares a hot tub with Huston and the local coven—by day, three tweedy suburban divorcées. Michelle Pfeiffer from *Sweet Liberty* is Huston's partner in extravagant mischief. *Witches'* big surprise is the director, Australian George Miller of *Road Warrior* fame, whose last encounter with a supernaturally endowed female was most memorable—his funky woman warrior from *Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome*, Tina Turner. —D.M.

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Art chic: Hannah, Winger, and Redford in "Legal Eagles"

IRRESISTIBLE

Redford & Miró, together at last

Ivan Reitman, creator of *Ghostbusters* in which a hundred-foot Marshmallow Man squooshes New York City, has been conquered by serious art. Or maybe the art world is about to be conquered by Ivan Reitman.

His new film, *Legal Eagles*, is set in that world, maybe because, as we discovered in *Beverly Hills Cop*, the gallery crowd is more fun to satirize than almost any other around these days.

The film concerns a glamorous performance artist (Daryl Hannah) accused of stealing her famous-but-dead father's painting and murdering somebody, too. Her chief antagonist is an upscale gallery owner (Terence Stamp). Her defense lawyer is Debra Winger, who teams up with Robert Redford, playing a light-hearted district attorney, to find out the truth and serve Justice. Reitman wants his film to recall the '40s comedies in which Tracy and Hepburn jibed Noel Cowardly at each other, so there may be some smart talk for a change. And incredibly, there's going to be a lot of real art. Because somehow Reitman managed to convince the studio (and himself) that he needed the "power" of real Picassos, Calders, Mirós, and De Koonings to back up the power of the stars, and a script that calls for a hairbreadth escape by flying forklifts from exploding Brooklyn docks.

"*Legal Eagles* was originally designed as a two-guys film," says the Czech-born Canadian Reitman, "with Dustin Hoffman and Bill Murray. It stopped being that at the beginning of last summer when Dustin decided to do the Elaine May film (*Ishtar*, in Morocco, with Warren Beatty). Then Bill also had another thing to do, which subsequently fell through, but anyway. . . .Redford and I had a meeting about something else. We got along very well. I told him about this art-world mystery story of mine. He really liked it. However, he said he wanted to do a *romantic* comedy." So Reitman worked with writers Jim Cash and Jack Epps to re-engineer the movie for a man and a woman à la *Adam's Rib*, and Redford went for it.

Mike Ovitz of Creative Artists, Reitman's agent and an art collector himself, put Reitman together with Arnold Glimcher of New York City's Pace Gallery. (Ovitz fostered the brilliant but Armageddonish collaboration of Sydney Pollack and Dustin Hoffman on *Tootsie*.) Glimcher became the film's associate producer, talking galleries into lending their masterpieces to *Legal Eagles*, taking the actors on atmospheric tours from SoHo to Madison Avenue.

"Art has become the focus of things again," Reitman says, "The hippest clubs are centered around art themes. Artists are the rock stars of this year. A guy like Julian Schnabel has the kind of fame Mick Jagger had in the late '60s." (In fact, it's rumored that Jagger was Reitman's early choice for the role of the villain.)

Working with cinematographer Laszlo Kovacs, Reitman's design concept for the film emphasizes the contrast between the grungy world of courtrooms and DAs, represented by Redford and Winger, and the glitzy world of the gallery set, represented by Hannah and Stamp. "The design of the film became clear to me one afternoon when I was scouting locations and went directly from the DA's office and the courthouse in Lower Manhattan uptown to Sotheby's and then the Pace Gallery. It was a whole *color* difference." Reitman explains excitedly. "The legal world was all in tones of yellow and grey, brown and drab, and the people were like that too. In the art galleries, everything was sparkling white. I saw all these brilliant colors come off the white. So I decided to go with that color scheme in the production design. There are too many films that are yellow lately. It started with *The Godfather*, and it's almost a cliché now."

It is surely a great victory for classical values when the master of effects like ghost slime comes to believe that a Dubuffet "makes the screen vibrate." But Reitman has his limits. A satirist at heart, he is not easily sold on the seriousness of anything. "My walls are bare," he says. "I'm told I have a decent eye and I could be good at collecting. But I don't know if that's a genuine compliment or just something people say to get you to buy art. . . ."

—SUSAN DWORKIN

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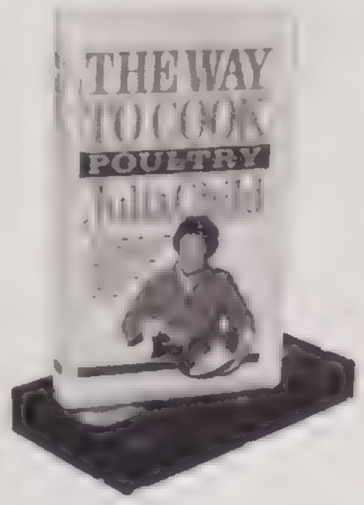

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

movies

(Continued from page 48) writer/director Jim Jarmusch's first film after *Stranger than Paradise*, and, later this year, *Nobody's Fool*, written by Beth Henley (*Crimes of the Heart*), and starring Rosanna Arquette and Eric Roberts.

A surprise entry into the ranks of the Respectable Independent—and still the biggest and most tantalizing question mark—is the team of Menahem Golan and Yoram Globus, the Israeli producers who made Cannon Films a Cinderella success story with such films as *Delta Force*. Like the old immigrant moguls and unlike the current crop of MBA CEOs, these two make films cheaply and quickly, keeping a tight rein on expenses and shocking *le tout* Hollywood by bag-lunching it and eschewing round-the-clock stretch limos. Golam and Globus' next move is to upgrade their admittedly cheapo action fare with such class items as *Housekeeping*, an adaptation of Marilynne Robinson's superb novel, starring Diane Keaton and written and directed by Bill Forsyth (*Gregory's Girl*), and a thriller, *La Brava* (from an Elmore Leonard book) reportedly starring Dustin Hoffman.

"In a way," Joyce Chopra says, "not having money makes things easier. You just *can't* bargain. James Taylor so much wanted to do *Smooth Talk*'s music that he flew out on People Express. He encouraged us not to get a record deal because then we'd be worrying about the album instead of the movie; everyone would be running around with stop watches.

"And in the beginning of the filming there were some problems with the camera crew. They were used to dealing with a studio, and they wanted to keep shooting. 'We can't shoot anymore,' I would tell them. 'It's not a matter of going over budget and getting a slap on the wrist. It's the mortgage on my house.' Once they caught on, they were fantastic. It created a sense of adventure to get to the set and say, 'Today really matters!' "

With the independents' mixture of stars and non-stars and forms that range from documentary-like social drama to punk genre films, I'd hesitate to lump films as esthetically and ideologically diverse as this into a movement. What we have is something larger and more diffuse, but as important in its way as The New Wave or Italian Neo-Realist cinema: an American grass-roots revolution against the bigness of Hollywood and its escalating money game; a group of people—actors, directors, writers, cinematographers—who want to make movies more than they want to make money. —MOLLY HASKELL

WAITING FOR COMRADE RIGHT

Surrounded by water, the sun glancing off its turrets, Liverpool could almost be Venice, as seen from the deck of a Russian freighter coming into dock. "Ze Beatles! Ze Beatles!" cries a sailor to his buddy in the only English he knows. The birthplace of British pop music is touched by magic.

Not, however, for Teresa (Margi Clarke) and Elaine (Alexandra Pigg), the working-class heroines of *Letter to Brezhnev* who are stuck in this economically depressed town. The movie treasures their quirky, blunt gallantry, their sometimes unintelligible Liverpudlian dialect, and has a feel for the urban hellhole and the fantasies coming out of it that have become the hallmark of the "new" British cinema, documentary-like fictions like *My Beautiful Laundrette*.

Early in the film, as the girls trudge through the dark, rain-drenched alleyways and look for action in Liverpool's tacky bars, we have the feeling that director Chris Bernard means to give us a funny but somewhat self-enclosed anthropological foray into the lower depths. But when the girls and the two Russians hook up at a disco, this absorbingly original film becomes a suspenseful story of love and flight.

Unlike the flashy but ultimately conservative Teresa, Elaine is fearless and, as played with a catch-in-the-throat sobriety by Alexandra Pigg, the spunky soul of *Letter to Brezhnev*. When she falls in love with the angelic Peter Firth, (who does a fine job as an English-speaking Russian), she goes all the way to the top, to Brezhnev, in her appeal to be united with her lover.

Letter to Brezhnev makes its social point, but its ultimate glory is less an indictment than a tribute to a certain kind of woman, an aristocrat of the species, who can hold her own anywhere. —M.H.

Alexandra Pigg and Peter Firth in "Letter to Brezhnev"

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And how was Paris while all the sensible folk were still in bed?

It was grey and drizzling and bloody marvelous. I kept making up poems with your name in them. Also a love song that, for rhyming reasons, ended up being all about your right elbow. I don't think my feet touched the ground once all the way home.

I meant to tell you. I love the way you smell. Most men's colognes make them smell like they take themselves too seriously.

I thank you. My Paco Rabanne cologne thanks you. My mother thanks you.

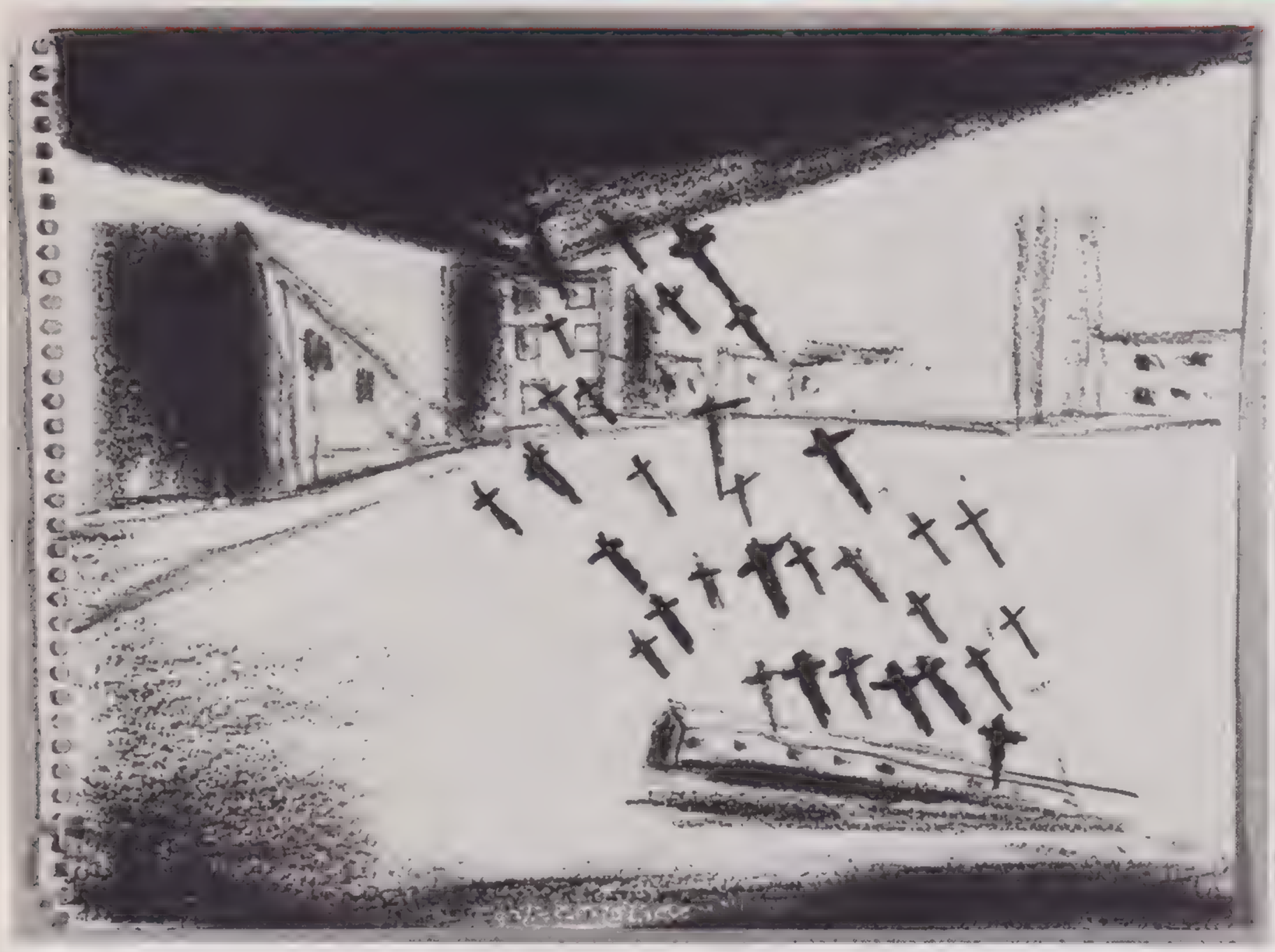
Your mother would never approve of what you and your Paco Rabanne do to me, so let's leave her out of this. Am I going to see your tattoo again tonight?

That's up to you, isn't it?

Paco Rabanne
For men
What is remembered is up to you

Lord & Taylor

art WINDOWS ON A STRANGE WORLD



Cucchi's triumph of vision: Untitled, 1985

Enzo Cucchi; The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York City; through July 6. When Italian Neo-Expressionist painting first hit American shores some six years ago, it made waves that lastingly altered the terrain. Entire schools of American art, like Photo-Realism and pattern painting, were washed away in the ebb tide. Here, instead, was a romantic, visionary form of figurative art that recycled traditional subjects and themes, revived painterly techniques, and sought idealistically to revive the notion that painting could be a revelatory medium for spiritual truths.

The best of the young Italian artists included Enzo Cucchi, Mimmo Paladino, Sandro Chia, and Francesco Clemente. The latter two quickly attained tremendous visibility and popularity in this country—a museum survey of Clemente's work is currently touring the United States.

Now it is Enzo Cucchi's turn to get some attention. Born in 1950, the son of farmers in the Marches region of Italy, Cucchi (pronounced "kooky") lives and works in the port city of Ancona, on the Adriatic.

His paintings tend to be harrowingly apocalyptic—full of rough, barbarous, brooding imagery. His bleak landscapes are ravaged and forlorn, strewn with human skulls and long buildings suggesting charnel houses or barracks, eerie and horrific sites that are frequently visited by large menacing birds and swollen black clouds that appear as weighty as boulders. Cucchi's naked human figures, brusquely outlined in black, plummet from the sky toward earth like missiles of doom. His thickly slathered oils range through a limited spectrum to dark, though hot, hues—smoldering reds, sulfurous yellows, gritty whites, and tarry browns and blacks. The prevailing atmosphere of desolation and spiritual torment evokes the images of Bosch, El Greco, Munch, and Ensor.

Cucchi is outspoken on the importance of imagery. He accuses the avant-garde of committing "a great violence against the artist by depriving him of iconography," the use of images and symbols to represent his or her subject. Cucchi has said: "It's obvious that a crisis-stricken world has to cling to something, to a solid image bearer. In this incredible state of weakness, the image is the last hope for the world."

The Guggenheim Museum earlier demonstrated its admiration for Cucchi when it included him in the 1982 Exxon International Exhibition, *Italian Art Now: An American Perspective*. (That show made a persuasive case for the importance of both Cucchi and Chia, two of the so-called "Three C's," but inexplicably omitted Clemente in what became one of the museum world's most conspicuous cases of curatorial shortsightedness.) Now, with this current show, the Guggenheim is saying in effect that Cucchi is the most important Italian artist of his generation. Taking a curatorial risk, but reaffirming its commitment to the artist, the museum has given Cucchi carte blanche to create nine large-scale new paintings and a sculpture, especially designed for the Guggenheim's exhibition spaces. —DAVID BOURDON

BILLBOARDS OF THE GODS

The Blood of Kings: A New Interpretation of Maya Art; Kimbell Art Museum, Fort Worth, Texas; through August 24 At least two reasons exist why we should care about Maya art. The first is that it preserves a record of a major culture indigenous to our hemisphere that does not owe its demise to the arrival of Western man. The second is that Maya art constitutes one of the world's great esthetic traditions, no more "primitive" than that of ancient Egypt.

At the height of their civilization, from about A.D. 250 until A.D. 900, the Maya recorded their history on stone monuments, in murals, and on painted pottery in a hieroglyphic script which, for centuries, remained impenetrable. In 1960, the code was finally cracked, and we now know a great deal more than ever before about the lives of the ancient Maya.

The main purpose of their art, it appears, was to document the bloodlines of the Maya rulers. The dense, compacted imagery and glyphs incised on the monumental pyramidal architecture functioned in the manner of billboards, proclaiming the ruler's identification with the gods.

The kings and queens were obliged to shed their blood on important ritual occasions to provide sustenance for the gods. One of the highlights of the show, an eighth-century carved lintel rarely exhibited outside The British Museum, portrays Lady Xoc, the wife of Shield Jaguar of Yaxchilan, letting blood by pulling a thorn-lined rope through a wound in her perforated tongue. Of the more benign objects in the exhibition: a shell incised with the image of a Buddha-like man smoking a cigar. The show travels to Cleveland in October. —D.B.

Maya "Maize God," Late Classic Period, ca. A.D. 775

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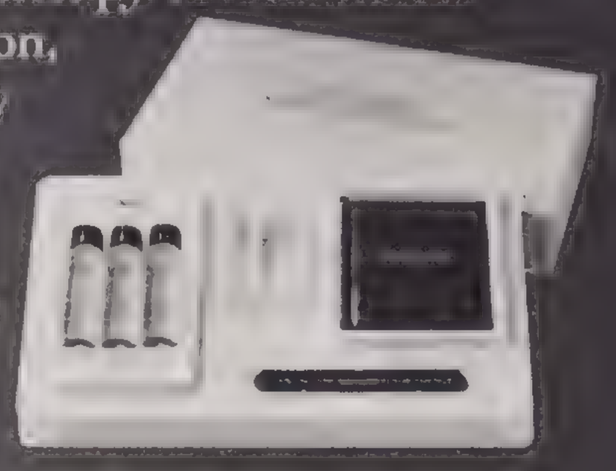

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SUMMER HITS: MUSIC TO WATCH GULLS BY

The Rolling Stones, with their usual aplomb, wade deep into controversy as they start racking up irresistible summer hits: the "Harlem Shuffle" video—taken from the raw guitar- and drums-drenched *Dirty Work* (Columbia)—has been accused of racism, while Keith Richards (for) and Mick Jagger (anti) publicly slug out the pros and cons of a tour. . . . **The Dream Academy**—a British, black/white, male/female group—released their first album, *Dream Academy* (Warner Bros.), last year; and nothing much happened despite their appealing, gently surreal, folky sound. Then MTV started playing a video of their "Life in a Northern Town," from the album, featuring clips of decaying industrialist cities in the U.S. and England, along with shots of John Kennedy and the Beatles—the perfect visual counterpoint for a wistful song. The album became a hit, and the group has elbowed its way into position as the Next Big Thing. . . . **Elvis Costello**, on *King of America* (Columbia), returns to the masterful, literary songwriting that made critics wag their tails in the early part of his career; crystalline rock arrangements flesh out his acerbic vision of

The Dream Academy

ARTHUR ELGORT

"Dream Academy, a Brit group, has elbowed its way into position as The Next Big Thing."

love and America—everybody's favorite subjects. . . . Then there's the **Pogues**, a mostly acoustic, often drunk group from London that plays Irish music with punk intensity. Their record *Rum, Sodomy, and the Lash* (MCA) was produced by Elvis Costello, who is engaged to their bass player. They have the reputation of being the ugliest group in England. **Gene Loves Jezebel**, run by a set of Welsh twins, are better looking. Their *Desire* (Relativity) has moody, thoroughly danceable songs. . . . The littlest **Prince**, recently voted the worst-dressed man in America, returns to the spare, backbreaking, hit-making funk of his youth with *Parade* (Warner Bros.), the sound-track to his next movie, *Under the Cherry Moon*. It's a tale of social perversion: sensuous, lower-class Prince teaches a hung-up upper-class woman how to slum and be free, all the while putting in time as an active member of a love triangle (Prince's publicist won't reveal what kind). . . . **Depeche Mode**'s synthesizer-heavy songs sound perfectly at home at your local Palladium. Their earnestness—calculated or otherwise—their good coiffures, and the music's high-tech veneer make their *Black Celebration* (Sire) a sure dance hit for clubs, living rooms, and hair parlors alike. . . . This month's other bargains include debuts by up-and-coming young songsters: **Stan Ridgeway** writes long, rambling, belly-of-the-urban-beast stories set to immaculately tailored, appropriately ominous music. His album is *The Big Heat* (IRS). **Feargal** (rhymes with gurgle) **Sharkey** is a Welsh ex-punk singer who saw the glint of gold and now warbles nouveau-classic love songs on *Feargal Sharkey* (A&M).

The Complete Sarah Vaughan on Mercury (PolyGram) collects her classic mid- to late-'fifties works in a lavish three-volume boxed set. She soars through uncluttered jazz material reinventing songs like "Honeysuckle Rose," "You Hit the Spot" and effortlessly pierces through the more commercial, occasionally leaden orchestral arrangements. . . The lemming-like rush to contribute to charity records continues, this time to benefit cancer research: **Huey Lewis, Sade, Hall and Oates, Lionel Richie, Bruce Springsteen** are all donating previous released compositions to *Music for the Miracle* (CBS), while **Bob Marley's estate, Sting,** and **the Bangles** are contributing live material to *Live! For Life* (I.R.S.). . . On his new record, *Songs From Liquid Days* (CBS), chilly minimalist composer **Philip Glass** collaborates with virtually everyone who's hip: **Linda Ronstadt**, folk singers **Suzanne Vega** and **The Roches**, and **David Byrne** for songs that uneasily straddle the pop, classical, and new-music worlds. Their atmosphere is somber, hushed, like a SoHo art gallery. —PETER WATROUS

Sade

STEVEN MEISEL Hair by John Sahag, makeup, Lydia Snyder

TANGO'S RHYTHM METHOD

It is a staccato rhythm on a reed instrument that sounds like lovers panting. It is songs of passion and torment punched out for dancers in close embrace by a small, torrid orchestra and sung full throttle by singers who have more than paid their dues.

Just one year ago, the stage production of *Tango Argentino* first astonished New York audiences with its wit and sophisticated eroticism. (Overwhelming response kept them here for months.) Now, the newly released cast album (Atlantic) delivers this music to us, undiluted, straight from the source.

Like the American blues heroes who were there as an example for the young, popular musicians of the 'sixties, these men and women creating the smoldering rapture of tango are far more than the mere practitioners of an obscure form of swing music. As revealed by this recording, they are the proud gatekeepers to a spectacular, intimate world: one that is dark and joyous, urbane and achingly seductive. —LISE FRIEDMAN

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PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

dance

DARCI KISTLER: BALANCHINE'S DELIGHT

The great Balanchine ballerinas have always brought to the stage a new idea about what they're dancing—a mood that hasn't precisely been there before. With the youngest of these, twenty-two-year-old Darci Kistler, one might call this a mood of delight—unexpected after the gorgeous erotic gravity of her most important predecessor, Suzanne Farrell. For instance, when Farrell dances the ballerina role in Balanchine's *Symphony in C*, it's a dance of mourning, containing all the beauty, sorrow, and grandeur in the world. When Kistler dances it, it's a dance of discovery. One can feel her eagerness to reach through the reams of space provided her in this great adagio. One can almost see her sunlight penetrating its dominant moonlight.

The sight of Kistler in this or any role nowadays has a special poignancy to New York City Ballet audiences. From 1983 to early 1985, Kistler was off the stage, recovering from a foot injury—an undetected fracture that eventually required two operations and a careful return. While she was out, Kistler grew from a coltish-limbed teenager to a sinewy young woman—still, though, with a small face and a pronounced delicacy of manner. More importantly, she grew inside. "It makes you fearless, overcoming an injury," she says. "If you've faced not being able to do what you really want to do, there's nothing more to be afraid of." Then she adds, "I'm just grateful that I am where I am now."

Kistler came to where she is now, the New York City Ballet, at the age of fifteen. Her precocious Swan Queen in the 1979 workshop performance at NYCB's School of American Ballet, infused with her special mix of the delicate and fearless, seemed a vital sign that ballet was finally implanted in American childhood. Here was a prodigy with no trace of hothouse upbringing. She grew up in the suburb of Los Angeles called Riverside—pure Spielberg country. She has a physician father, an ex-French-teacher mother, and four older brothers who are championship wrestlers. She played the clarinet in the school band—an accomplishment which she dutifully reports, and then finds richly funny. How did this all-American kid connect so deeply with City Ballet's rigorous romanticism?

It helped that Balanchine was alive at the time Kistler joined the company. He must have appreciated her crystalline qualities—the long legs, the clear point-work, the musical care taken with even the smallest accents—and the small, young face that was telegraphing what a thrill it was to be on stage. For almost three years, he worked with her intensively. He gave her ballerina roles (in *The Nutcracker*, *Divertimento No. 15*, *Symphony in C*); he promoted her to Soloist at sixteen and Principal Dancer at seventeen; he gave his blessing to her becoming muse to the young choreographer Peter Martins; and he must take partial credit for what seemed a striking absence of self-infatuation in her swift rise. "Balanchine told me three things, and they're really very simple," says Kistler. " 'Be in the moment. Be yourself. Don't act.' I've held onto those things off the stage even more than on."

Kistler's comeback now is as important to the company—to ballet as a whole—as her earlier, dazzling appearance when Balanchine was alive. It proves she has found something inside herself to replace the enouragement of the master. Every City Ballet dancer must find that. But the great ones, who touched Balanchine and were touched by him, have to trust even more in their original, imaginative response to the art. One can feel, watching Kistler in morning ballet class, that she does. Some of the dancers at the *barre* are struggling to look good, to get it right. Darci, standing in her own patch of spring sun, is quietly working. The music for the exercise strikes a mood and her whole body flows serenely to a response. —ELIZABETH KENDALL

MICHAEL HALSBAND Hair and makeup by Pam Geiger

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BONWIT TELLER

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

what's funny

THAT BLACK GIRL

It takes a certain kind of woman to polish off avant-gardist Robert Wilson, Bloomingdale's, and Jesse Jackson in one clean shot. For comedian Danitra Vance, it's easy: she comes equipped with characters like Aquanetta Feinstein. "I'm what-you-call an avant-garde rap artist," barks Aquanetta. "I'm here to perform my recently commissioned rap operetta, Aquanetta Feinstein on The Beach, at SLAM, Some 'Lil Academy of Music." Operating on her thesis that art should be about the artist, Aquanetta lurches through her stultifying performance piece, "Rainbow Coalition," a Kabuki play cum gospel sermon about her odyssey through SoHo galleries and New York department stores. Every minute or so she bellows out a nugget of hard-won wisdom such as "We are *awwll* over-wound watches," and, my favorite, "I *am* somebody. I *am* somebody else—y'all, too!"

Raised in Chicago, trained in London as a classical actress, Vance is well-known in New York City's East Village for her subversive, cerebro-funk performances at La Mama with the Mell-O White Boys. At the moment, she's the great black hope for the sagging *Saturday Night Live*. On the show, she plays TV's "That Black Girl," a diabolically virginal career girl/actress encased in 1965 Cute. Vance wears white gloves, a Chanel bow on top of her Marlo Thomas flip, and takes Mary Tyler Moore down for the count. The show's intro has LeToya Marie fluttering in and out of Broadway billboards, her lips slightly parted in the sheer, giddy joy of discovering The Big Apple for the first time—after all, she grew up in Harlem. LeToya lives in a lavish $2,000-a-month apartment on which she owes three years rent because she has yet to land an acting job. Maybe it's because her agent has her audition for roles like Heather Beth Lindsey, Southampton's sweetest, in *Debutante Ball*. But

Danitra Vance

That Black Girl's smile never cracks, even when she loses the part—to Whoopi Goldberg.

Vance is fearless in her choice of subjects. Her Cabrini Green Harlem Watts Jackson, seventeen, wears a letter sweater and red hightops. "I speak for teenage mothers, I speak for just-about-to-be-mothers, and for don't-want-to-be-mothers—I been all three." Cabrini's not sure how she came to be pregnant; all she knows is that she could have avoided "this whole thing with Binky" if she'd had the product she's pushing now, the fully diagrammed "Cabrini Green I Don't Want A Baby Coloring Book."

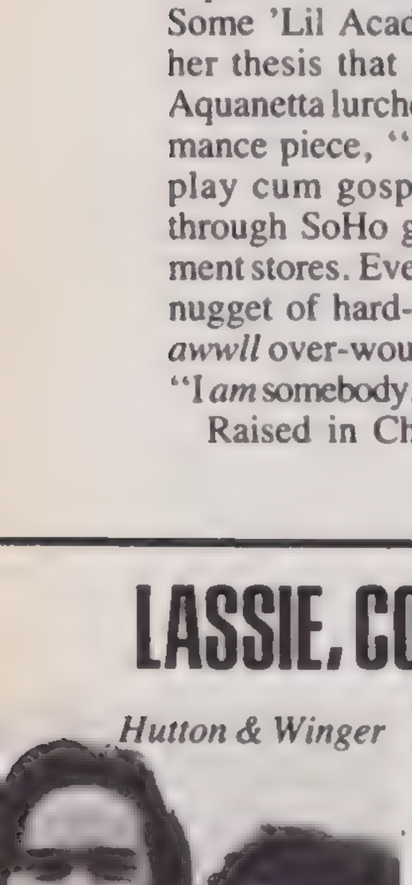
When Vance talks about her next project, she smiles evilly. "I have this idea: it's about a new television program. I want to call it *The Black Patty Duke Show*." —DEBORAH MASON

CHRIS CALLIS Hair and makeup by James Weis

LASSIE, COME HOME

Love makes the world go around—and around, it seems. Debra Winger, who was once photographed licking a German shepherd, by Annie Leibowitz, apparently has boned-up on her sexual politics when she met Nebraska's Governor, Bob Kerrey, forty-two. Winger, "thirty," made herself at home in the mansion until the affair cooled when she was caught speeding in Kerrey's car. Shortly thereafter, she married twenty-five-year-old Timothy Hutton this spring. Meanwhile, Cher split up with boyfriend, Josh Donen, and sublet Tom Cruise's New York City digs...then moved out when she reconciled with Donen, who was probably won over by Cher's get-tough TV spots for Jack La Lanne. Cruise, who once kept company with Rebecca (*Risky Business*) de Mornay, jumped back on the love boat and was allegedly spotted, necking furiously at the theater, with *Top Gun* co-star Kelly McGillis. No way, says McGillis's publicist: Kelly (who, despite rumors, did *not* marry actor Barry Tubb last month) was in South Carolina shooting Alan Rudolph's *Made in Heaven* with...Tim Hutton! All's well that ends well. But whatever happened to the German shepherd? Probably home in bed, eating bonbons and watching *Lassie* re-runs. —T.Y.

Hutton & Winger



Donen & Cher

McGillis & Cruise

DARLENE HAMMOND/Pictorial Parade
AP/Wide World Photos E. J. CAMP

JUST CALL ME BUBBLES

In a flouncy red party dress and hastily applied lipstick, unsmiling and unable to look her audience in the eye, Margaret Smith seems less like a stand-up comic than a parolee. ("I've been sitting all day," she tells David Letterman, joining him at the end of her routine. "I'll stand.") Her delivery is night-of-the-living-deadpan, and her riffs teeter wildly from hostility (she wants her own talk show where she gets to hit people) to pathos: She was always attracted to "men I couldn't have," her first love was "the guy on the dime." At night she taped him to her neck so she could "pretend like we were hugging." Announcing that she's good with children, she asks a little boy how old he is. "Ten and a half." She says, "That means you'll be about twenty and a half when the end of the world comes. I won't ask you what college you want to go to." Then she describes her own childhood, when Barbie dolls were not for play but for "serious" stuff, like haircuts: Two weeks later "...her head would be on the end of my pencil. Those were the days." A native of Chicago, Smith got her start at The Second City Theater. She's been a regular on the stand-up circuit, as well as the Letterman show and in 1985 won a Charlie Award as Best Female Comedian. How times change: We've had sick comedy, black comedy, and, now, depressed comedy, which probably reflects the economy. "I've been a little crabby," Smith says. "It's that time of the month again—rent's due." —TRACY YOUNG

THEY'LL TAKE MANHATTAN

One of Chucklehead's first skits clues you in: a TV pitchman with slippery hair extolling the hot, must-buy magazine, "Paranoia Today"; its lead story, "Cannibals: The Newest Minority." Clearly, these are no airy drama-school groupies who have joined up because they can't find jobs in children's theater.

Chucklehead is a seriously disrespectful and very funny young comedy sextet, playing New York City's downtown clubs, that has declared open season on overripe targets such as the Young Urban Professional Man—the Chucklehead version wears a calculator wristwatch fueled by solar power and leaves waiters their tips in Krugerrands. Its "Generic Newsteam," led by aggressively bland anchorman John Doe, dances through the current let-us-entertain-you ritual of the evening news ("Did anything cute happen today, Jane?"), but leaves out one crucial ingredient, the news. Its sportscaster, Chuck, huffs into the mike, "Today, in an a-*ma*-zing upset, Team A beat Team B by a single point!" Live news correspondent Dick Dutton reports breathlessly, "I'm standing in front of a building where something happened today. Well, it's no longer happening, but I'm still standing here. The attitude now is 'wait and see.' Back to you, John."

Chucklehead is young (average age, twenty-six), duo-sexual (four men, two women), and smart (its two founders were lit majors at Stanford and Berkeley). As a result, their material is crisp and fiendishly topical: In his Reagan news conference, Bob Keenan takes off-the-cuff questions from the audience—his answers may be sharper than those from The Man himself. You sense these people read every word of *The New York Times*. Which by no means exempts the paper from the Chucklehead hit list. The group has composed a rap song on the *Times*' lugubriously confessional "About Men" page. Four males in sunglasses and sweats grunt, "It's about men—hunh! It's about guys—hunh! It's about twenty column-inches of alibis!" —D.M.

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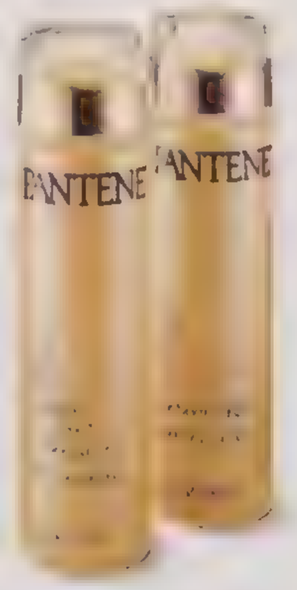

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MEN

A NEW IMAGE

Illustration Randall Rayon

From fragrance to facials, health and fitness to hair care — today, men are making image a new priority. This June, you — and the man in your life — can explore the possibilities, both in this issue and at the stores listed here. You'll discover the latest trends in fragrance, the newest ideas in hair, skin and body treatments. And, with any purchase of the fragrances below, you'll receive a versatile Dopp kit for him, plus a special men's grooming booklet... complimentary gifts from VOGUE. Quantities are limited.

ANTAEUS POUR HOMME *by Chanel*
KL HOMME *by Parfums Lagerfeld*
OBSESSION FOR MEN *by Calvin Klein*
PACO *by Paco Rabanne • Paris*
POLO *by Ralph Lauren*
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MACY'S *Herald Square, NY*
B. FORMAN *Rochester, NY*
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DAYTON'S *Minneapolis, MN*
DE JONG'S *Evansville, IN*
FAMOUS-BARR *St. Louis, MO*
FILENE'S *Boston, MA*
FROST BROS. *San Antonio, TX*
GOLDWATER'S *Albuquerque, NM*
HIGBEE'S *Cleveland, OH*
HUDSON'S *Southfield, MI*
IVEY'S CAROLINAS *Charlotte, NC*
JORDAN MARSH-FLORIDA *Miami, FL*
L.L. BERGER *Buffalo, NY*
L.S. AYRES *Indianapolis, IN*
LAZARUS *Cincinnati, OH*
LAZARUS *Columbus, OH*
LIBERTY HOUSE *Honolulu, HI*
MAAS BROS. *Tampa, FL*
MACY'S *San Francisco, CA*
MAY D & F *Denver, CO*
NAN DUSKIN *Philadelphia, PA*
O'NEIL'S *Akron, OH*
RICH'S *Birmingham, AL*
SAKOWITZ *Houston, TX*
SWANSONS/HALLS *Kansas City, MO*
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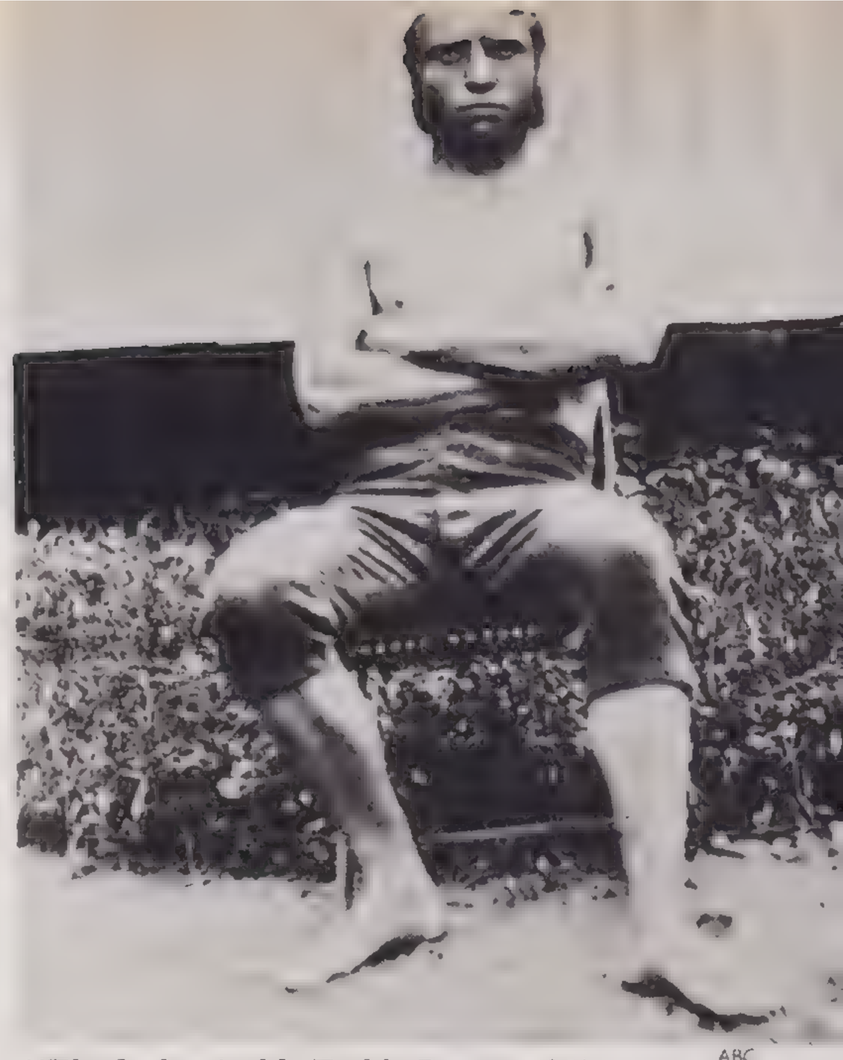
tv TEDDY BARED

Teddy Roosevelt was a spectacular, colorful man who rose to prominence just as the insatiably curious movie camera edged its way into American public life: he became the first modern celebrity. *The Indomitable Teddy Roosevelt*, an ABC documentary that will run on June 1, is as much about TR's celebrity as it is about TR; it is a gloriously rousing parade of a film, marching reel after reel of archival film across the screen accompanied by the soaring music of John Philip Sousa.

What the film lacks in critical historical judgment, it makes up for in historical drama. The rare footage has been somehow enhanced and lacks the jumpy quality of old newsreels; some of it is lyrically beautiful and moving. In one scene, a retired but bellicose President Roosevelt reviews French troops on a 1910 European visit. Beside the plumed French general, TR sits posed, soldierly and majestic, atop a proud horse; in the distance, the horizon is slowly obscured by the dust of the galloping troops, gallant and obsolete. There is film of TR on safari (J.P. Morgan hoped that the first lion TR met would "do its duty"); TR at the Panama Canal; on an expedition through the tangled murk of infested South American swamps that makes *Fitzcarraldo* look like *The Swiss Family Robinson*. There are several scenes shot with actors (most of them TR's descendants), tableaux that are completely unnecessary but inoffensive, by far the least dramatic episodes of the film.

The Indomitable Teddy Roosevelt is a frankly admiring film, emphasizing TR the progressive, trustbuster and conservationist, rather than the crude warrior and jingoist. But TR was a fantastically popular figure, a large, joyful legend before he hit middle age; and watching this program, we know why. We can feel his power and allure. That is no mean feat for a documentary, particularly one on commercial TV.

—CATHLEEN SCHINE



ABC

"The Indomitable Teddy Roosevelt": at Harvard, 1877; on PBS, this month

Life styles of the rich and four-legged: preparing for surgery

OLIVER KOOL

STABLE SETTINGS

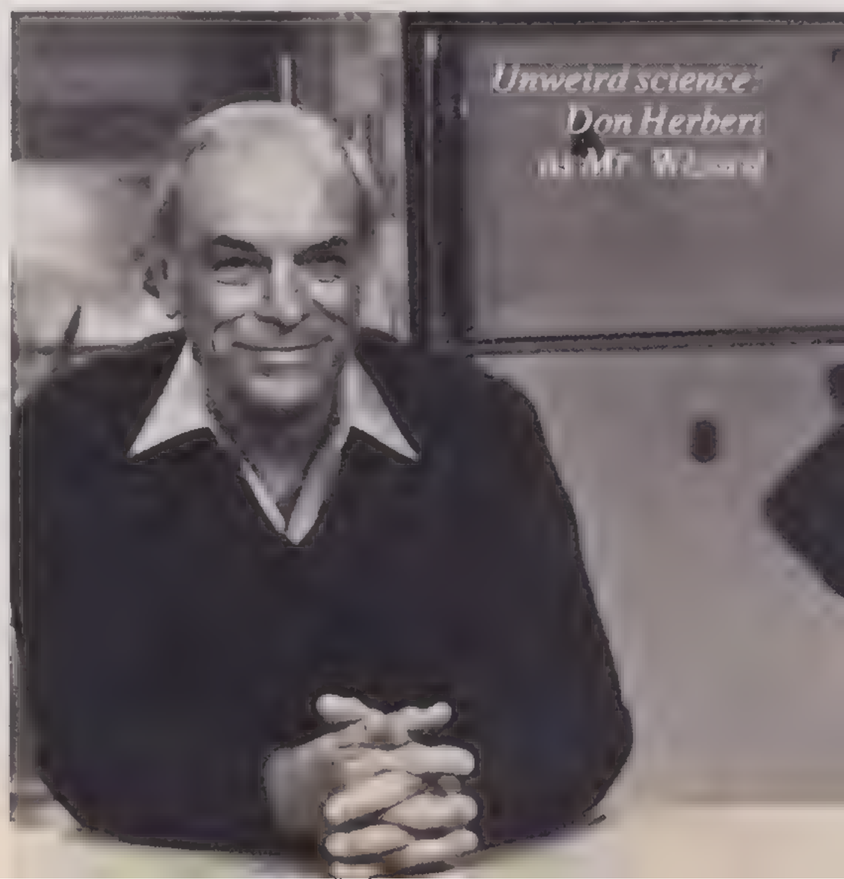
Fred Wiseman's new film, *Racetrack*, opens with a foal's being born and ends with mounds of garbage swept into huge bins after the Belmont Stakes. Between the two scenes stands a living, breathing institution—horse racing—and Wiseman stalks it like a cat in tall grass. Wiseman's celebrated style is plain and direct—grainy black-and-white film, no narration. But Wiseman is also coy—he plays with his prey, batting it gently, ruthlessly between his paws. Wiseman watches every corner of the worlds he films. Gigantic teeth are energetically filed. Vets jab hypodermics into shiny flanks. "You not tryin' to help me out at *all*, man. *Move* over," mutters a groom with a pitchfork to the pampered beast beside him. Trainers clutch cigars between their teeth; ancient owners in dapper summer suits pose for photographers; jockeys play pool between races, while the show, *Let's Make a Deal* blares on a TV in the background.

Racetrack, on PBS this month, is fantastically detailed, yet it is carefully impersonal. You never find out about that foal that was born. You don't know who the trainers or jockeys or winning or losing horses are. The film is not about winning or losing (when the Belmont Stakes is finally run, it almost seems incidental, just another detail); the show is about an institution, an industry, and its rituals. In *Racetrack*, the industry Wiseman reveals is a peculiar one, pervaded by both a romantic respect for the magnificent animals at its center and an almost corporate atmosphere. The bustle surrounding the horses is both tender and craven: racing is a business in which you talk to your product. —C.S.

MR. WIZARD'S NEIGHBORHOOD

Mr. Wizard's World is a funny place—a comfy cutting edge. If you watched it in your youth, it seemed a little old-fashioned even then. The show, seventeen years old, now appears on MTV's kiddie channel, Nickelodeon; and somehow its square, good-natured style feels fresh and unpretentious, a civilized interlude. Nickelodeon is a breathless sort of station, and Mr. Wizard's quiet world has been packaged in lots of bright, whirring segments. In the midst of NICK's colorful adolescent surrealism, the MTV-style graphics and sound effects, there is soft-spoken Don Herbert, Mr. Wizard himself, puttering about: gently pouring water into wastebaskets, poking sticks into potatoes, boiling silver forks. His homey props and easy, casual manner with the kids turn the experiments into gradual realizations of the way things work and why. And Mr. Wizard is a showman, a conjurer who lets you look up his sleeve—he makes things buzz and flash and bubble and spill.

Nickelodeon favors golden oldies like *Mr. Wizard's World*, *Lassie*, and *Dennis the Menace* in an obvious and welcome appeal to nostalgic parents. At the same time, the station has created a wonderful juxtaposition of innocence and sophistication—a pop-art portrait of our earnest, idealized past framed by the jumpy, trendy video skepticism of MTV kids. —C.S.



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BY LORRAINE DAVIS

IN HER OWN WORDS...

"You've got to get in touch with yourself and recognize where your stresses are coming from. Development doesn't stop with adolescence; you're still developing. Learn about development and know about the different stages both of yourself, as a woman, and of your children. Then you can make judgments based on the best that is known." *—Constance U. Battle, M.D., pediatrician, president of the American Medical Women's Association*

"You should have the option of working in engineering or science if you want to, but you must prepare by getting the right education in high school as well as in college. Go ahead and tough out those tough math courses. There are many, many exciting things to do in the aerospace field—it's just alive with them." *—Carolyn Leach Huntoon, Ph.D., associate director of the Johnson Space Center, NASA, and adjunct associate professor in environmental sciences at the University of Texas Health Science Center, Houston*

"The employers who have provided equal opportunities for women are enjoying a tremendous return on their investment. They have doubled their chances to develop leadership within the organization and leadership in a rapidly changing marketplace."*—Janice D. Stoney, executive vice president and chief operating officer, Northwestern Bell Telephone Company, speaking at Catalyst awards dinner*

AN OUNCE OF PERSUASION

"Chinese women lawyers not only are well groomed and professional looking, they have a lot of energy, excitement, and eagerness. It's a confidence that comes from knowing they fit right into the system, and there's no reason to feel dejected or hang back." This is the observation of an American lawyer who, beginning law school in 1974 as the divorced mother of three, found the U.S. legal and banking communities somewhat less welcoming when she began her career.

Ramona T. Rockwell went to China with a group of American women lawyers under the auspices of People-to-People International's Citizen Ambassador Program, established in 1956 by President Eisenhower as part of the State Department but now a nonprofit organization with the blessings of our government but no public money.

The enviable poise of the Chinese women attorneys seems to have come from their inclusion in their country's present legal system from the moment of its inception, when the Chinese constitution was adopted in 1949. Today, there are about ten thousand Chinese lawyers (for a population of over a billion), and 30 or 40 percent of them are women. These women are working to raise the position of other women from their traditionally subservient place, all through the culture.

"The two cornerstones of Chinese law are education and persuasion," said Ms. Rockwell. "Their court system is similar to ours, but they also have a system of 'mediation'—which our interpreter translated for us as 'killing in the bud.'! Here's how it works: In a dispute among family members, the Chinese point of view is that mothers-in-law are 'inherently evil.' And, they take that a step further and say, 'but then so are daughters-in-law inherently evil.' So the two parties are taken into 'mediation,' educated, talked to about their 'inherent evilness' and what can happen if they don't change their behavior. That's where 'persuasion' comes in....When one woman was trying to commit suicide, the mediator moved right into her house and stayed until the woman had reached 'self-criticism.' When you reach that point, there's a change in behavior, and you shake hands."

NOW IS THE TIME:

While the Twentieth Anniversary Conference of the National Organization for Women convenes on June 13–15 in Denver, Colorado, the National Right to Life Committee will be meeting in the same city—offering the possibility of some newsworthy confrontations. The NOW sessions, opened with a talk by Colorado's Congresswoman Patricia Schroeder, will make this point: "We are everywhere!" Information, National NOW Conference, (202) 347-2279.

- *Coming up on June 20, a tenth anniversary for Women in Management, Inc., with a day-long conference, "Lighting the Way," in Chicago, followed by a dinner to raise dollars for the Statue of Liberty; there'll be awards, Second City review, and a speech by Maureen Reagan. Facts: WIM, Inc., P.O. Box 11268, Chicago IL 60025; (312) 963-0079.*
- *Researchers, teachers, faculty, and graduate students will assemble at a Summer Research Institute on Race and Gender at Memphis State University, June 23–29. Applications: Ms. Jo Ann Ammons, Center for Research on Women, MSU, Memphis TN 38152; (901) 454-2770.*

ON THE TRAIL

Summer trekkers on the meadows, marshes, and pine stands of Phelps Nature Trail in Wilton, New York, may not realize that the trail's name honors a 1927 graduate of Johns Hopkins Medical School, Orra A. Phelps, M.D. Now ninety and retired from medical practice since 1968, Dr. Phelps can rattle off Latin and English names of every fern, tree, flower, mushroom, and bird to be found in the twenty-two-acre geological-fault ravine behind her house in Wilton.

The doctor's other loved location is Heart Lake in the Adirondacks, where she pioneered the preservation of these mountains long before most people had heard the word ecology. The editor of important Adirondack trail guides, Dr. Phelps started the natural history program at Adirondak Loj (that's how they spell it) and for ten years was the lodge's ranger, naturalist, and resident physician.

Dr. Phelps' mother, a high-school biology teacher at the turn of the century, identified over twelve hundred plants in the Salisbury, Connecticut, area. Dr. Orra's own papers, library, and slides will some day be housed in the Adirondack Research Center at the Schenectady Museum in Schenectady, New York.

HOW DOES SHE DO IT?

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—Wenda Wardell Morrone, in "Pregnant While You Work" (Berkley)

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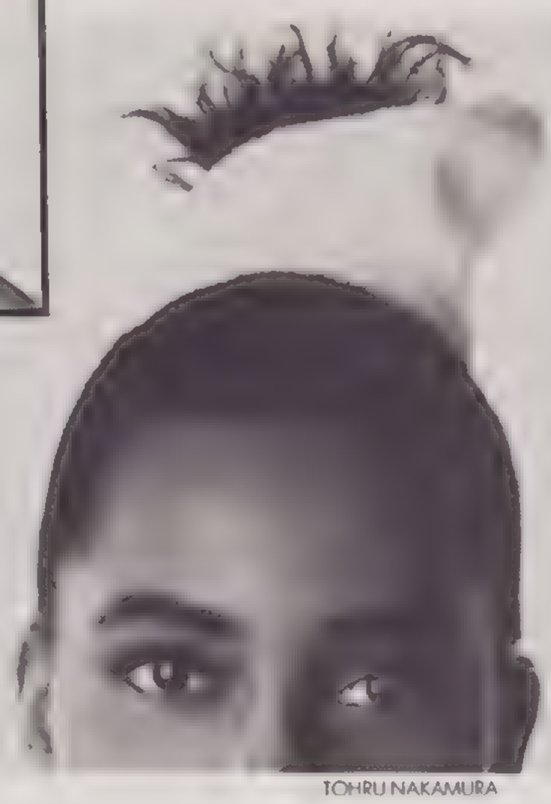
BEAUTY NOW

Summer looks, makeup ideas . . .
from a black woman's point of view

EASY

***Left*: A wig shaped to Louise's face . . . *below*, a wrapped tail**



TOHRU NAKAMURA

. . . options for short hair, made more versatile with pieces, wigs. Who's wearing them? Everyone from Tina Turner, who started the trend, to Diana Ross, Patti LaBelle, Sade, whose long ponytail is pinned on . . . Here, on Louise Vyent—her own hair: relaxed, jaw-length—*clockwise from top*, all done by Mitch Barry: a short, snappy wig cut into shape on Louise's head . . . Everywhere now: the stretch-jersey tie—tightly twisted, wrapping a tail at the crown . . . A long fake "tail" pinned onto smoothed-back hair . . . Louise's hair dampened slightly with water, then oiled into tiny ringlets; and wrapped off the face.

Long/short switches: *right*, a long tail . . . *above*, frizzed and tied

TIPS

"Black women tend to wear dark makeup even though our skin is suited to brighter colors," says former model Naomi Sims, whose new skin-care line and updated *All About Health and Beauty for the Black Woman* (Doubleday) will be out this fall. Her tips for bright colors: "Tone them slightly by mixing with foundation. Use blusher on forehead, nose, chin, neck, cheeks; brushed across lips, then topped with petroleum jelly and blotted to a matte finish. Too much shine on lips is a common mistake.

"Older women should use both a lighter hand and coloring. Because powder emphasizes lines, use it *over* moisturizer, *under* foundation. Use powder over foundation *only* to blot oil. If lip tone is even or is darker than skin, skip lipstick (but not lip conditioner) after applying other makeup to give a youthful look."

Makeup, Leslie Lopez. Hairpieces from It's a Wig, NYC. Fashion details, last pages

networking . . .

among women for "business" also includes sharing top hair salons cross-country. Some ideas: Frank Walker at Richard L. Greene Hair Designers in NYC does press-and-curl styles, deep conditioning, highlighting . . . Good in DC: the Glemby Salon at Garfinckel's . . . Michael Weeks has opened his own L.A. wig boutique.

■ *Although black skin doesn't sunburn, it can be sun damaged. Experts suggest dark-skinned women use a SPF 2 to 4 sunscreen . . . . While most women who swim usually shampoo their hair afterwards, women with dry hair often aren't sure what to do. Chlorine, salt water dry out hair, but so does daily hair washing. One solution: mild shampooing post-swim, with a diluted shampoo (half cleanser, half water) . . . and weekly deep conditioning.*
—Contributed by AUDREY SMALTZ

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Q&A BEAUTY

Sun: tan accelerators . . . "deceptive" exposure . . . high-risk body parts

Q I'm confused about the new tan "accelerators." What do they do and how are they used? Can they make tanning safe?

A Tan accelerators—or tan enhancers, as they are also known—work on skin's melanin, the pigment that interacts with sun's rays to darken and protect skin (not to be confused with tanning pills containing beta-carotene and canthaxanthin, which change skin color without the sun and are potentially harmful). The key ingredient in tan accelerators is an amino acid complex that enters the skin and generates the production of melanin in order to speed up the natural tanning process. The theory behind tan accelerators, according to Morris Herstein, vice president, research and development, Estée Lauder: "Using a tan accelerator for a few days *prior* to sun exposure will provide you with a melanin base before you go out in the sun. As a result, you tan in less time. If it normally takes you three days to tan, it will only take you one or two—and decrease the amount of exposure to damaging UVA and UVB rays."

It is important to realize that tan accelerators cannot enhance your *ability* to tan. If you are fair, always burn but never tan, there is a minimum of melanin production in your skin to begin with; and a tan-accelerating product won't change that.

Also remember that tan accelerators are *not* sunscreens. To shield skin from the harmful effects of the sun's rays, it is important to use appropriate protection.

What does the FDA have to say about tan accelerators? The agency has stated that there is not enough evidence to date to suggest whether these products are harmful—*or* even safe. Some FDA officials are also suggesting that tan accelerators should be reevaluated as drugs. Dermatologists, certainly, are not in favor of any product that promotes *the practice of tanning*, as *all* sun exposure is potentially damaging.

Tan accelerators/enhancers are not to be confused with "self-tanners" which stain the epidermis to create the illusion of a tan. If you use an artificial tanning product, be careful also to protect yourself from the sun. (Tan accelerator and enhancing products are made by Estée Lauder, Clarins, and Coppertone.)

Q The last time I was under a beach umbrella, my skin burned. How could this happen? Do umbrellas, hats, and cover-ups offer any protection?

A "A beach umbrella protects you from *direct* sun; but rays are also reflected off sand and water. How much extra sun you get depends on several factors including latitude, time of day, and your proximity to the water," says Jim Johnson, Ph.D., vice president, research and development, Schering Plough, Corp. (makers of Coppertone). "On a boat, you are particularly vulnerable because the sun is reflected from all sides. A hat is never enough; maximum sunscreen protection is necessary." Keep in mind, too, that up to 60 percent of sun's rays can come through on a cloudy day, that sunlight penetrates water, and that rays can reflect to some extent off surfaces such as a tennis court or concrete.

A clinical study at the Coppertone Solar Research Center showed that a SPF-15 sunscreen offered *more* protection than a thick terry cloth robe. In general, the more tightly woven the fabric, the more protection it offers. A light cotton T-shirt has a SPF of about 7. Cotton denim is a complete sunblock.

Always use sunscreen and limit sun exposure. Reapply sunscreen every two hours, more often if you swim, are active, perspire.

Note: A new portable sun-exposure meter—from Teledyne Water Pik—programmed to your skin type and sunscreen SPF, signals when you've had enough sun.

Q Should I use the same sunscreen all over my body or do different areas need different amounts of protection?

A According to Mary Ellen Brademas, M.D., assistant professor of dermatology, NYU School of Medicine Skin and Cancer Unit, "All body skin needs protection from ultraviolet rays. Particularly sensitive areas that need extra protection: eyelids, neck, lips. In addition, skin on protruding spots—nose, cheekbones, ears—are subject to burning." Other sensitive areas: shoulders, chest, backs of knees, backs of hands.

A good rule of thumb: "Use sunscreen appropriate for your skin type all over—the more you burn, the higher the SPF. Apply extra protection—preferably *sunblock*, regardless of skin type—to sensitive areas."

Good choices: from Nivea with SPFs of 2 to 15. For lips, Blistex's maximal sunscreen balm; sunscreen lipsticks from Allercreme. ▽

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HAIR NOW

Overstyling your hair? . . . growing it out? . . . looking for fast tips? Here, real answers, plus wigs' appeal

Fast hair "redo," *above* and *right:* adding volume in front, with mousse, fingers; by Suga

SUMMER LOOKS

The basis of **attractive, layered hair** is a "lighter" cut, less styling, says Suga of NYC's Suga salon. Go for subtler caring, less gel, spray. "If you're tired of short hair: summer—when hair grows faster—is the ideal time to let it grow out. During in-between lengths, "keep hair trimmed . . . let it grow into longish bangs, with sides, back controlled, as in the two looks, *left*. . . If hair is short, sides can be brushed close to the head (*top* photo). Longer, blunt-cut hair can be smoothed behind ears (*inset*).

Ways of easier styling: Bain de Terre gel, mousse, spray botanicals have sunscreen, henna for highlights. . . Portable finishers make styling hair on vacation a breeze. Mastey's travel kit includes hair moisturizer, finishing rinse, gel. Sebastian's Shaper spray (with sunscreen), Fizz foam come in mini sizes.

In summertime, hair accessories are key to less fussing, **quick changes**. Let hair dry naturally, anchor it with a hair band, barrette. If hair is long, layered, pull the crown section back and tie in a bow, let rest of hair fall free. Instant change: using wash-out color styling gel, e.g., natural Avigal henna gels from Il Makiage, NYC.

Photos above *left* Makeup, Kevyn Aucoin Details, last pages

Overstyling?

"Women who have been 'overstyling' their hair—i.e., curling straight hair, straightening wavy hair—are usually surprised to find that working with their hair's natural texture is not only more attractive but gives them a more modern look," says Marc Pipino, Pipino Buccheri salon, NYC. Many women used to having their hair "done" regularly by a pro are also learning how to cope on their own, especially while traveling. The means? "First, bring hair back to healthy condition," says Pipino. "Then, get a good cut." Look changes should involve pulling some sections of hair back, or setting sections with a couple of rollers —nothing more elaborate. "It's a mistake for a woman to try to alter her hair's overall texture herself."

WIGGING OUT . . .

Wigs and pieces have become "real life" evening accessories for many women. Why? Part fantasy, part amusement, wigs appeal to a modern woman's more confident, less "serious" side—but also answer a very real desire for an instant, temporary P.M. change that goes beyond an evening makeup or "jewel." First seen in Paris and Milan, wigs are still showing up on fashion runways. Latest: at Byblos, *right,* the side switch added to very short hair; at Versace, *lower left,* a long tail of fake hair. . . There is another more wearable side to wigs today in new pieces meant to embellish, "fill in," add volume, even versatility—all with weightless construction. Stylist Sergio Valente calls them "intelligent hairpieces." Two who handmake custom-blended wigs in NYC: Charles Nicholas, 48 East 57 Street; and Louis Feder/Joseph Fleischer, 14 East 38 Street. Whatever the reason, wigs are becoming as acceptable as they are accessible in fashion and in beauty today. . .

Photos, *left* and above CLAUS OHM

Photo: Michel Comte

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mind health

Beauty and self-esteem . . . when to stop therapy . . . are women crazy? BY CAROL TAVRIS

DIAGNOSING WOMEN—WHAT COLOR IS YOUR NEUROSIS?

"If you give a small boy a hammer," wrote psychologist Abraham Kaplan, Ph.D., "it will turn out that everything he runs into needs pounding." Clinicians are about to get new hammers—new diagnostic categories of special interest and concern to women.

Diagnosis of psychological disorders has powerful consequences. Sometimes the consequences are positive ("So *that's* what I have; what a relief"). But sometimes imposing a label—such as "masochistic," "hysterical," or "hypochondriac"—leads to blaming the victim instead of focusing on possible social origins of the problem.

The bible of psychologists and psychiatrists is the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders (DSM). The first DSM, published in 1952, listed sixty types of "mental illness." The second, published in 1968, had 145 categories. The third, which appeared in 1980, contained 230 disorders—everything from cigarette dependence to schizophrenia. Now, amid storms of controversy, a fourth revised edition is in the works and will be published next year. Three new disorder categories were introduced that, although modified after debate, could be very damaging to women.

Masochistic personality disorder—including such behavior as excessive passivity, dependence, and "self-destructiveness"—will, after protest by female clinicians, be called **self-defeating personality disorder.** This change is only a partial victory, according to Renee Garfinkel, Ph.D., of the American Psychological Association. "The word masochism is loaded with such anti-female baggage," she says. "The view is prevalent that women like abuse." Lenore Walker, Ph.D., chair of the women's caucus of the APA, observes that "the DSM committee is making an illness out of the kind of behaviors women have learned in order to survive in a world that doesn't fully value them." The DSM lacks categories it *really* needs, adds Walker—for victims of abuse or other trauma.

Paraphilic rapism: A "paraphilia" is sexual arousal by an unusual fantasy, such as shoe fetishes or obscene phone calls; this "disorder" labels the need to rape in order to act out a sexual fantasy. After heated argument that this label could be used as a legal defense of rapists, it has been changed to **paraphilic coercive behavior,** which includes marital rape. Nevertheless, female clinicians point out the difficulty of diagnosing this "disorder" when rape, according to research, is a common sexual fantasy among American men.

Premenstrual dysphoric disorder is a fancy term for a condition based on the assorted symptoms of "premenstrual syndrome." Many clinicians, pointing out that there is no scientific support for PMS as a coherent psychological condition, fear that this category endorses the prejudice against women as victims of "raging hormones." "They're trying to make something pathological out of a normal female function," says Garfinkel. In contrast, a label of "periodic dysphoria" would not assume that menstruation is always the cause of mood changes.

This debate shows once again that diagnosis of behavioral and emotional "disorders" depends largely on politics, values, and ethics, and not necessarily on scientific criteria. As George Albee, a past president of the APA, once said: "Appendicitis, a brain tumor, and chicken pox are the same everywhere, regardless of culture or class; mental conditions, it seems, are not."

HOW MUCH THERAPY IS ENOUGH?

Most therapists and clients assume that the longer therapy lasts, the more effective it will be. But Kenneth I. Howard, Ph.D., of Northwestern University, and his colleagues disagree: By analyzing studies of more than twenty-four hundred patients with all kinds of problems, they found that about half of all patients improve in only eight sessions, and about 75 percent improve in twenty-six sessions. Only a small percentage required more than twenty-six sessions to get any results. In fact, about 15 percent of those who decide to try psychotherapy feel better *before* their first session—simply making the appointment helps. Improvement was measured by the patients' own reports and by observers.

Howard and his associates then grouped people in therapy according to three types of disorders: depression, anxiety, "and borderline" psychosis. Depressed patients showed the earliest improvement, followed by the anxious ones; "borderlines" were slowest to change. As other studies show, "talk therapy" is most helpful to people who have temporary problems; it is not especially effective for long-standing disorders or true psychopathology.

These findings do not mean that every client reaches maximum benefits in twenty-six sessions. But they do mean that clients and therapists would do well to evaluate their progress at that point—and consider whether the rising financial cost of continuing is worth the likelihood of diminishing psychological gains.

THE GOOD LOOKS OF HAPPINESS

Although everyone knows not to judge a book by its cover, the fact is that if a cover is unappealing, most people won't even turn to the first page. In their new book, "Mirror, Mirror: The Importance of Looks in Everyday Life" (State University of New York Press), Elaine Hatfield, Ph.D., of the University of Hawaii, and Susan Sprecher, Ph.D, of Illinois State University, explore the consequences of the "physical attractiveness stereotype"—the common belief that "what is beautiful is good and what is ugly is bad," and that beautiful people are happier than the plain.

People have tried just about everything possible to make themselves more beautiful—but do attempts at self-beautification make a significant difference? Hatfield and Sprecher find that people who improve their looks do improve their lives, as well as others' evaluations of them. But the goal need not be to become wildly stunning; nicely average is enough. The major difference in self-image, and in other people's opinions of one's attractiveness, lies between the ordinary and the very homely, not between the ordinary and the gorgeous.

Moreover, when people judge the attractiveness of others, physical beauty is not the only measure they use: they also respond favorably to those who have high self-esteem, an exciting personality, compassion—and similar attitudes. (We not only like people who agree with us, we think they are prettier!) This is why, the researchers conclude, obsessive attention to one's looks, paid at the expense of developing mind and spirit, can backfire in the long run.

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MANAGING your money

BY MARION ASNES

MUTUAL FUNDS—WHAT THEY REALLY COST YOU

When you buy shares in a mutual fund, how much are you really paying? Even "no-load" funds, which have no commission, charge their customers; and in a few cases their fees may be higher than the commissions charged by "load" funds.

All mutual funds charge a management fee of one-half to one percent of average annual assets that covers day-to-day expenses. Redemption fees range from the universal nuisance penalty, charged to customers who buy and sell their shares very rapidly, to a "back-end" commission—collected when you sell, rather than buy, your shares.

The newest fee—and least likely to be understood—is called a "12b-1" charge. A mutual fund with a 12b-1 plan can take its marketing budget out of the fund's assets. These charges can go as high as 1¼ percent of the fund's assets *each year*—if you have $10,000 invested, that's $125—which, after ten years, is equivalent to paying a 7 percent sales commission.

According to John Fousek, spokesperson for the No-Load Mutual Fund Association, many funds that have 12b-1 plans don't actually use them—and those that do, in the main, take only one-quarter percent of the fund's assets. Of the two fastest growing mutual fund companies, the Vanguard Group has no redemption charges for commissions, 12b-1 fees, or any of its funds except for its highly speculative "sector funds"; and Fidelity Investments' individual funds vary.

A fund's prospectus will spell out how much it can charge its shareholders for any reason, though you may have to venture deep into the small print to find the specifics. This is all the more reason to read any fund's prospectus carefully before you invest.

AUDIT SURVIVAL TIPS

Come April 15, most Americans cease to worry about their taxes; but, each year, about two million tax returns are audited. What should you do if yours comes under IRS scrutiny? First of all, don't panic. Next, read your audit letter carefully, advises Mary L. Sprouse, a tax attorney and author of "Sprouse's Income Tax Handbook" (Penguin), because it should explain clearly what parts of your return are being audited, the evidence you need to present to justify your deductions, and your right to appeal an auditor's decision. In all likelihood, the audit will only concern specific deductions, selected because they are unusually large. The IRS also concentrates on dicey tax shelters, and keeps tabs on suspected participants in the so-called underground economy. During the audit itself, Sprouse warns, "don't volunteer information. What you don't know about tax law can hurt you." Although an audit begins with the examination of specific deductions, the auditor is free to pursue any aspect of your return that he or she finds questionable. In dealing with the IRS, certainly, discretion is the best part of valor.

MODERN MARRIAGE: "I DO" OR "SIGN ON THE DOTTED LINE"?

One of the most controversial aspects of divorce today is the right that one ex-spouse has to the other's professional interests. Now that more women are operating their own businesses and joining partnerships, they, like men, are demanding prenuptial contracts to protect their resources.

In the forty-two "equitable distribution" states, one divorcing spouse can share in the property owned by the other. "If a husband owned a corporation, and his wife helped him by maintaining his home, she would become, in effect, a silent partner in his affairs," says Joseph DuCanto, a lawyer with Schiller, DuCanto and Fleck in Chicago, "and would acquire an increasingly clear claim to a portion of his business. She could force the husband to open his company's books to the court. She could sue the company as well as the husband."

A prenuptial agreement can shield the privacy of a company's financial data, and it can prevent an ex-spouse from becoming a hostile partner in the business, according to William Zabel, a lawyer with Schulte Roth & Zabel in New York City and Palm Beach; so more and more professional partnerships—especially in finance, accounting, and law—are starting to require that incoming members sign prenuptial agreements if they marry. An agreement may state that one spouse has no right to the other's business interests, or it can provide a "buy-sell" mechanism for one spouse to buy out the other—a smart precaution for couples in business together, whether they're married or not.

Anyone who is asked to sign a prenuptial agreement should be careful, DuCanto says, because even an unfair contract is likely to stand up in court so long as it is not fraudulent. He suggests that the agreement be limited to specific assets, such as a family business or property to be reserved for children of a previous marriage. Otherwise, he says, "trying to regulate every facet of the relationship can turn a marriage into a charade, a commercial venture, and may create ill will before the marriage even starts."

GOOD NEWS FOR THE UPWARDLY MOBILE

Descriptions of the "baby-boom" generation have been as conflicting as they have been amusing. First, we learned that young professionals' lives were an orgy of consumption—of designer jeans, designer sheets, designer chocolates. Then we heard that "baby-boomers" were broke and would never equal their parents' success.

The truth is that yuppies are doing pretty well, says Fabian Linden, executive director of the consumer research center of The Conference Board, a business research organization. The center surveyed five thousand households headed by people under age thirty-five and found that 70 percent felt that their living standards were as good as or better than their parents' had been when they lived with them.

In general, the men were more positive than the women about their financial achievements; but when asked to compare themselves to their same-sex parent, women were more positive: 88 percent said that they had greater opportunities than their mothers had.

Whether the under-thirty-five generation will surpass its parents remains an open question, Linden says. "The parents of the baby-boomers lived in an extraordinary era, a splurge of growth. If their children's wealth isn't exploding at the same rate, it's because the parents lived in an exceptional time—not the other way around."

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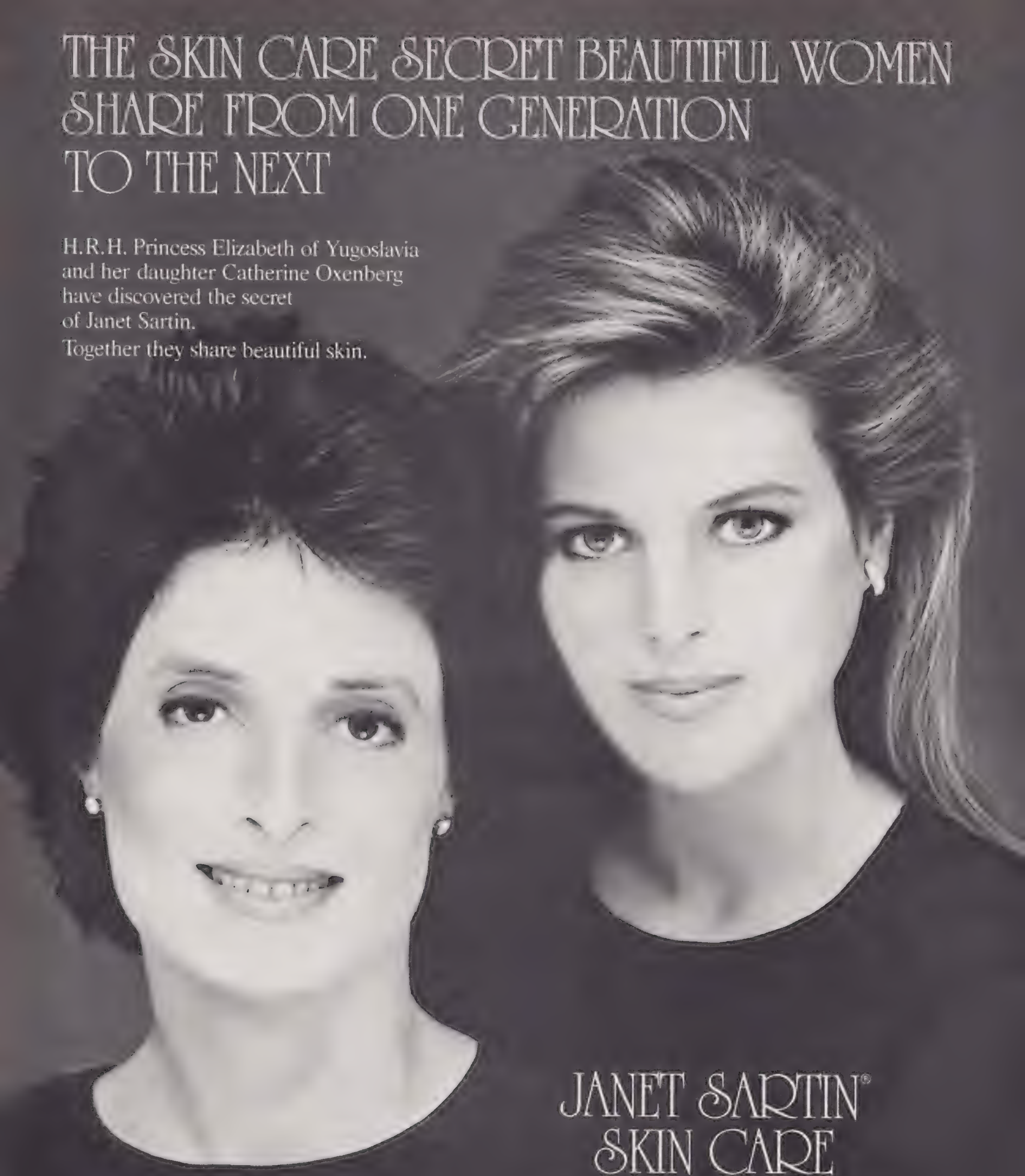

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women & cars

Dangers of driving in sun . . . safest autos on the road

BY LESLEY JANE NONKIN

DRIVERS' HEALTH WATCH

"In the past, it was more common for men to develop skin cancer and sun damage on their left arms because they were the most frequent drivers and got excessive sun exposure from leaning their arms out open car windows," says Perry Robins, M.D., associate professor of dermatology, New York University Medical Center. "Women, who tended to be passengers, got it on their right arms. We wonder if this will be changing soon. . ."

Many other doctors at the annual seminar sponsored by The Skin Cancer Foundation, where this observation was presented, also noted that while car windshields protect against tanning UVB rays, they don't screen out UVA rays, now known to penetrate further into the skin and to increase the aging and skin-cancer promoting effects of sun exposure.

No matter what side you're sitting on, it would be wise when driving long distances in warm or sunny climes to protect face and arms with a strong UVA/UVB sunscreen.

DUCK THE TRUCK!

Anyone who has traveled next to or in front of a hurtling mass of tractor-trailer has sensed the true meaning of mortal fear. And instinct serves you well. Insurance Institute for Highway Safety says nearly 4500 people a year die from crashes involving large trucks—most of them car passengers!

"If you see a tractor-trailer behind you, get out of the way!" warns John Cook, IIHS's senior vice president. "Many truckers have removed their front brakes, thinking that it helps maneuverability on wet surfaces; but what it really means is that the driver can't brake as quickly as you can."

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SHOPPING FOR SAFETY

Two factors you might want to consider when buying a new car: the car's ability to protect you in case of an accident and the cost of repairs after a collision. The degree of protection each car offers varies widely. Luckily, the Highway Loss Data Institute (HLDI) has put together a pamphlet that ranks the 181 most popular cars on U.S. roads in terms of safety and frequency of damage in a collision. The study is based on the analysis of insurance data for millions of 1982-84 cars—and can be used to assess new models since many designs vary little from year to year.

What the study reveals: because they're bigger, heavier, domestic cars—such as the Oldsmobile Delta 88, Buick Le Sabre, Dodge Caravan, and Ford Crown Victoria—have the best ranking in both categories, while Japanese cars have the worst. And while European cars rate well in protecting you in an accident, the amount of damage during a collision is often high. Important to note as well: that even cars with a similar size and body shape may have completely different capacities to protect you. For instance, among small two-doors, the Nissan Pulsar—the car with the most reported injuries—accumulated more than twice as many as the car with the fewest—the Saab 900. To see report, write Insurance Institute for Highway Safety, Publications Department, Watergate 600, Washington DC 20037 or call (202) 333-0770 and ask for the "HLDI Composite."

NEW NEARLY-NEW SHOPS

The problem with buying a used car is that you rarely know exactly what you are getting. No longer, at least when it comes to a Jaguar or BMW. Both companies have just instituted programs by which cars in good condition—and with low mileage—are sold back to the dealership (or bought by dealers from market sources), refurbished, and sold again.

Jaguar's Select Edition program, for example, lets you get a reconditioned 1982 (or newer) Jag for $20- to $25,000—almost $9000 less than the price of the newest XJ6. (Prices depend upon the model, year-of-make, and dealership.) This is especially good news for women, who have long prized Jaguar's style, comfort, and drivability. What's also nice is that the used car comes with a factory warranty for twelve months or 12,000 miles; you not only know what you're getting but won't have to wait for a new Jag.

With BMW's Quality Continuation Plan, you get the same warranty and can even buy a longer 36-month/36,000-mile guarantee.

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Being a Buick, the LeSabre Coupe offers all this room in true comfort, and in plush surroundings.

As for its sporty side, it is an automobile truly designed for those who love the open road.

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SHAPE-UP NOW

Spa-going . . . in glorious Monte Carlo, at the California Terrace.

BY DESPINA MESSINESI

Visual spa pleasures, above: California Terrace's outdoor seaside lunch spot where guests enjoy "lite" food, the exquisite harbor view. . . Ultimate indulgence, left: at the end of a spa day, an unkinking massage

The new health, beauty, and fitness center built in Monte Carlo's Palace hotels is sensational. It is like eating your cake and having it, too, although the program includes a diet regimen. In the dazzling play-world of Monte Carlo that is filled with temptations—haute cuisine, vintage wines, late nights, gambling, blaring discos—it is comforting to know that people may compensate for their outrageous sprees by vigorous workouts, lap swims, soothing massages, and yoga, to list only a few of the spa's treatments.

The California Terrace and Spa, the first American fitness center in Europe, is the brainchild of Edward Safdie, the man behind the successful Greenhouse Spa in Arlington, Texas. Unlike European therapeutic spas based on healing mineral waters, the California Terrace focuses on well-being, fitness through exercise and diet, and head-to-toe beauty. Some guests choose the vigorous all-day program, while others take it more lightly. I decided on an *à la carte* schedule, which seemed more in sync with my temperament.

What is even more fascinating about the California Terrace is that guests may stay at either the grand-dame Hôtel de Paris or at the Belle Epoque Hôtel Hermitage. Both hotels are linked to the California Terrace by underground passageways. From the Hermitage, where I stayed, a special elevator whisks guests down to a polished marble passageway, which leads to the calm, cream-colored reception area. There, attendants in white T-shirts, stamped with a turquoise-blue sunburst logo, check on bookings and deliver newcomers to their appointments.

When I arrived at the Hermitage, I found a message to telephone the spa director. Weary and relaxed in a dream of a room with a stage-setting view of the intensely blue sea emphasized by the gull-white sails of a regatta, I was relieved that the spa director offered to come to me to discuss my fitness program.

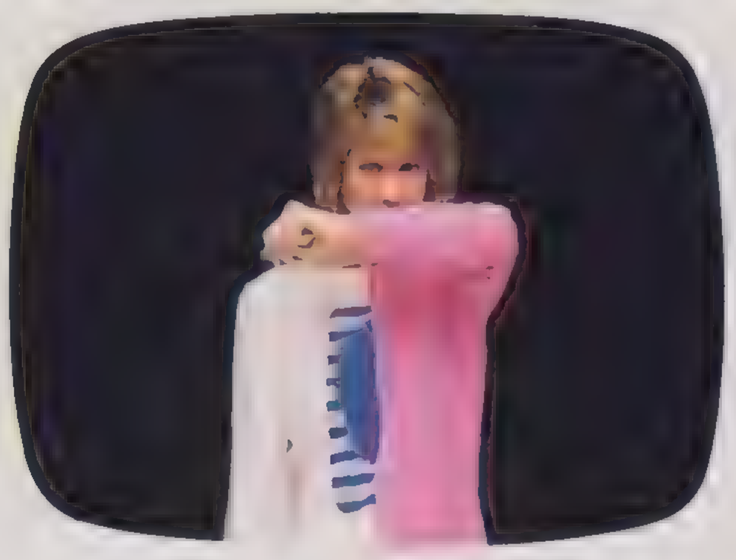
My spa activities were to begin the next morning. Already, a spa staffer had marked the schedule on a small card—no bigger than an old-fashioned dance card—that she pinned onto a white terry robe. Also, she told me a diet dinner had been ordered for me for eight o'clock that evening. For breakfast, I was to choose from the spa's breakfast menu, which listed calories, and then to hang the menu outside my door.

Settling into my room was a joy: ample cupboards, a white dresser decorated with the same Art Nouveau scrolls one sees at Parisian Metro stations, a charming mirrored dressing table on thin curvy legs, and a glorious queen-size brass bed. The counter of the rosy marble bathroom had everything from mouthwash to shoe polish to shower cap, faucets that shone like Koh-i-noor diamonds, a large, lighted magnifying wall mirror, a hair dryer, and, by the oversized tub, a wall pulley marked "S.O.S." in lipstick red.

Bathed and changed for dinner, I felt regal walking down the long white corridor over the carpet patterned with green and red tulips, peering at the vitrines showcasing the latest couture fashions and handsome accessories. In the restaurant, a superb example of Belle Epoque splendor with sparkling chandeliers, painted ceiling, and lingerie-pink cloths, I was shown to my table for one. The spa dinner was delicious: spinach soup, lamb wrapped in lettuce, a bundle of green beans, and a strawberry dessert made with yogurt. No wine; instead, a crystal goblet with mineral water and lemon juice. Around me, I watched, even smelled, the lavish *(Continued on page 104)*

We pulled the wool over Mrs. Johnson's eyes.

This white side's okay...



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Shampoo: Normal, Extra Body and Moisturizing.
Conditioner: Normal and Extra Body.

THE CALIFORNIA TERRACE

(Continued from page 102)

dishes being served to others, but did not feel deprived or banished into a diet dining room.

Precisely at eight the next morning, my breakfast tray arrived with coffee and hot milk, along with a bran muffin the size of a silver dollar. Weight loss was not my major problem, but after a week-long binge at the three-star restaurants along the French Riviera, a controlled diet was in order.

My fitness program had been well planned. Beginning at nine each morning, it alternated one vigorous activity with a more relaxing session. There were coed toning classes, which ended with five minutes of aerobics; later, coed water exercises in a warm circular pool. The rewards for the be-good-to-yourself physical exercises were the pampering beauty treatments. In my estimation, they all rated "ten." The soothing massage in a sun-filled white cubicle overlooking the harbor with its millionaire yachts was memorable. . . so were the excellent facial with Clarins creams, done in a dimly lit room, and a back treatment and a complete body scrub, which made the skin feel baby soft.

A great appeal of the California Terrace is its out-of-doors feeling: the harbor or the sea seemed to be constantly in my line of vision. In the all-white beauty salon, one wall opened onto the Mediterranean; and the fitness room with its space-age equipment (computerized bicycles, mini trampolines, etc.) was completely walled in glass. At any time, I could use the whirlpools, steam rooms, or the three saunas—one for women, one for men, a third for both—and the three plunge pools ranging from cold to tepid to hot, all within sight of the sea.

At one o'clock, I lunched on the restaurant end of broad California Terrace under a white four-cornered umbrella. When the waiter came around, I simply said, "Dietetic meal." I was happy not to have to read down a high-caloric menu. Lunches varied: one day, I began with tomatoes and mozzarella cheese, followed by chilled vegetable soup with a chrome-yellow color. Another day, I had salad, veal with carrots and turnips; another time, spinach soup, fillet of sole with celery, and five enormous strawberries for dessert.

SPA DAY

8:00 A.M.	*Breakfast*
9:00	*Tone-ups*
10:00	*California workout*
10:30	*Back treatment*
11:00	*Yoga*
12:00 P.M.	*Massage*
1:00	*Lunch*
6:00	*Hydro massage*
8:00	*Dinner*

On the *à la carte* program at the California Terrace, I was completely on my own in the afternoon and evening. Around four, after sunning and swimming in the glorious oval seawater pool, I would go off for a walk. Window shopping was an inexhaustible pleasure: great jewels, furs, even though it was early summer; luggage, flowers, haute couture clothes, accessories, shoes, belts—all tantalizingly beautiful. The new shopping arcade, Les Galleries Lumières, is across from the garden that faces the celebrated Casino.

On the other side of the "Rock," where once there was some light industry but visitors rarely strayed, there is now a new development of townhouses named after great artists. Nearby is the Stadium, the pride of Prince Albert, and alongside a small pond with swans preening and ducks floating is the heliport, where "whirlybirds" fly people from Monte Carlo to the Nice airport in six minutes. Not far away, and one of the most beautiful sights in Monte Carlo as well as one of the most moving, is the large rose garden dedicated by H.S.H. Prince Rainier III in memory of Princess Grace. Last May, the ninety varieties of roses had four thousand blossoms. They were strung like garlands, entwined around posts, and grew in fantastic profusion.

At twilight, a bewitching hour on the Riviera when the sea and sky turn deep blue and the lights go on in thousands of windows, the city looks *pavée* in diamonds.

At eight o'clock, dining in the gilded splen-

dor of the grand Salle Empire restaurant at the Hôtel de Paris, I was amused by the maître d' and the wine steward hovering over my three-course low-calorie dinner and mineral water. The meal consisted of consommé, veal wrapped in blotta leaves (rather like spinach), and a raspberry mini-soufflé. I made a habit of eating exceptionally slowly so that I could people-watch.

After dinner, I would sometimes squeeze between the Alfa Romeos and Rollses parked as close as leaves in a book to reach the Casino across the street. There, I headed for the Salle Privée, which was always pin-drop quiet, and where stakes were high. I did not try my luck; I had already hit the jackpot simply by being in Monte Carlo, staying at my favorite Hôtel Hermitage, and loving every minute of the "be good to yourself" pampering of the California Terrace.

For more information about The California Terrace, write S.B.M., 450 Park Avenue, Suite 2703, New York NY 10021.

THE NICE AND EASY WAY TO MONTE CARLO

Pan American World Airways—the only airline that flies nonstop from New York to Nice—offers its First and Clipper (business) class passengers continuing on to Monaco an extra treat: a free helicopter ride from Nice to Monte Carlo. For information, contact Pan Am or your travel agent.

SPA RECIPES

BRAN MUFFINS

2 cups stone-ground whole-wheat flour
2 cups buttermilk
1½ cups bran
2 tablespoons dark-brown sugar
½ cup blackstrap molasses
2 tablespoons butter, melted
1 egg, slightly beaten
1¼ teaspoons baking soda
¼ teaspoon salt

Optional ingredients:
1½ teaspoons cinnamon
1½ teaspoons nutmeg
1½ teaspoons vanilla
Raisins or dates
Chopped nuts

Mix flour, buttermilk, and bran. Allow to soak 5 minutes. Add other ingredients and mix well. Drop mixture into greased muffin cups. Bake at 350°F, approximately 15-20 minutes.

Total calories using ¼ cup per muffin = 115 (calories may vary depending on added ingredients).

SALAD DRESSINGS

Basic Mixture

1 cup vegetable oil (safflower or sunflower)
1 tablespoon chopped onion
1 teaspoon dry mustard

Add ingredients for one of the dressings listed below. Prepare mixture in advance. Keep in covered jar in refrigerator. Shake before serving. Your serving is 1 tablespoon (90 calories).

Herb Vinaigrette
⅓ cup white wine vinegar
1 teaspoon chopped parsley
½ teaspoon thyme
½ teaspoon chopped tarragon
1 clove garlic, minced

Spicy Italian Dressing
⅓ cup red wine vinegar
½ teaspoon dried oregano leaves
½ teaspoon basil leaves
1 clove garlic, minced
⅛ teaspoon dried red pepper

F.Y.I.

More than just telling the time, watches can tell us something about ourselves . . .

BY KATHLEEN BECKETT

The time for watches is here: Sales are soaring in everything from banana-scented plastic quartz models to antique-gold masterpieces inspired by Renaissance designs. Designers show watches as important fashion accessories; the fashion press stacks them on wrists two, even three at a time; enthusiasts pin them on hats or belts. No one, it seems, can get enough. The timely question: Why now?

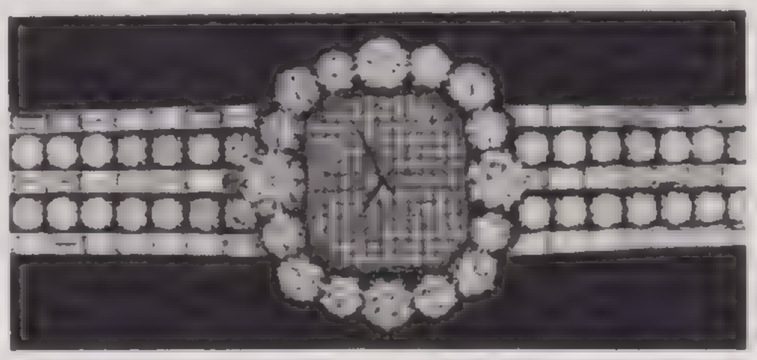
Wearing a watch is nothing new, of course. The first wristwatches were designed for practical purposes: Louis Cartier made one in 1911 for his friend the Brazilian aviator Santos-Dumont, who complained about the difficulty of navigating while keeping a hand free to search for his pocket watch. Before the birth of the wristwatch, others dealt with the inconvenience in different ways: Oscar Wilde, for one, wrapped the chains from his pocket watch around his wrist, giving wristwatches the stigma of effeminacy.

Things have changed. Today watches are symbols of power—power in all its guises: money, success, or strength. Watches touted as indestructible—the boast of many—are the 'eighties' magic totems, capable of conferring on the wearer superhuman strengths. The Timex that once dove off the top of a mountain or churned on outboard motor blades has now met its match. Today, the Casio G-Shock can take a direct hit from a hockey stick and be slammed into a goal. Rolex publishes a book of testimonials from assorted squadron commandos and secret agents who subject their watches to more pummeling and punishment than meted out in all four Rocky movies. Who are these watches for? Rambo? No wonder a nation in need of such heroes is susceptible.

Other factors account for the sudden rise in watches' popularity. Increased disposable income. A trend towards ornamentation, at times overly so. And, as with many elements of fashion, an association with the competition—and, more to the point, with the winning—of sports. The "sports" hero of the moment is a chronograph watch complete with racing timer—Don Johnson wears Ebel's 18k gold version on *Miami Vice* when he's not wearing an 18k gold Rolex Oyster. This "celebrity endorsement" is part of a tradition: The Oyster, one of the first waterproof watches, became the toast of two continents after Mercedes Gleitze wore one to swim the English Channel in 1927. Today, diving watches are at the peak of popularity. They come with such "necessities" as luminous dials, breathing-tank attachments, and pressure resistance to the depth of thousands of feet—all for those super-achievers whose only dives are into piles of paperwork.

A watch can be a symbol of power, above: Don Johnson and the indestructible Rolex.

Strong today: anything "antique," from Movado's new Esquire line, above. The ultimate jeweled watch, below: Piaget's.



The Heuer Company makes no bones about it: Their diving model is called The Executive. Corum's colorful Admiral's Cup watch salutes yachting with twelve pennants in place of numbers; Chopard offers models with the dimpled face of a golfball or the grid of a tennis racket. And it's little wonder that watch companies strive to be a sponsor of a sports event; it adds a certain cachet. Not everyone, say, can ride on the same team as a maharajah or a movie star in Piaget's famed Polo World Cup match in Palm Beach—but many *can* "participate" in the wearing of Piaget's Polo watch. Companies compete, too, to be an official sports time keeper (the gold ring: the Olympics); the selection seemingly confirms the precision and unquestioned accuracy of a company's watches.

Accuracy used to be the touchstone of a good watch; today, it is taken for granted. The mass-produced quartz watches with replaceable batteries and the digital watches, both born in the 1960s, have proven as accurate as the spring-powered watches (the ones you must wind) slaved over by the finest craftsmen. The technical revolution helped change watch-making in another important way: it encouraged an inventiveness in special features that would tax the resourcefulness of even James Bond's Q. Watches today may retain phone numbers, display the hour in five different time zones, and exhort you—with a voice—to get up and get going.

A watch with multiple functions seems ideally suited to a generation comfortable with computers, compact discs, and VCRs. And yet, interestingly, the most sought-after of complicated watches right now is an echo of the Renaissance. The Perpetual Calendar watch records hours, minutes, seconds, days, months; it strikes each hour, quarter hour, and minute and adjusts for Leap Year; it displays the changing lunar faces, sharing some of the magic and mysticism of astrology (Baume & Mercier's Moonphase watch even includes the signs of the zodiac). The first timepieces, in fact, marked the cycles of the planets and the stars, the sun and the moon, and only clocked the passage of time in passing. Moonphases hold another appeal today; in admiring the intricacies of the dials and the charm of the painted moon faces, one sees the skill and the individual creativity of the craftsman. One can *really* see these skills in another favorite revival: skeleton watches, with clear backs that reveal the movements within.

Today, when a watch is more likely to be made by a computer company than a little old watchmaker, people are collecting old watches at auctions of estate jewelry or from shops such as New York City's Fred Leighton. "Comparing old watches to mass-produced models is like comparing a Rolls-Royce to a Toyota," say the store's Russell Zelentz and Steven Feuerman. "They are works of art."

As with other works of art, collecting is on the rise. At Sotheby's in New York City, wristwatches that auctioned for $3000 to $20,000 a few years ago go for $7000 to $40,000 today. The buyers? "People who understand good, old things and have the money to buy them," says Sotheby's Daryn Schnipper. "A certain seg- *(Continued on page 108)*

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JAGUAR

A BLENDING OF ART AND MACHINE

bloomingdale's

F.Y.I.

(Continued from page 106)

ment loves the technical aspect, others look for an investment and still others appreciate the design and artistry.''

Movado's famous Museum Watch, similar to one in the collection of New York City's Museum of Modern Art, confirms the artistic trend in contemporary timepieces. Decades ago Dalí designed for Cartier a lopsided watch that looks as if it were melting on the wrist. Today artist Keith Haring for Swatch and Paloma Picasso for Tiffany are doing watches. These artists' presence gives watch collecting another boost: ''It is a relatively inexpensive way to own a work of art,'' say Jac Zagoory and Hilda Chan, authors of *A Time To Watch*, collectors and sellers of antique watches. Another plus, they add: ''You can't wear your stamp collection.''

As with other forms of collecting, there is profit in the pleasure. Some actually trade in old watches. Others like just thinking of their watch as an investment. Corum certainly banks on this association for their hallmark gold-ingot and gold-coin watches (possible good luck charms, too, like Sarah Bernhardt's legendary lucky gold piece). Another form of investment—as well as of a delight in adornment—are the jeweled watches encrusted with precious stones. The ultimate in this category is said to be the Piaget Phoebus, a platinum watch set with 296 diamonds and billed as ''the costliest and the most beautiful watch the world has ever known—a watch for a billionaire.''

Watch companies certainly aren't shy about their exclusivity. Audemars Piguet, ''known only by those who know,'' has a new advertising campaign featuring ''exclusive people''—the likes of Ann Getty—''to match our exclusive strategy.'' Lassale is now relying on Catherine Deneuve; others, on Monte Carlo, St. Moritz, and Rolls-Royce-named models. The death knell for digitals was sounded when prices dropped so low just about anyone could afford to buy. Even Swatch, the consortium of Swiss watchmakers who revolutionized the industry (and regained the torch from Japanese makers) in a few short years with their mass-produced, low-priced quartz watches, aimed for exclusivity by first introducing their watches in a limited area in this country.

Swatch is also credited with benefitting the entire watch industry by making us all aware of what we put on our wrists, thanks to their well-priced and innovative design. Design has been a selling point for timepieces since the 1660s, when clocks were designed to complement decors. Now it is clothes that want accessorizing; clothes in all their variety. Just as there are jogging clothes and office clothes and evening clothes, so there are watches to suit our diversified lives.

It was not too long ago—before the First World War—that most women didn't wear watches at all. Whatever did they need them for? Or so the reasoning seems to have gone. Consequently, the first watches made ex-

pressly for women were purely decorative, and the faces were sometimes lost amidst clusters of pearls or swirls of design bravado. Women's watches have always been smaller than men's—a scaling down in physical proportion that makes good sense unless it necessitates a magnifying glass to read the time. As a result, today many women are buying men's watches—they can readily see the faces and they like the strong, clean designs.

Designs that are favored in any era often "mimic society," say Zagoory and Chan. In the Roaring Twenties, they claim, loud colors and big numbers reigned. In the 'forties, during the belt-tightening of the war, watches became more straightforward, less ornamental.

So what do you make of, let's say, a numberless Paisley plastic watch that smells like cotton candy? Or a "watch" that's not really a watch at all—just a bracelet? Today anything

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What do you make of a numberless Paisley plastic watch that smells like cotton candy?

goes, although the most fashionable watches are as uncomplicated and sophisticated as the clothes, and the cool way to wear them is loosely strapped. Bold Arabic numerals now have the nod over Roman, though one of the handsomest—and newest—models, from Movado's new Esquire line, attractively mixes the two. Clean white faces have replaced the black prevalent a few years back. Parisians are adding their twist to the trend of wearing two watches at once—they mix a real Rolex with a fake. Diving watches, already becoming a bit *too* available, are getting a leg up on exclusivity: the latest sport diamonds in addition to depth indicators. Anything antique adds welcome warmth and personality, from Hermès' reissued padlocked and pigskin-strapped Kelly watch, to Concord's classic, well-designed moonphase (one of the best-looking around), to humorous old Mr. Peanut or Mickey Mouse models. Walt Disney himself wore what remains top-of-the-line today: a Patek Philippe. And popular this year are special-event watches hailing Halley's Comet and the Statue of Liberty's 100th birthday; Concord salutes the spirit with their sleek new Freedom collection.

Watches have long marked the special occasions in our lives. They are highly personal items. We depend on them to order our lives the way the great timepieces, from Big Ben to Stonehenge, ordered the lives of a community. They combine the cutting edge of science with the mysteries of nature, the ultimate in function with the latest in fashion, advances of machine technology with an individual's artistry. At the flick of a wrist, an identity. ▽

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One Touch...it's all you need for hair removal without the mess.

horoscope

BY ROCKIE GARDINER

June's Astrological Weather: Gemini duality argues the pros and cons of every decision and causes events to occur in pairs—one positive, one negative. Venus opposing Mars on the 9th pits the sexes against one another. Cancer, Leo, and Libra feel torn in two. Even the flexible signs—Gemini, Virgo, Pisces, and Sagittarius—have trouble adjusting to changing relationships. Stubborn Taurus, Scorpio, and Aquarius are stuck in emotional or financial binds until summer officially begins on the 21st.

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21 The unpredictable influence Uranus is exerting over your partner's recent behavior may inspire a truly brilliant birthday surprise. When Jupiter offers a career opportunity with unusual growth potential around the 12th, rely on your uncanny intuition instead of your uncommon common sense. By the 19th, your perceptive Mercury ruler, in the protective sign of Cancer, ensures the financial rewards of this hunch—although you might not actually see the raise or rise in status until the middle of July.

CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22 Around the double-edged Gemini new moon on the 7th, Venus in your sign attracts foreign wealth and good advice, which may secretly antagonize your partner. Rational Mercury, tempered by Cancerian tenderness, offers insights into family history, while at the same time its contact with Neptune causes confusion in the workplace. The Capricorn full moon on the 21st temporarily resolves marital discord, but because the sun will be in Cancer then, you'll be concerned about the future of your partnership until the middle of next month.

LEO JULY 23–AUGUST 22 As your sun ruler visits Gemini—your sign of social aims and obligations—it dips into your financial reserves, tries your partner's patience, and under the strain of volatile Uranus, may cause an emotional upheaval among friends on the 11th. Diplomatic Venus enters Leo on Father's Day, just in time to soften patronizing parental attitudes for the rest of the week. Then the Cancer sun, sympathetic to everyone's need for love, inspires a romantic interlude at the end of the month when it complements ethereal Neptune.

VIRGO AUGUST 23–SEPTEMBER 22 Your perceptive Mercury ruler nurtures career objectives and long-range financial goals while it transits protective Cancer this month. News of a promotion on the 7th should come to fruition in the last week when the Cancer sun also favors income and reputation. Midmonth, Uranus adds tension to domestic affairs and asks more from your partner than he's willing to deliver. Don't panic: when Mercury is blessed by Jupiter's benevolence on the solstice, these household problems will work themselves out.

LIBRA SEPTEMBER 23–OCTOBER 22 While your Venus ruler benefits from Jupiter's good fortune at work, it also suffers the antagonism of Mars at home. Recognition for a job well done on the 7th may estrange you from the man in your life. From the 10th through the 13th, unpredictable Uranus disrupts flight schedules and other travel plans. During the last two weeks as Venus transits generous Leo, an improved financial picture permits you to satisfy an esthetic longing, give the perfect gift, or show off to your heart's content.

SCORPIO OCTOBER 23–NOVEMBER 21 A financial matter that troubled you in March may reappear around the 10th as the disjointed action of Uranus in your money house creates anxieties. Communicating effectively becomes difficult after your Mars co-ruler goes retrograde on the 8th; especially when, in opposition to Mercury on the 19th, it complicates travel arrangements. However, the last week should bring renewed self-confidence as the Cancer sun supports your Pluto co-ruler, the source of Scorpio's remarkable resiliency.

SAGITTARIUS NOVEMBER 22–DECEMBER 21 Easy come, easy go. Venus may provide an effortless increase in joint income on the 7th; but a week later, the Gemini sun, challenging your oft-times extravagant Jupiter ruler, suddenly finds an excuse for you or your mate to spend the money. Rebellious Uranus in your sign makes it harder to get along with intimates until the sun leaves Gemini, your opposite sign, on the 21st. Then it's time to be alert to a promising real estate investment that your parents will probably help finance in July. *(Continued on page 113)*

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Ad Council

HOROSCOPE

(Continued from page 112)

CAPRICORN DECEMBER 22–JANUARY 19 Opt for rest and relaxation instead of a strenuous summer vacation. The bursts of physical activity you've been enjoying begin to subside on the 8th, when energetic Mars turns retrograde in your sign until mid-August. Venus signals the start of a busy social season when it charms your Saturn ruler on the 19th. You'll be drawn into a more nurturing relationship during the last week as the vulnerable Cancer sun, in your partnership house, brings out the romantic idealism you try so hard to mask.

AQUARIUS JANUARY 20–FEBRUARY 18 Reactionary about some things, revolutionary about others—the two-faced Gemini sun exacerbates this Aquarian tendency. When the sun opposes Uranus, your extremist ruling planet, on the 11th, a child or your lover may doubt the sincerity of your emotional commitment. And because charitable Jupiter in your money house bears the brunt of this confrontation, proving your love will be expensive. During the last ten days, playful Venus in your Leo complement eases nagging career concerns and makes business affairs much more enjoyable.

PISCES FEBRUARY 19–MARCH 20 Entertaining at home the weekend of the 7th suits your expansive nature. However, the pull of family ties the following week could find you torn between two discordant forces—the indecisive Gemini sun in your house of mother and home opposes disruptive Uranus in your Sagittarian house of father and career success. During the last week as the receptive Cancer sun enhances your impressionable Neptune ruler, your strong intuitive sense helps you make the most profitable business decisions.

ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19 Once Mars, your ambitious ruling planet, turns retrograde on the 8th, dulling your competitive edge until mid-August, your work may suffer. At the same time, Venus in sentimental Cancer once again attracts you to the comforts of home and family. Mid-month, study or travel expenses could be higher than you anticipated, but by the 26th, as the inspirational forces of Neptune and Jupiter expand your level of awareness, the pleasures reaped will be well worth the cost.

TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20 During the first week, as generous Jupiter befriends your kind-hearted Venus ruler, a run of good luck and good intentions may prompt you to overextend yourself financially. Wait instead to see what unexpected expenses may arise when the changeable Gemini sun, passing through your money house, encounters an erratic Uranian twist of fortune around the 12th. By the 19th, Venus will have found more creative outlets for your amusement. In the affectionate sign of Leo, it dramatically shifts your attention to your love life.

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Salon news . . . lowdown on sun damage

FLASH

Here, style tips, salon/at-home news . . . .

Adding the kind of fullness and texture you see in the photo, *right*: "support" perms—root, spot, or weave techniques (at all Regis salons). . . . Tomo, from NYC's Tomo and Tomo salon, does something similar—a crown perm or halo perm (either takes thirty minutes, lasts three months). Do partly permed styles—especially root perms—look odd growing out? "They're so gentle, they fade by that time," says Tomo . . . Who has time to use a curling iron? . . . Zotos's solution: one that heats up in thirty seconds!

At Kenneth's in NYC, Cia, their new manicurist has everyone talking about her nail wraps using cotton instead of linen or silk. They're so natural looking, you don't need nail polish. (In an informal "test," Kenneth's found that nine out of ten women couldn't tell the real nail from Cia's fake.) . . . .

Don't have enough hair for a barrette? Riviera's Le Switch, a clip-on hairpiece, is especially good for fine hair . . . . Apparent when hair is pulled back: the lopsided look of heavy pierced earrings. One solution: wearing small plastic discs (they come on the back of some earrings) between skin and backing for centering, cushioning.

Bows—three at a time . . . in a real or fake tail

Is blond hair more susceptible than darker hair to sun damage? Although blond hair may be more visually affected by sun, it isn't necessarily more susceptible to damage, says John Seifert, consumer researcher, Procter & Gamble's beauty-care division. What sunlight (as well as artificial UV light) does is cause photo-chemical degradation of hair's amino acids, which impairs hair's elasticity. Sun damage is usually less damaging to hair than chemical abuse, but when it's combined with chemical or heat damage, it can become more serious. (Best bet: covering hair, or using an SPF conditioner.)

Top photo: Hair by Suga, Suga Salon, NYC, makeup by Kevyn Aucoin. Sketch, RODGER DUNCAN. Bows from Benjamin Salon, NYC

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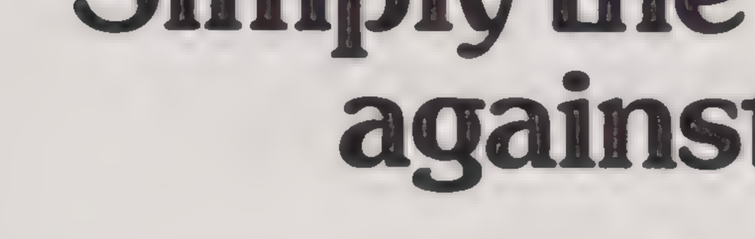

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health

Updates: the Pill, cancer, new vaccine. BY MELVA WEBER

FYI: MEDICAL HOTLINE

Unproved and unscientific treatment methods for cancer abound, and in one recent year cost Americans about ten billion dollars in addition to needless illness and death. You can get the right answers to cancer questions, information about cancer facilities in your community, physician referral, even emotional support, by calling the toll-free long-distance line 1 (800) 4-CANCER. In Alaska, the number is 1 (800) 638-6070, and in Hawaii it's the local number (808) 524-1234.

Cancer Information Service (CIS) offices, answerers of these calls, form a network covering the entire United States, with a central office at the National Cancer Institute (NCI) in Bethesda, Maryland. During daytime hours (usually 9:00 A.M. to 4:30 P.M. EDT), your call is routed to the CIS office serving your area. After hours, until midnight (EDT) and on weekends, calls are relayed to the central NCI office.

CIS staff are trained to give accurate, understandable information, which may be supplemented by mailing fact sheets and publications. The service guarantees confidentiality, and all calls and information are free of charge. CIS does not give diagnosis or treatment recommendations on individual cases, but can help callers to obtain physician information.

One CIS location in Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in New York City, which serves the city, Long Island, and northern New Jersey, handled more than forty thousand telephone inquiries during a single forty-month period.

ON THE PILL—A DIFFERENT DRUG RESPONSE

Caution for women taking oral contraceptives: recent research indicates that the Pill may cause you to have adverse reactions to other medications prescribed for you—specifically, tranquilizers. At the University of Pittsburgh and the Upjohn Company of Kalamazoo, Michigan, Patricia D. Kroboth, Ph.D., and colleagues compared groups of Pill users and nonusers (who were otherwise matched in age, weight, and smoking history) for effects by tranquilizers on sedation, memory, and voluntary movement. Drugs tested were alprazolam (Xanax), lorazepam (Ativan), temazepam (Restoril) and triazolam (Halcion) in commonly prescribed dosage amounts. The women reported how they felt after taking the drugs and were also given a battery of tests measuring memory, motor performance, and sedation. Results: while tests on memory and sedation were inconclusive, the users of oral contraceptives did show more motor impairment following tranquilizer use than did non-Pill users (although temazepam caused only minimal impairment). Blood tests show some differences in the way the two groups of women break down and clear the drugs from their bodies; more research is needed to determine if these blood-test differences point up any other adverse reactions to tranquilizers.

DOUBLE-BARRELED VACCINE

A new vaccine for chicken pox that is expected to become available this year or next may help to eliminate a troublesome adult disease—shingles—as well. Caused by herpes zoster virus, chicken pox (or varicella) is usually a mild and highly contagious childhood disease that brings red skin eruptions. In rare cases, chicken pox can lead to serious illnesses such as pneumonia or Reye's syndrome. There are more than three million cases of chicken pox each year. In adult life, chicken pox may be reactivated as shingles in about one in six people who had the disease as children. Herpes zoster-varicella virus is thought to remain in nerve tissues of everyone who ever had chicken pox. As shingles, it can be extremely painful and may become dangerous to the eyes or internal organs. Sheila A. Murphey, M.D., director of the division of infectious diseases at Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, explains that the zoster infection is also quite contagious, so adults with shingles can expose children to chicken pox. "Zoster patients who work with children—teachers, day-care workers, or hospital staff—should stay home until their eruptions are dry and crusted," she says.

COD-LIVER OIL COMEBACK

Back when the century was young, many mothers dutifully dosed their children with cod-liver oil—golden and fishy and rich in vitamins A and D—to prevent the bowlegs and other bone deformities of rickets.

Now cardiologist Sanford Warren, M.D., of Boston's Beth Israel Hospital, has found cod-liver oil helps heart patients by improving their blood cholesterol levels and slowing down the clotting action of blood platelets. When the patients took large doses—eight teaspoons—of cod-liver oil daily, their average blood level of high-density lipoprotein (HDL) rose, causing a favorable drop in the ratio of total cholesterol to HDL.

Next step: extracting the active substances, believed to be polyunsaturated fatty acids, from cod-liver oil to see if they will offer protection against heart disease.

VITAMIN B_6 DANGERS

If you take more than you need of most water-soluble vitamins (the Bs and C), your body will flush away the excess with no problems. Not so with the vitamin B_6, pyridoxine. Scientists have established that excessive amounts of pyridoxine can cause nerve damage, resulting in pain, tingling, numbness, even paralysis.

Vitamin B_6 supplements are widely used to treat premenstrual distress. Katharina Dalton, a British physician noted for her work in menstrual problems, confirms the ill effects of pyridoxine overdosage in the British medical journal *The Lancet*. She measured blood levels of the vitamin in a group of women who were taking B_6 for their premenstrual symptoms, and found that 40 percent of those with above-normal blood levels were suffering from sensory nerve disorders including burning, shooting and tingling pains in arms and legs, numb lips, and impaired walking. Dr. Dalton advised the patients to discontinue vitamins, minerals, and herbal supplements but to continue any medically prescribed drugs. After two months, all reported improvement, said Dr. Dalton, some in glowing terms. The patients reported most improvement in relief of headaches, tiredness, bloatedness, irritability, and sensory problems.

The daily requirement for pyridoxine is only two to four milligrams, says Dr. Dalton (two milligrams for adult women in the United States). Yet some of the patients in the study were taking as much as three hundred milligrams daily. She advises doctors who prescribe this vitamin for premenstrual syndrome to monitor their patients carefully, to investigate diets for other possible vitamin deficiencies, and to discontinue the vitamin if symptoms get worse or sensory symptoms appear.

BOOKS

Young love in small apartments. . .Joan Rivers speaks her mind—again. . .Onassis remembered. . .Stockman dismembered . . .A blow for feminism: women on birds! . . .True crime. . .

COME BLOW YOUR HORNE

THE HORNES: AN AMERICAN FAMILY
By Gail Lumet Buckley
Alfred A. Knopf. 320 pages. $18.95

Reviewed by MARGO JEFFERSON

Lena Horne's career could be depicted in a series of commemorative statues—"Great Beauty with White Teeth," "Fire and Ice Songstress," "Hollywood's First Black Glamour Symbol"—and you could say that she played both Pygmalion and Galatea a few years ago when she broke her frozen stillness and gave herself new life in a spectacular one-woman Broadway show. Now her daughter, Gail Lumet Buckley, has turned historian and biographer, and has placed Horne in a social and cultural milieu that dates back to the Civil War and composes a little-known chapter of American history.

The Hornes: An American Family tells the story of the old black bourgeoisie, "America's historic family secret. It was born in 1865, and rendered more or less obsolete after the civil-rights victories of the 1960s. . . . Before 1960, America was, in many ways, an apartheid country. People like the Hornes represented the upper class of America's 'untouchable' caste—the small brown group within the large black mass."

That small brown group was upper-class in attitude, middle-class in life style, lower-class in the eyes of hostile whites, and all of the above in terms of ancestry. Its teachers, doctors, lawyers, businessmen, and artists were descended from free Northern and Southern blacks and from "favored" slaves (i.e., "just about anyone who was not a field hand"). Lena Horne's pre–Civil War ancestors include a white mayor of Atlanta, women of the Pequot and Creek (or Cherokee) tribes, and a butler, cook, and housekeeper for the Calhouns, one of the South's richest, most intransigent slaveholding families. Postwar, these ancestors became entrepreneurs (the butler bought a grocery store, a boarding house, and a restaurant), educators, inventors, writers, ladies, NAACPers, and feminists. Lena's family considered her plunge into show business questionable, even déclassé, until she demonstrated that her success could advance the cause of the race and help ensure her ambitious family's "proper niche" in American history.

Lena Horne, Hollywood's first black glamour symbol, in 1941 (left), and in the 1944 movie "Two Girls and a Sailor"

Lena was raised largely by her paternal grandparents, who settled in Brooklyn, New York, at the end of the Gay Nineties. Brooklyn was not as prestigious an enclave as Philadelphia or Boston (those cities meant "old *freedom* as well as old money"), but it was less *arriviste* than Harlem. Lena's grandfather, an ex-newspaperman and teacher, found a "proper niche" within the Democratic machine, while his wife became a social activist. They were considered "*old* (as in not 'nouveau'), *comfortable* (not super-rich, but property owners), *intellectual* (with teaching degrees and a certain appreciation for 'the arts'), *political* (from suffragettes to civil rights) and famously *good-looking*."

The Hornes were duty-bound Victorians; and like many such parents, they managed to produce one feckless child: Lena's father, Teddy, was a suave gambler who made friends with Dutch Schultz's top protection man and was rumored to have made a financial killing in the Black Sox baseball scandal of 1919. Her mother, Edna Scottron, was the spoiled and stagestruck daughter of another "fine old" Brooklyn family. The two of them divorced when Lena was two and a half: Teddy went West, happy to provide financial support so long as he was free of familial obligations; Edna joined a Harlem theater company and all but disappeared for four years. When she reemerged, it was to sweep Lena off to the South, excoriate her ex-husband's parents, deposit the child with a series of friends, and take off on tour again.

"You're so tasteful," Bette Midler once told Lena Horne. "I'm *tired* of being tasteful," she replied.

So Lena spent her youth trudging back and forth between Brooklyn and the South, learning the habits of camouflage and survival that she would take into show business: the good manners of the Junior Deb who sang at teas and amateur theatricals ("unlike most Negro chanteuses, *(Continued on page 122)*

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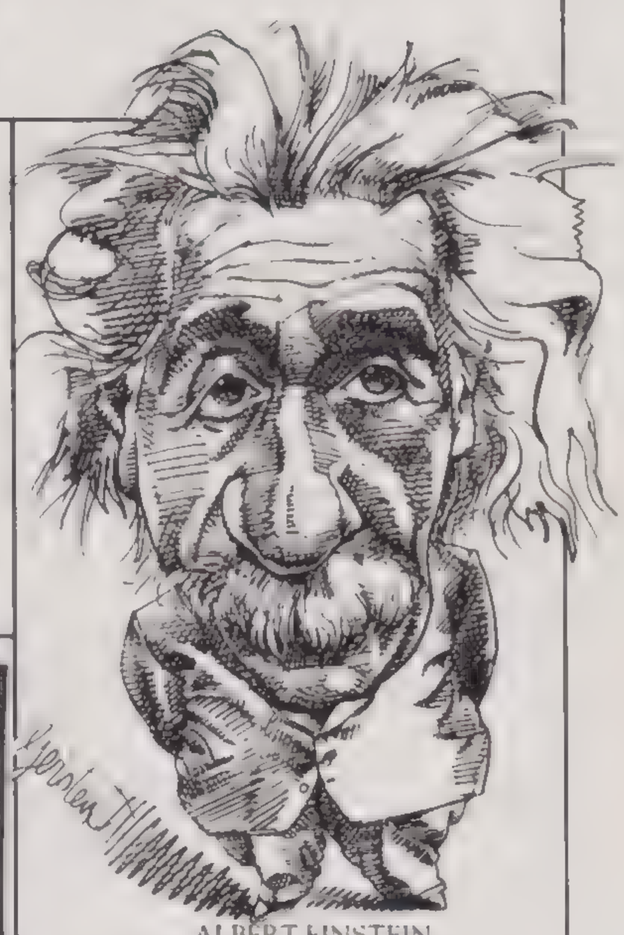

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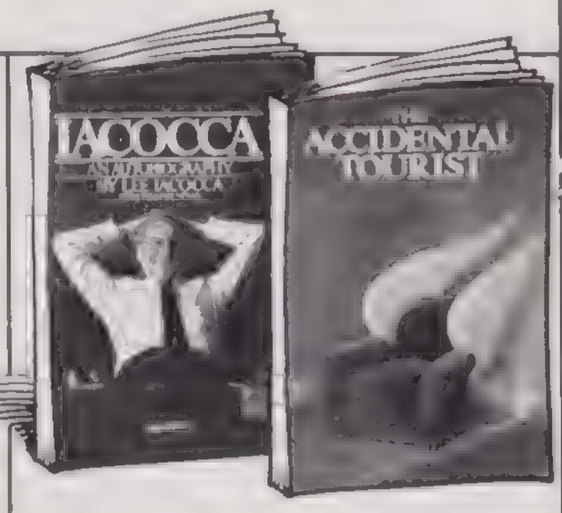

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BOOKS

(Continued from page 120) Lena Horne eschews the barrelhouse manner,'' cooed *Time* magazine, in 1943); the diction that could switch from Northern drawing room to Southern cabin in a flash; the distant and watchful bearing of a conscientious girl who had been taught, ''Don't sulk, don't cry, stand straight, speak clearly, don't say 'ain't,' always look at the person you're talking to.'' ''You're so *tasteful*,'' Bette Midler once told her. ''I'm *tired* of being tasteful,'' she replied.

We have come to expect lurid confessional memoirs from the children of celebrities. What a pleasure to get confessional social history instead—the chronicle of a privileged yet perilous world in which ''racism seemed the only bad fairy at the family party''; the achievements of that world, its vanities, its small-minded conventionality, and its high-minded courage. Lena Horne is a prodigal daughter of this world and Gail Lumet Buckley is its hybrid descendant: ''part brown bourgeoisie, part Hollywood brat, part Ivy League. Buckley is also a celebrity's child, was a celebrity's wife during her marriage to director Sidney Lumet, and—departing from family tradition—is now a homebound ''model mother.'' Happily, this book shows that she has become a writer as well.

Onassis on his yacht, in 1955

MY FAVORITE TYCOON

ARI: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ARISTOTLE SOCRATES ONASSIS
By Peter Evans.
Summit Books. 349 pages. $19.95

Reviewed by TAKI

In the course of pursuing the good life, and subsequently having to spend an inordinate amount of time in airports, I have dipped into several biographies of that charming, beguiling, and likable scoundrel Aristotle Socrates Onassis. Peter Evans's opus on the Turkish-born, Greek-speaking Argentine national is better than the dozen-odd biographies of the tycoon that have appeared up to now, if not by much. Still, he manages to tell us something more about the man than anyone has before, and his insights into one of the greatest social climbers of all time—and what made him tick—score a few bull's eyes.

I knew Onassis quite well, and he certainly was a charmer, as well as a user. He used to sit at the first table on the right in El Morocco and read the old, good *Herald Tribune*. Needless to say, he was the focus of attention, as very few men actually go into a place like El Morocco in order to read. Whenever he'd see me with a pretty girl, he'd invite me to join him. More often than not, we'd spend the whole night doing what Greeks love to do: talk. He was a lonely man, hard to get to know, but very similar to most of my countrymen who have not had a Western education. Always playing his cards close to his chest.

When Onassis had company, however, one could not get near him. Especially if the company was what the ghastly social climbers of today refer to as ''A-list.'' He could also be rude and cruel. Once, at a dinner table, Maria Callas was asked by her friend Maggie van Zuylen how often Ari made love to her. Never, was the answer. Onassis, sitting a few seats away, heard her, cussed her out in Greek, and finished by telling her, *''Me esena pote, me alles poly''* (With you never, with others a lot). When Callas realized I had overheard and understood, she begged him to stop. But he went on. So I had to leave instead, which made two Greeks miserable that night.

But back to the book. It traces Onassis from womb to tomb, as they say. Middle-class upbringing in Asia Minor, the sacking of his hometown of Smyrna by the Turkish armies, his flight to Greece and Argentina, his initial successful business ventures selling Greek tobacco, the acquisition of his first ship, his shrewdness, hustle, and cutting of corners, as well as his thirst for money and power. His conquest of beautiful women is chronicled, as is his strange cynicism and total lack of ideology. (While Greeks fought a desperate battle against the combined armies of Italy and Germany in the winter of 1941, he was living it up in Buenos Aires and New York City.)

His takeover of the SMB (Monte Carlo Casino) made him known among the rich. His relationship with Callas made him a household word. His marriage to Jackie Kennedy made him famous even in Albania. It also signaled the beginning of the end for him. Onassis was a superstitious man, and when André Meyer (Jackie's financial adviser) drove a very hard bargain before the wedding, he (Onassis) felt like Agamemnon before sailing for Troy. (The shipowner revealed this to Costa Gratsos, his best friend, who told me.)

Jackie does not come across well in this book; there are stories about her shopping sprees, and a sense of why she became, in Onassis's opinion, ''coldhearted and shallow.'' Teddy Kennedy fares even worse (he spoke about Jackie's share of the Onassis loot to Christina Onassis while they were leaving the cemetery). All in *(Continued on page 125)*

Taki *is a columnist for ''The Spectator'' and ''Interview.''*

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BOOKS

(Continued from page 122) all, *Ari* is a book we could do without; prurient interest is aroused but not satisfied. But in an age of mass communications, which favors celebrity rather than thought, and trendy subjects rather than serious ones, I suppose it is a workmanlike and perhaps better than average effort. And definitely airport reading.

SEX & REAL ESTATE

In Tama Janowitz's short stories, economics and romance make strange (and funny) bedfellows.

By ARNOLD KLEIN

"How can a soul be a merchant?" asked a Victorian author. We might not put the question in exactly those terms today—we would more likely wonder how the heart can sign a lease, or how a dream of perfect love could endure separate checking accounts—but it would be hard to find a better answer than his: "All is incongruous." One of the merits of Tama Janowitz's stories about men and women abroad in Downtown Manhattan is that they discover this same incongruity still lurking at the center of our diminished, present-day existence. These stories, published in the *New Yorker*, *Interview*, and elsewhere, and now collected in *The Slaves of New York* (Crown), depict the almost ludicrous, almost sad fate of the romantic idealist, still yearning for transcendent love, yet mired in the petulant, niggardly, supremely anti-romantic world of contemporary New York City.

The twenty-nine-year-old Janowitz is no stranger to such incongruities nor to their comic possibilities. Her 1981 novel, *American Dad*, with its cast of weirdly ill-suited yet indissolubly linked parents and children, is a very funny book; and Janowitz's stories, which depict similarly matched and mismatched couples, abound with humorous developments and asides. But to Janowitz, humor is more than just a narrative device. "People are suffering a great deal all around me," she says. "They have no rules or maps or guidelines; for women especially there are no role models anymore. Laughter is the saving grace in all that."

The best of Janowitz's stories chronicle the continuing going-nowhere romance of Eleanor, a would-be jewelry designer in her late twenties, and her boyfriend, Stash, a graffiti artist of moderate success. "One thing that interests me is the cultural mores of our times," the Barnard-educated author says. "There's all this cultural detritus smashing into you—which may be indigenous to New York."

Certainly the first story about the two lovers renders a distinctly Manhattan predicament. Eleanor has just moved in with Stash, but the immediate cause of their cohabitation is not romantic at all. "What it is," says Eleanor, "it's the apartment situation." The fact that Stash is the lessee of record puts Eleanor in a permanently insecure position: breaking up is equivalent to eviction, and so Eleanor abjectly pays her way by cooking, cleaning, walking the dog—"the slave system," as she calls it.

Turning a real-estate insecurity into a sexual advantage is a frequent event in Janowitz's stories. In "Kurt and Natasha, a relationship," the loft-y artist Kurt makes Natasha scrub his floors with a toothbrush; and even the wimpy Clarence in "The New Acquaintances" snaps at his lover, "If you intend to stay in my apartment . . . I suggest you compliment me from time to time."

Left there, such tales would be amusing reflections of a very real, very novel development in the very sad history of manners. But to Janowitz, the cream of the incongruity lies in the fact that economic compulsion and romantic ideal coincide. "All relationships are based on dominance and submission," she says, "but the roles do change." Indeed, Natasha not only gets off on Kurt's sadism, but she turns into a sadist herself. It is clear that Eleanor would do all the things she does for Stash quite freely: her slave life, in fact, is not far from her ideal of married security.

The Downtown art world in which most of Janowitz's characters move mirrors the incongruities of their love lives. To Janowitz, a Downtowner herself, this scene is simply a playpen. Middle-aged Stash is, in a way, still supported by his "parents" (i.e., he lives in subsidized housing); and his painting, with its cartoon elements, is flatly infantile. A sculptor's work reminds Eleanor of a "summer-camp crafts project," and a dinner for a group of famous artists begins with exploding cigars and ends with a food fight.

But the tough Uptown world of big money rewards exactly this kind of behavior, and when the denizens of the coddled Downtown milieu enter into love affairs, shrewdness and childishness again coincide. Stash may exploit Eleanor, but he is as dependent on her as she is on him; with all her cooking and cleaning she is an ideal mother. So the romantic aspirations of Stash and Eleanor are in a way perfectly complementary and yet perfectly incompatible at the same time; it is only the anti-romantic conditions of material life that bring the two together—briefly.

Now and again Janowitz's characters make a stab at transcending their situations, but the author always undermines them. The wan, befuddled Cora in "Engagements" invokes the "passion for life" of Florence Nightingale and Charlotte Brontë, but adds, "if smallpox and polio vaccines hadn't been developed, I figured I would have been one of the ones to keel over by now." Eleanor falls back on quantum physics, with its "random events," to explain her "entropic life." This curious vision of oneness with the cosmos hardly fits the mean, stunted routines of her emphatically big-city existence. But this very failure to find

Janowitz: a slave to romance

transcendence is, to Janowitz, a kind of success. "There's an insane American idea that the normal state is happiness," Janowitz points out. "But the normal state is just to be okay. Some of my characters may have delusions about love and romance, but they pretty much know that love is really about fighting all the time. You're not happy when you're in love with someone," she adds. "It just means you're connected."

ELAINE ELLMAN Photographed at the Milk Bar Hair Diana Makeup Ashley Boyer

Arnold Klein's *work has appeared in "Soho Weekly News," "Harper's," and the "Hudson Review."*

AT LAST: WOMEN ON BIRDS!

At first glance I thought *Birdwatching with American Women* (Norton) was yet another tawdry guide for guys, this time on how to pick up women who know the difference between a nuthatch and a chickadee. Wrong. It's editor Deborah Strom's homage to "neglected and often unknown women bird writers," or, put another way, it's yet another collection whose editorial spirit is driven not by writing but by the sex of the writer. Strom mentions in her preface that in a 1957 anthology, Roger Tory Peterson "included only three samples of prose by women in a selection of eighty writers."

Acquainting readers with forgotten writers is a high purpose; and it happens that the writing in *Birdwatching* is generally good; the editor's introductions are brief and to the point. But come on. Do women really watch birds differently? Whatever happened to collections that tried to sell "The best of . . ." not "The sex of . . ."? —JANE BERENTSON

("Books" continued on page 126)

BOOKS

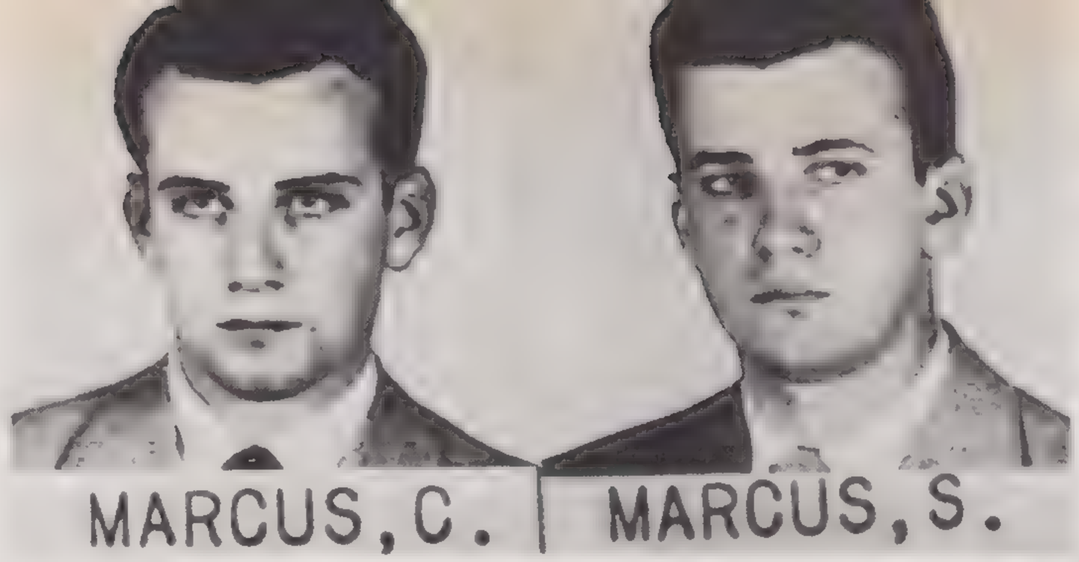
TRUE CRIME: GOOD SCARY STORIES FOR GROWN UPS

THE PROFESSOR AND
THE PROSTITUTE
By Linda Wolfe. Houghton Mifflin.
220 pages. $16.95

Reviewed by ANN JONES

After anthropology professor John Buettner-Janusch was caught making Quaaludes, LSD, and synthetic cocaine in a New York University laboratory, his defense attorney argued that the professor planned merely to test the drugs on lemurs to ascertain the influence of chemistry—as opposed to learning—on behavior. If we could discover that the way people act is determined largely by chemistry, the attorney argued, "We could cure wrongdoing, we could take care of. . . repeated criminals, and make them kindly. In one shot, we could wipe out crime."

Ann Jones *is the author of "Women Who Kill" and "Everyday Death: The Case of Bernadette Powell."*



Death in duplicate: gynecologists Cyril and Stewart Marcus

Everyone would like to know what makes criminals criminal because crime, especially violent crime, seems so random, arbitrary, and capricious. If we can find out once and for all what causes killers to kill, perhaps the rest of us, armed with that knowledge and possessed of nimble feet, can evade them. In any case, we always seem to feel better when we can make sense of a thing and thereby bring it—in even the most illusory or temporary way—under control.

It has always been the job of storytellers to domesticate monsters so that the rest of us, having heard all the grisly bedtime tales, can still get a good night's sleep. Linda Wolfe, author of *Playing Around* and the novel *Private Practices*, has been telling this kind of story for ten years, mostly in the pages of *New York Magazine*. Her new book, *The Professor and the Prostitute*, brings together the Buettner-Janusch story and eight others. All concern people from Wolfe's own social background, "the great middle of society." That territory is inhabited by strange and dangerous folks like the chi-chi East Side twin gynecologists found dead of drugs in their squalid apartment, and the young black transsexual whose tentative and sodden body was fished out of the Hudson River. A fourteen-year-old boy from "a nice family" shoots his parents. A high-school star turns junkie and, after a bizarre altercation, electrocutes himself in the New York City subway. A "Supermom" shoots her two children and herself. And—in the title piece—another professor, William Douglas of Tufts University, eminent cellular biologist and respectable family man, becomes obsessed with a young prostitute, steals the university blind for her, and at last puts a hammer through her head.

Although she has such dreadful events to report, Wolfe clearly would like to reassure. Her investigations have persuaded her that the people she writes about are not (thank God) just like the rest of us. Her protagonists "invariably" prove to have "a history of psychological instability."

Wolfe explains when and why and how these people went awry. She traces Professor Douglas's obsession to his "upbringing." A late and only child, she says, Douglas was "overprotected and undersocialized." At forty, he was "a repressed man, a lonely insecure man" whose "classic midlife yearnings" produced disaster. But such "psychological instability," so easily spotted by hindsight, is no more adequate than chemistry to explain why one ordinary professor turns killer or why another takes to making drugs.

Although Wolfe is always a scrupulous reporter, in the end she gets no farther than Buettner-Janusch's fantastical lemur research in explaining what makes criminals criminal. But she imposes a comforting order upon a dangerous world simply by telling very well some good scary stories.

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Occasionally, in their pious moments, comedians repeat one tired story: no one cares about them except when they're funny. If Joan Rivers's book *Enter Talking* (Delacorte) is a paradigm, then the neglect is justified. This dour, ill-written wallow through Rivers's Chekhovian childhood (her parents were mismatched, money-obsessed Russian immigrants) and her self-pitying adulthood leaves us wondering how someone so buoyant on stage could be so flat in print. At one point Rivers quite seriously asserts that, had she wanted to, she "might today be a working actress, might be Lee Remick." Please! We're left with a Joan Rivers who is, as we expected, hard-nosed and ambitious, but, like most of us, not quite worth an autobiography. —DAVID DENICOLO

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BOOKS

WHAT'S HOT, WHAT'S HYPE

Rafael Yglesias used to be a child hotshot: at sixteen, he had his first novel published to favorable reviews, which often included mention of his literary parents, novelists Helen and José Yglesias. Now, at thirty-two, Rafael has written another novel—*Hot Properties* (Dutton)—and it looks as if Yglesias will be a hotshot again.

Hot Properties is fairly crammed with transgressors (innocents, actually), who are all searching for love/power/money/fame within the twin empires of movies and publishing. It arrived on this reader's desk tricked out in screaming "hot" pink covers, with a book of "ABSOLUTELY INCENDIARY" matches attached. This is a publicity gimmick, designed to show that *Hot Properties* is hot. It may be, particularly to those among us who will stop to wonder how much the newsweekly mentioned resembles *Newsweek*, and whether the glad-handing P.R. man indeed resembles one of New York City's biggest press agents. It will also be considered "hot" if you like literary sex scenes (that's sex between writers). Otherwise, this novel (*roman à clef?*) really boils down to just this: If you're hot, you're hot. If you're not, you're not. —JANE BERENTSON

ALSO RECOMMENDED

● **Henry Moore: My Ideas, Inspiration and Life as an Artist** (Chronicle Books): In this book, less an autobiography than a stunningly illustrated self-portrait, Moore discusses the forms, great and small, that have influenced his work—pebbles, stratified rocks, ruined abbeys, Stonehenge, even holes ("A hole can have as much meaning as a solid mass—there is a mystery in a hole in a cliff or hillside, in its depth and shape").

● **The Real David Stockman**, by John Greenya and Anne Urban, reporting for the Presidential Accountability Group (St. Martin's): The authors take pains to prove that David Stockman is really a fickle opportunist. Ralph Nader sets the tone in his introduction, writing that Stockman has left "a trail marked by twists and turns, disaffected mentors, and consistent only in its callousness." Supply-sider Arthur Laffer says, "Dave was changing from a Marxist to a Baptist every hour on the hour." Stockman, too, recounts this odyssey through political ideologies in his own book, **The Triumph of Politics** (Harper & Row), for which he was paid more than two million dollars.

● **War Time Writings 1939–1944**, by Antoine de Saint-Exupéry (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich): A spiritualist obsessed with the idea of flight, always eager to reveal the mythic in the everyday, *(Continued on page 132)*

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Madame Ilona came to the United States from her native country, Hungary, bringing with her irreplaceable knowledge, talent and experience in skin care.

The demand for services in her salons are so great that in other large cities new openings are planned to satisfy the ever increasing demand. Clients also know that Ilona of Hungary's estheticians are unparalleled in their skin saving skills and their rejuvenating skin treatment techniques. Madame Ilona is very anxious to keep the excellent reputation of her salons and personally trains all of her estheticians. At times it would seem that she cares for us more than we care for ourselves.

FLAWLESS COMPLEXION

On a recent visit to one of her salons it became extremely clear that this lady's salons specialize in a lot more than relaxation and pampering . . . though that part is included, and is wonderful! But equally wonderful and astounding is the fact that Ilona is a walking encyclopedia on modern skin care techniques.

Madame Ilona works around serious scientific knowledge, and imparts this same knowledge to her clients. One walks away feeling, yes, relaxed and pampered. But one also walks away knowing a lot more about skin care, and with the realization that good skin is more than good luck. It takes a little bit of work, just like anything else.

But judging by the clientele that frequent Ilona's salons, it's worth it. Her large number of repeat clients clearly demonstrates that she is doing *something* right.

Her methods include jet-age equipment, expert fingers of well-trained estheticians, mineral-rich and climate-keyed products in effective programs, and the conviction of lifetime care for your face.

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"I have been using the same products ever since I first ordered them. They sure are the greatest. Very Unique! They do my complexion some wonders. Many of my old friends at first didn't recognize me as my complexion began to improve. It keeps on getting better and better. I will never stop using your products, which thousands and thousands of women should own on the top of their bathroom shelves. Truly the best." D.J.

The praises continue to come in daily. If you are unable to visit any one of her renowned institutes, you will still benefit from Madame Ilona's uniquely successful treatment program. A special booklet containing her skin care methods at home is now available for $2. Full price will be credited on your first order.

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BOOKS

(Continued from page 128) reflects here on love and science, nations and war. On the civilians of Vichy France: "Not a single voice was raised in favor of resistance. . . . Where was the France I thought would awake someday? That image of the French people hating the regime that condemned them to shame—oh, what a lie! The Germans were received with a ghastly sigh of relief by this herd of cattle." Saint-Exupéry's usual lovely mix of nobility and gloom.

● **Decorative Endpapers, Ornate Wallpapers, Indian Floral Patterns,** and **Rococo Silks,** Colour Books from the Victoria and Albert Museum (Abrams): Modern chintzes and wallpapers look shabby next to eighteenth-century silks patterned with dark curled leaves, twisted stems, and glowing flowers, or nineteenth-century wallpapers that reproduce the look of luxurious materials like embossed leather, tapestry, and brocade. These four slim volumes are the first in a series of lavishly illustrated books from the museum's fabulous textile collection.

NEW NOVELS

● **The Last Blossom on the Plum Tree**, by Brooke Astor (Random House): A novel of love that reveals old to be beautiful, desirable, sexy, by New York City's premier *grande dame*. "Emily, still alluring at forty-nine (the official age she had chosen since the death of her husband), looked at Irma and thought a woman will not die from lack of love, but she certainly will wilt. . . . How can I possibly stand a visit with Irma, she said to herself. . . . I must certainly go to the Ritz as soon as possible." A graceful story in the Edith Wharton tradition, disappointing only in its pat ending.

● **The Funeral Makers**, by Cathie Pelletier (Macmillan): Here is a portrait of Mattagash, Maine, a small town at its absolute smallest, at its most hopelessly ingrown. This story of old gentility versus new delinquency marks the debut of a bitingly funny and highly original novelist.

● **Only the Little Bone**, by David Huddle (Godine): Subtle, sophisticated stories about a boy growing up in a factory town. A graceful balance of mischief and observation.

● **Off for the Sweet Hereafter**, by T.R. Pearson (Linden Press): A pair of lawless lovers wreak havoc on a Southern town in this second novel by Pearson, author of the superb *A Short History of a Small Place*. His prose has the energy of water at a rapid boil and the raucous humor of excess.

● **Ghost Dance**, by Carole Maso (North Point Press): Obsessive memories, both real and surreal, recur as a young girl tries to overcome the grief of losing her mother. A wonderfully delicate first novel.

FRITZ PANETH/ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY, BATH

THE COLOR PEOPLE

Early Color Photography (Pantheon), from the Centre National de la Photographie, in Paris, is a book to treasure. The images, infused with a hazy light, are reproduced from turn-of-the-century autochromes. They all possess a look of innocence—the mark of photographers' experimenting with a new technique. This color process was abandoned in 1930, because the photographic plates could not be duplicated. But the record left behind, more precise than sepia tints, more informative than black-and-whites, accurately dyes our impressions of the past and draws us into a lost world. —DANA COWIN

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FOOD IN VOGUE

In praise of the simplest salad. . .sublime Venice. . . stalking the ultimate vegetable. BY BARBARA KAFKA

In the realm of the senses: fresh seafood and the endless languor of a Venetian summer

I am a green-salad addict. Don't serve me your *salade composée* filled with every luxury from crayfish to *foie gras*; nor your slimy pasta salad once developed to use up restaurant leftovers and now creeping into homes to replace the far better, cool molded salads of the 'thirties (the classic aspic of seasoned tomato juice, lobster, and cucumbers, for example); nor yet your main-course mammoths, the Chef's, the Cobb, or the Seafood—although I can occasionally be diverted by a lavish, well-made Caesar salad.

What I crave is the *petite salade verte* that you used to get automatically at the end of a French meal. It had the soft leaves of basic Boston lettuce, today called butter-head lettuce in seed catalogues—the French generically call it *laitue*. The dressing was simple: oil, vinegar, salt, and pepper. There might be prepared mustard or garlic and, from time to time, some finely chopped parsley, *fines herbes*, or a spoonful of fresh tarragon leaves.

I am rarely a dessert eater. To me, salad is still the perfect ending for a meal, perhaps with a bit of cheese to finish the bread and the wine. But a green salad never just arrives anymore. Often, I will make a fuss and get a waiter to produce one for me while my sweet-toothed friends are eating dessert. I am living witness to the death of a tradition, one destroyed by the birth of fancy salads.

I remember when the French were contemptuous of the American habit of eating salad first, particularly when, as in California, it contained bits of what they considered extraneous matter—even tomatoes were seen in this light although a *salade tomate* (tomatoes with olive oil, salt, pepper, and herbs of choice) was perfectly all right as a first course. Then the French fell in love with the *salade gastronomique*, the first-course extravaganza. Criticisms of American habits were forgotten along with the lovely green leaves. But I still want my salad, simple and refreshing, and I want it after my main course.

Dinner's ideal close, an ungussied green salad

When I was in Venice last summer, I couldn't help noticing that I was surrounded by food-world eminences. While I would not insult their love of Venice's spectacular beauty or their dedication to its museums, I do know that they would go nowhere unless well fed. Generally, Venice is not thought of as one of the great food cities of the world. Yet, seldom do I eat food that pleases me as much. That may be because I love seafood, and Venice is one of the great fishing ports. I think my culinary friends and I enjoy the informality of the restaurants, the lightness and freshness of the food. Despite their casualness, however, the good restaurants are so popular that it is essential to make reservations.

I'm sure you have all heard of Harry's Bar, which is home away from home for many Americans as it was for Hemingway. It is jammed, noisy, expensive; and I know people who eat every meal there during their stay. While the Bellinis (white peach juice and sparkling white wine) are divine in season, and there are certain dishes—the hamburger, the club sandwich, the black pasta, and the fish soup—that are justly famous, I have had as much or more fun elsewhere.

The places I tend to like best are smallish, informal, and serve mostly or entirely fish. Most of them are open on Sunday for local family groups; but then they will be closed on one or more weekdays, so call them and check. The Corte Sconta (Calle del Pestrin 3886—tel. 27024) is a paradigm; it offers only seafood, and one or two house white wines come in pitchers that are constantly refilled. Watch out: If you don't keep track of how much you are drinking, this wine can be lethal. Fortunately, though, in Venice you will not be driving.

The setting is relaxed and friendly. You sit at long, plain wooden tables indoors or in the back garden. The best thing to do is to go with a group and order the set menu. Course after course will arrive. Don't try to finish each dish or your friends will have to put you in a wheelbarrow to get you home.

Going to Madonna (Calle della Madonna 594 near the Rialto—tel. 23824) may be the best way to familiarize yourself with Venice's different seafoods, since at lunch there is a display of all the available raw dishes, and, at night, of cooked and raw seafood antipasti. I think they have the best squid in its ink (*in umido*) with *(Continued on page 138)*

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ROYAL CARIBBEAN

Song of Norway, Song of America, Nordic Prince, Sun Viking
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Continued from page 134)

polenta in Venice. My favorite time to go to Madonna is at lunch, when it is a businessman's restaurant. If they have *tartufi di mare* (a kind of clam), try some; or, if they have the tiny squid fried whole, delight in this delicacy which is as superior to fried squid in America as, in Shakespeare's words, "Hyperion to a satyr."

Da Fiore (Calle del Scaleter 2202—tel. 37208) is more elegant and, at least until all of you who read this go, full of Venetians. There is, can you believe it, air-conditioning. I was first taken there by Marcella and Victor Hazan, and they did what I recommend: discussed the day's offerings with one of the owners and made a choice. Here you are likely to find *cannochie* (mantis shrimp) grilled and served with olive oil and lemon juice for a first course, *dati di mare* (sea dates) to go with pasta for a second, and then a simply prepared fish like *coda di rospo* (toadfish) for the main course. Drink the *prosecco*—bubbly white wine from the Veneto—and relax.

Antica Trattoria Poste Vecie (Pescherie 1608—tel. 23822) is near the old post office, as its name indicates, and smack in the middle of the fish market, as its address tells us. In addition to the normal fish dishes, they have some traditional meat dishes—making this a good place to go with a friend who doesn't like or is allergic to seafood.

An even better trattoria for a nonfish meal is the Cafe Orientale on the Rio Marin (tel.71980), on the way to the railroad station. There you will find *bigoli*, Venetian cornmeal dumplings in a *salsa* with tomatoes and anchovies or in a more exotic sauce with duck or nuts. Because of the meat dishes—including *fegata* (liver) *alla veneziana* of course—Orientale has red wine as well as white and, all-round, a better wine list than most trattorias.

There are other, more standard and more formal, places to alight upon or to eat at that are also easier to find. The dock at the Gritti Palace hotel is not a place for a meal, but is one of the best for a drink before or after dinner. The view is unequalled, and it is a meeting place for Venice-lovers, particularly if they want a good American-style cocktail and a munch of perfect olives.

Walking on the Riva degli Schiavone beside the San Marco Canal, you would be hard put to distinguish Do Leoni's planted terrace, much the same as all the others. If you chance by in bad or uncertain weather and notice that inside is the small, elegant restaurant of the Londra Palace, you will get the clue quickly that Do Leoni is no common Venetian restaurant (tel. 700533). Inside or out, the food is excellent and inventive. Do try dishes you have never had before; they are often exceptional. The cook is a woman with a very personal touch whose *nuova cucina* overtones, beautiful presentation, and moderately sized portions are not typically Venetian. Neither is the elegant interior with its one-of-a-kind antique Venetian glasses at each place. When risotto with herbs is on the menu, by all means have it. There are really good wines too.

Come warm weather, I get the feeling that I could become a vegetarian. Some plants tended in early spring have begun to produce, and others are showing enough bloom and leaf to hold out promise. Roadside stands and city markets are laden with goodies. With the aid of my herb garden, and of pasta, beans, rice, et cetera, I can create a dazzling variety of warm-weather meals. They're healthful too, or so I've read—but I'm not rigid. I will use chicken broth as a soup base and sometimes add a piece of meat; but the weather makes me want to eat more lightly, and the growing season conspires.

There is a plethora of helpful vegetable books this year if your inspiration or information runs thin. Elizabeth Schneider, known in previous books as Colchie and to her friends as Susie—how confusing—has written a landmark reference book, *Uncommon Fruits and Vegetables* (Harper & Row). Concisely and clearly, she tells about all the exotic fruits and vegetables that are now cropping up in stores all over the country. She tells what to look for in shopping and storing, and what the culinary properties are, along with useful sample recipes.

I have already planted some of these exotica—Japanese *daikon* radish and *bok choy*, a Chinese cabbage—in my garden. If you are so inspired, you might want to have *The Seed Finder* by John Jeavons and Robin Leler (Ten Speed Press). Schneider praises all the varieties of eggplant from the small, round, and white through the tiny, oval Japanese to the large, purple-black standards. A quick look in Jeavons and Leler will have you sending a mail order to the Redwood Seed Co. in California for the eggplant of your desire.

A "sort of" vegetable that has become infinitely more popular and available in recent years is the mushroom, particularly its wild varieties. Don't go out and pick them without taking a course or carefully studying the good field guides that are available. To find a course, try your nearest mycological (mushroom) society from the list in the back of *Joe's Book of Mushroom Cookery* by Jack Czarnecki (Atheneum), chef and owner of his family's famous restaurant, Joe's, in Reading, Pennsylvania, which specialized in cooking wild mushrooms long before they became trendy. This book will not give you enough information for picking, but it will give you enough for identification in a store. No matter how you get hold of your mushrooms, this is the best book I have seen in any language about how to cook and preserve them.

Once you have your vegetables, buy *From the Farmers' Market* by Richard Sax with Sandra Gluck (Harper & Row). Richard Sax's earlier books proved that he is a down-to-earth cook whose recipes produce foods that are full of flavor without undue complication. He and Ms. Gluck have turned the trick again. I bet you can't get through a vegetable summer without being tempted to try out their ideas. ▽

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THE BEST OF SPIRITS

Long cool drinks for the long hot summer. BY BOB SHACOCHIS

Easy virtue has a season, and it is summer, when everything in our nature becomes downright phototropic, striving toward the light, at ease in darkness. Flora swells, greenery blossoms, fruits ripen, salads virtually grow directly into our bowls. And we, the formerly circumspect, unbutton ourselves for the time of year when our desires and our pleasures go most public, asking, as the Roman philosopher Seneca once asked, "When shall we live if not now?"

However temporarily, we shed our employment, our clothes, and a great degree of our inhibitions under the seductive influences of the sun. We smash the quotidian in our lives and dream instead of the potential of marvelous things. At midnight in July on a city street, a crowd-emptied beach, a loon-fished lake, or a long Kansas highway stretched under moonlight, anything seems possible. Everything *is* possible. And why not? Why listen to a lesser voice than summer's?

Our drinking habits change too, as they must if we are to practice the summer religions with any grace. Unlike the days of intemperate weather when we need to be braced by our libations, now our thirsts are altogether different. We must be refreshed, quenched, and slaked. What summer requires, besides a release of sensuality, is an appreciation for the lighter and lightening spirits, antidotes to the steam and scorch of a heat wave.

Rum, certainly, is easily promoted as the standard-bearer of this principle, the distilled embodiment of our canicular lusts. Gin, vodka, and tequila serve as well, in all their varied, pastel, summery concoctions. Here are four drinks that arrive each with a past, like any personal history worth the telling, marked by moments when their reputations were in trouble.

"Rum, Jamaica rum," begins an English opera written in the early eighteenth century, "'Tis the one commodity that reconciles me to these barbarous places." The inferred geography is the West Indies, of course, those endless-summer islands of the Caribbean, but the sentiment seems to apply generically, the dog-day lament of a winter lover. Ah yes, the novelist Alec Waugh echoed more than two centuries later, "The rum drinks of the Century Club reconcile me to the 'barbarity' of a New York summer."

Columbus himself introduced sugarcane to the islands, and its cultivation provided a more reliable source of fortune-making than gold, the original lure of the New World, which was quickly hauled off by the conquistadors. Early on, sugar was what the planters were after, not rum, that beverage crudely fermented and cooked from the molasses seeping out of the milled cane. The drink was considered mostly fit for slaves, swill for the chattel —evidence that even those of us most forsaken by the gods are not wholly abandoned.

By 1667, a rum distillery was operating in Boston, refining molasses imported from the West Indian plantations. Thus began what one historian described as "New England's largest, most profitable, and most unsavory industry." In effect, the New England distillers bankrolled the slave trade. The rum they produced was shipped to Africa where it functioned as an international currency for the procurement of human beings, who were then sold and traded in the Caribbean for a fresh cargo of syrup. The ships sailed north and the cycle began again. But when the British Crown started taxing the firewater and placed a tariff onto tea—well, you know the rest. The literal spirit of the Revolution was rum.

By the time Paul Revere saddled his horse, fortified for his ride by a stiff shooter of guess what, rum was universally popular on both sides of the Atlantic, exalted for its range of flavor, its suggestion of fellowship, its ability to enhance or console.

The first encounter most of us have with the island spirit is in a mixture familiarly called a planter's punch. Every bartender has his own recipe, a balance of fruit juices, aromatic spices, and light and dark or overproof rums, but all formulas have one factor in common—potency.

A good rum punch is the wiliest of cocktails. It is the drink teetotalers succumb to because of its healthy tropical image. It relies on all the ingredients of a sweet, vitamin-enriched breakfast drink and, in the best of versions, the startlingly delicious flavors of passion fruit, lime, bitters, and nutmeg that imbue enough natural ping to disguise the volatile content of alcohol in the blend.

A good rum punch is the wiliest of cocktails . . . enticing with its healthy tropical image

A superb rum punch has all the characteristics of merciful execution. It assumes no virtue in going slow so that the subject might pause to reflect upon what's being lost, and it values stealth, the surreptitious wham. The victims of a superb rum punch never know what has hit them.

I have seen prim elderly ladies, after imbibing their very first rum punch, yank up their skirts in public to proudly display new tan lines. What a sight! I have a friend who, fueled by a prelude of rum punches, interrupted the first night of his honeymoon to leave the marital bed for the dubious pleasures of crawling naked down the length of the bar at Young's Island, a resort off St. Vincent. He has never behaved in a similar fashion before or since. My own spouse, after her original exposure to the concoction, had to be locked in her room. *(Continued on page 142)*

Bob Shacochis, *author of "Easy in the Islands," teaches at the Iowa Writer's Workshop.*

HANS NELEMAN

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THE BEST OF SPIRITS

(Continued from page 140)

I offer these examples as precautionary advice. Drinking spirits is a social art, after all. One wants to be intelligent and relaxed, entertained and entertaining, but not the Big Top itself.

There are as many ways to enjoy your summer spirits as there are to express your summer moods. Fine labels are perfect quaffed neat and clean and cold; sooner or later you develop the ability to discriminate subtly between the better brands, plus you will know exactly what the stakes are when you indulge.

When you want to mix it up, any drink you create with rum you can re-create with gin or vodka, according to your democratic preference. Vodka, a liquor unknown to American palates until after the Second World War, is now the most successful libation on the market. It is the most mixable because its taste is the most neutral. Rum-and-mixer drinks are more pungent and brassy than their vodka counterparts, one professor of spirits asserts, but not, in his own words, as "pert or sprightly" as drinks made with gin. No matter, really. Rum-and-tonics, vodka-and-tonics, gin-and-tonics are equivalent in their sophistication and arousing effervescence; and they share a tradition. Quinine water, a formal medicine, was added to intoxicants, an informal medicine, by the legions of British expatriates assigned to the sizzling colonies of the Empire a century ago. In effect, the mixing of spirit and non-spirit in the modern manner was a response to the demands of surviving fiercely hot weather.

Myself, I'm in rebellion against the sweetness and goopiness that have dominated summertime drinks since the advent of the blender. Exploration and discovery are nice, surely, and we shouldn't permit our taste buds to be bored. Yet to bury them under an excess of fruity, syrupy, ice-creamy sludge seems, well, *dis*-spiriting. Nevertheless, rum-and-Cokes can be redeemed with an added ounce of sparkling water. Gin-and-tonics need to be salvaged the same way owing to an overabundance of sugar in most tonic waters manufactured today. Whether you choose your drinks sweet or sour, mashed or slinged, juleped or rickeyed or fizzed, classic simplicity is, and always will be, classically refreshing.

As for tequila.

After your very soul has been scalded by an August afternoon, nothing can be more soothing than a margarita. But let's face it, why drink tequila unless you're in Mexico—or unless you *think* you're in Mexico.

Still, whatever your tastes or aspirations might be, even if you are a devout, card-carrying member of the Beerocracy or have given yourself fully to the Holy Order of the Vine, these are the four spirits that harmonize most splendidly with the intentions of summer. And, when they call, you'll come. Dockside or poolside, camped or beached or under sail, in your apartment or in barbarous jungles, you'll come. ▽

VOGUE, June, 1986

The Fragrance For All Seasons

John Hancock

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ENTERTAINING

How to throw the hottest party — lessons from the Library. BY WILLIAM P. RAYNER

The entertainment committee—Mrs. Sloan, Mrs. Hoge, Mrs. Butler—who enlisted actors to parade as famous literary figures

Redecorating several rooms in the New York Public Library at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, converting them into refectories, and feeding twelve hundred at a seated dinner is thought by some to be a more ambitious undertaking than solving the grand questions of how the universe was formed. For others, the effort to orchestrate New York City's number-one charity ball is insignificant when compared to the potential reward.

I asked Vartan Gregorian, the library's president, why this benefit had become the most glamorous event and the hottest ticket in all of charitydom. If there had been an evening of this sort ten years ago, you could have shot a moose in the main hall. Gregorian maintains that "it is all part of a renewed civic pride that has led to an increased awareness of the crippling effect of illiteracy on our society."

While this may be true, the *real* reason that this benefit has become the hottest ticket in town is that you might sit next to one of those people whom the library has taken so much trouble to list on their invitation: the Henry Kissingers, the Douglas Dillons, the David Rockefellers, the Lane Kirklands, Bill Paley.... And the reason these heavy hitters consent to be "Jubilee Vice-Chairmen" is that Mrs. Vincent Astor is running the show, as she has since 1981 when the library held its first literary lions dinner.

This year's gala will celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary of the library's landmark Beaux Arts building. Brooke Astor, the honorary chairman, whose family has been a supporter of this institution since the architects Carrère and Hastings finished the building in 1911, and Mrs. Samuel P. Reed, the chairman, who is reported to have read every book in the place, set out to raise $750,000 from the benefit. The library spends eleven million dollars a year on books, so every three-quarters of a million counts.

The metamorphosis from archives to *salles à manger* has to take place without interrupting the library's normal visiting hours, so the six decorating firms chosen by Mrs. Abraham Ribicoff, wife of the former Senator from Connecticut, have to perform their magic within a few hours. To complicate matters, they have to work with the existing furniture. In the reading rooms, for example, the long tables and the lamps with green shades are nailed down. Since each room has a special set of problems, Mrs. Ribicoff assigned the spaces by simply having the decorators draw lots out of a hat. As of press time, they had decided on the following details:

Denning and Fourcade plan to place heroic busts on top of the bookcases and hang heraldic banners from the balcony. The whole feeling is supposed to be very much like a palace library. Mario Buatta will tent his entire room in chintz, pulling off a setting where Edward VII would have felt right at home. Albert Hadley of Parish-Hadley will stretch hunting-green runners down the long reading tables. Straw baskets alternately filled with flowers and fruit will be illuminated by votive candles while oversized hurricane lamps will provide more lighting. Mark Hampton will create the feeling of an evening picnic by placing enormous topiaries about the room and bathing the entire space in a lush green light. Nancy Pierrepont will remind us that it is spring. The round tables will be covered by tablecloths with a crimson-rose print, wreaths will be draped around heads of four busts, and roses massed on the mantelpiece that dominates the room. Chessy Rayner, of Mac II, who usually collaborates on this column, was not available for comment to the press and downright refused to tell me what she was going to do.

Another neat trick is trying to feed twelve hundred people who are used to eating at the top of the food chain in a historic landmark without a kitchen. Mrs. Felix Rohatyn and Mrs. Lewis T. Preston conferred with Sean Driscoll at Glorious Food and came up with a tentative menu of cold roast loin of veal with a basil sauce, ratatouille, and wild rice salad. For dessert they expect to serve raspberries in a raspberry sauce and chocolate petits fours shaped like lions, which have ever been symbols of the library.

For the cocktail hour before dinner, the entertainment committee—Mrs. Samuel Butler, Mrs. James Hoge, and Mrs. Howard Sloan—has hired some forty actors to parade around in the guise of famous literary characters ranging from Cinderella to Othello. Many real-life literary figures also plan to make appearances: John Kenneth Galbraith, Susan Cheever, Joan Didion, John Gregory Dunne, Toni Morrison, Calvin Trillin, Arthur Miller, Judith Rossner, E.L. Doctorow, Annie Dillard, Fran Lebowitz, John Irving, Mary Gordon, among others.

I asked the exuberant Mr. Gregorian if he were nervous about undertaking such an ambitious event. "Why should I be nervous?" he responded. He had a point because the women who are running the evening have more community spirit and determination than any group of ladies since the Amazon Queen Hippolyte lost her golden girdle to Hercules.

Elements of style: Pierrepont's witty centerpiece—a goose covered in words; Hadley's decorative straw basket with citrus; Buatta's chintz

FRANÇOIS HALARD Details, last pages

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LIVING

When Victoria reigned: today's renewed passion for things ornamental . . . the voluptuous bedroom . . . the best of excess.

BY BARBARA PLUMB

Comfort has come back to coset us, thanks to the new Victorian Revival. Both ends of the spectrum—from overstuffed and ornate rooms to light and romantic ones—are highlighted in a new book, *Victorian Splendor: Recreating America's 19th-Century Interiors* by Allison Kyle Leopold (Stewart, Tabori and Chang).

A renewed interest in the shell of an interior—moldings, plasterwork, woodwork—reflects the nineteenth-century appetite for the ornamental and, on occasion, the exotic. As *Victorian Splendor* demonstrates, we borrow much more from the period than we probably realize. Fabric-upholstered walls as well as the difficult-to-bring-off look of pattern on-pattern were Victorian favorites. Table draping continues to be a hit because it enables a so-so piece of furniture to hide behind exquisite yardage. And anyone who likes a cozy, warm room is fond of displaying collections. Our bias toward palms and ferns we share with our nineteenth-century antecedents, who savored the plants' light-filtering qualities. Curvaceous Victorian frame pieces look splendid in a pared-down interior, as does wicker, horn, twig, and bentwood furniture—all their legacy.

The book also includes a source catalogue of dealers who specialize in the field, and artisans who specialize in Victorian design.

Left, top: A renewed passion for soft, feminine bedrooms harks back to Victorian times with their lace-draped beds and tables. A jaunty wicker chair strikes a note of frivolity. Left, center: Popular Victorian collectibles include pottery, tiles, and art glass. The scrap screen is made of bits of wallpaper, cards, and other illustrations. Left, bottom: Golden oak furniture is still admired for its carved ornament and tawny color.

Above: Only an expert could discern that this living room dates from the 1980s, not the 1860s. Carpet, fabrics, and wallpaper are based on period designs; furniture and accessories are the real thing, dating from 1840 to 1875. Below: Aside from the footed tub and faux-marbre floor, this romantic bathroom resembles the bedroom it once was, thanks to furniture and matching floral fabric.

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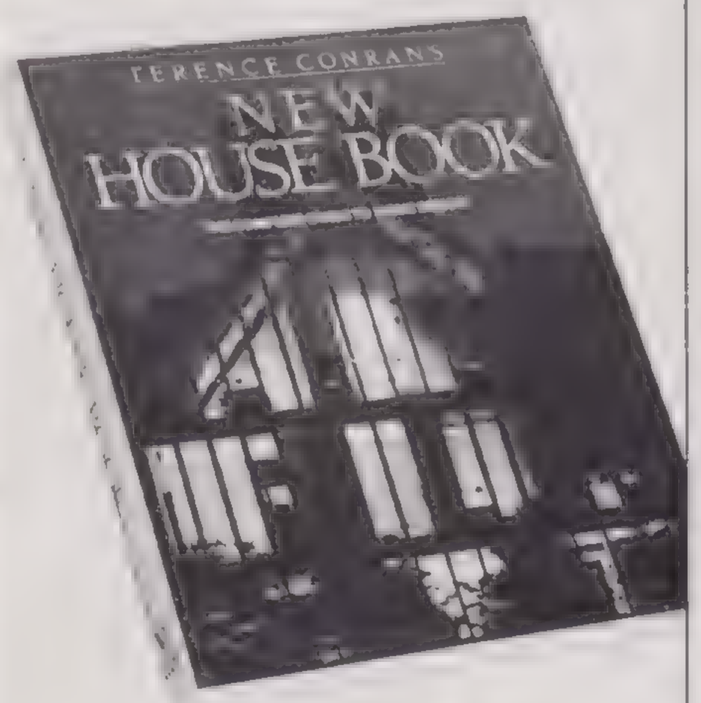

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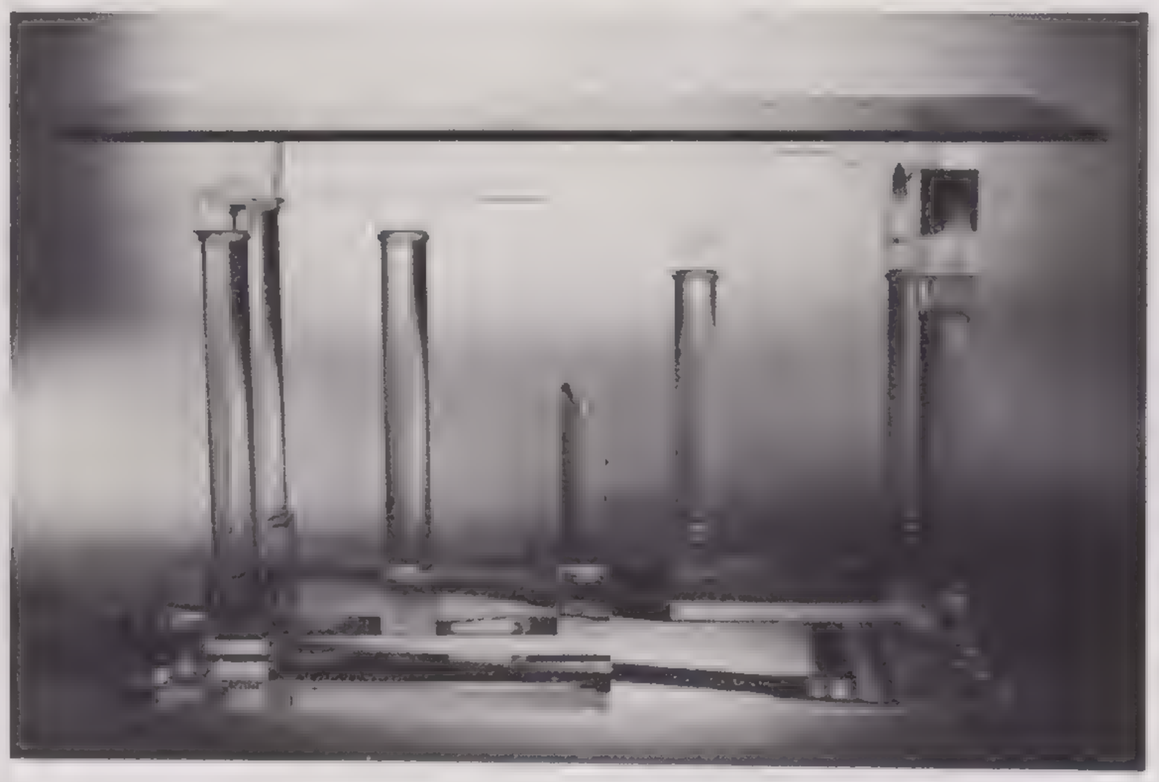
LIVING

Looking backward: the transparent charm of "antique" acrylic styles

Acrylic furniture is glamorous. Elsie de Wolfe knew that back in 1939 when she designed for socialite Hope Hampton her famous chair with a back that was scalloped to pay obeisance to German Beidermeier. In that prewar time, there were a few other oddball marriages between modern see-through plastic (invented in 1907) and nineteenth-century styles; but, for the most part, acrylic plastic traditionally has been paired either with Hollywood-y moderne or sleek, nononsense minimalist designs. But, now that cool, unadorned styling has lost favor with contemporary furniture buffs, it seems inevitable that the design of acrylic furniture would go full-circle back to the 'thirties ideal of imitating antique styles.

In that spirit, Architectural Gallery in Paris has introduced a sophisticated group of tables and chests that are evocative of Italian Renaissance and English eighteenth-century styles. They combine the massive look of Sleeping Beauty's glass casket with all the shimmer and transparency of star dust and diamonds. The pieces can be ordered from Architectural Gallery, 17 Avenue George V, Paris 75008, France.



Classic English and European designs reemerge in acrylic. An English antique served as a model for see-through secretary, above, with bronze handles. Post-Modern table, at left, has Empire-style columns, no two alike. The cabinet, below, was suggested by Venetian chests with their secret drawers.

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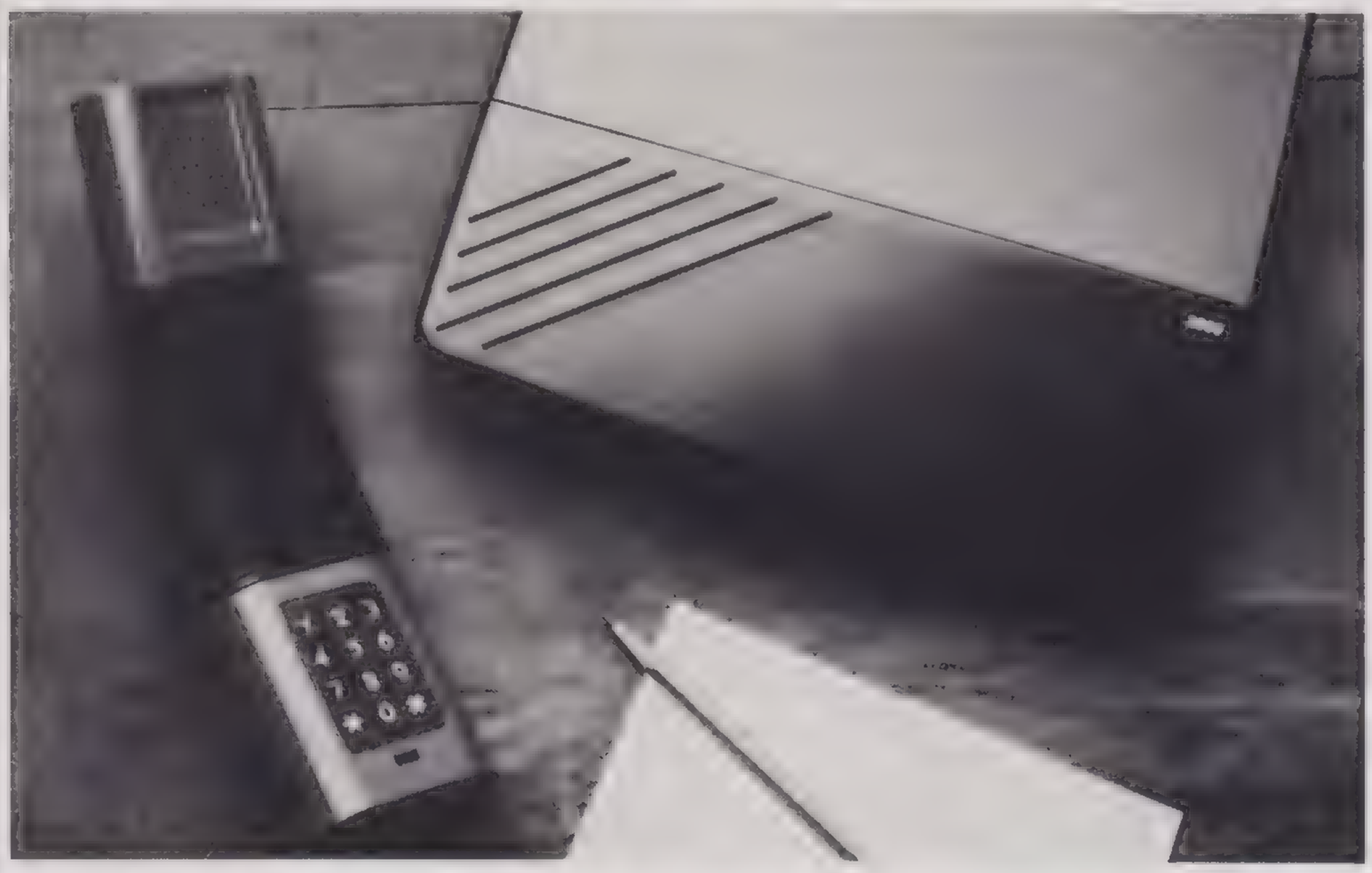
BY BARBARA PLUMB



Above: Bend an ear with TeleQuest's pliant Flexxx phone; $59.95. Record a Call's Model 2020 has a two-line answering capability; $169.95.
Below: ITT's Citation phone with readable buttons; $45 and up. MiniMate 5000, a Phone-Mate answering machine, has memo button for household messages; $120.

Telephones now double as useful and decorative objects, and answering machines compensate for our "no one's home" life style. When the standardized black or white telephone went the way of AT&T as a monopoly, the "designer" telephone became the thing. As for the answering machines, dramatic price lowering seduced a whole new group of users, who were also attracted to simple one-button automatic operation, a beeperless remote control, and the trim designs of new models.

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JEFF McNAMARA

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THE GREAT GREEN NORTH

A landscape that buoys the mind and the heart with a sense of the possible. By Barry Lopez

The Canadian North opens before the traveler like Africa. The sky towers, the land sweeps away like the veldt. What the native people call "the parallel cultures"—the unselfconscious lives of animals—are revealed suddenly at a turn in the road, or ahead on a footpath. The light, of course, is different. The air is shot through with blues and violets, not with pinks and yellows. The delicate shading on your skin in the evening is of lilac and amethyst, not saffron. The climate, too, is quite different—cooler and wetter. But you are reminded of Africa all the same, because of the promise of refreshment, the notion that in such a faraway, far different place as Canada one might revive.

Certain landscapes have the power to elevate the soul. Draw alongside a sympathetic ocean—you feel a gentle reordering of your sensibilities. You sense you can distinguish again between what is fundamentally important and what is mere frill in your life.

North of Vancouver and Edmonton, north of Winnipeg and Montreal and Toronto, lies a vast becalmed ocean of short evergreen trees. Rivers translucent as jade flow north and east from the mountains, to join rivers light as sapphires and others that glint like slabs of obsidian, and roll unperturbed towards Hudson Bay. If you linger here, stand on the shore of a lake until you hear the loon call a second and then a third time; if you watch caribou disappear soundlessly in the trees, you feel a sense of joy.

Northern Canada can seem bleak to the headlong spirit. But for someone who parks her car on the shoulder of the road and steps off into the clearings and dense woods of the Boreal forest, an essential truth is revealed: it really makes no difference where you stop the car. Give yourself to this rolling timbered land, and it blooms. By scrutinizing the ground at your feet, the filigree of vivid greens in the damp moss and lichens, and then lifting your eye to that oceanic horizon, by letting your hand brush the coarse flank of a spruce, or your nose draw on air moving over a river, you take the measure of the place.

The ways of it are endless. A lodge in the Northwest Territories, one that accommodates only six or eight guests at a time, can put you amid prairie wild flowers underneath hours-long flocks of snow geese migrating from their summer grounds in the Arctic. On a canoe trip with a guide and a friend or two, you could enter the bewildering concatenation of lakes that lies on the Canadian Shield, the plateau of rock around which North America is built. You can camp with your family in the preternatural stillness of *(Continued on page 154)*

Barry Lopez *contributes to "Harper's" and "North American Review." His "Arctic Dreams" was just published by Scribner's.*

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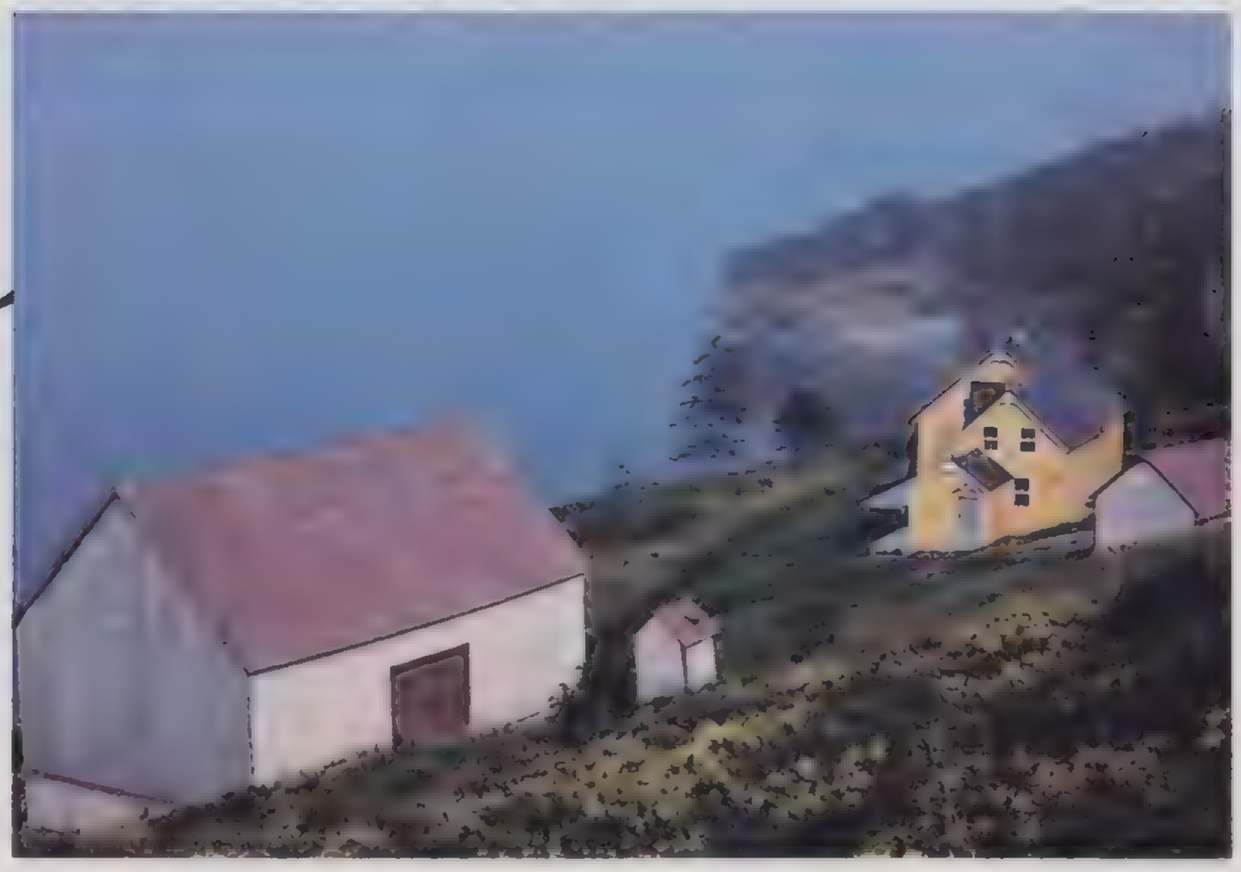

Grand-Grève, Gaspé, Quebec

"Certain landscapes have the power to elevate the soul ...you sense you can distinguish again between what is fundamentally important and what is mere frill in your life"

(Continued from page 152) the taiga, between towns with names like Carcajou and Meander River.

The Canadian North is not burdened with a system of approved vistas, of packaged tours or ballyhooed experiences one is expected to have had. It is easy to slip away here, to go off at random in the countryside, and discover yet another truth. Places like Northern Canada, where the scale of human imposition—billboards, fences, and buildings—is so slight as to go almost unnoticed, enrich through intimacy, not spectacle. The spectacle of nature—waterfalls, stupendous canyons, austere peaks—permits no closeness, and its magic is weakened by an excess of expectation. What the traveler hopes, rather, to find in a landscape far from home is an untrammeled corner, a place with which one can develop some delicate intimacy. We often succeed very well at this, and carry home a water-slicked stone or a stray feather, evidence of a brilliant moment with the land.

Northern Canada is an anomalous landscape. In summer, darkness loses its grip—the farther north you go, the longer the evening light stays with you. And on the sidewalks of Yellowknife, you are liable to hear the lilt of seven or more languages—English, French, the Eskimo's Inuktitut, the Indian's Loucheux, Dogrib, Slavey, or Chipewyan. You sense you are out on the edge of the world in this country. More than Canada's much-storied Western Frontier is here, the realm of Sergeant Preston of the Yukon and the Hudson's Bay Company. It is a landscape that buoys the mind and the heart with a sense of the possible. You could wander here for a week or two and come home imagining you understood a part of the universe.

FINDING THE WILDERNESS

The best places to stay in Canada's wide open spaces.

By Cynthia Penney

A trip into the Canadian wilderness offers outdoor adventure and great natural beauty, whether you stay at a tiny lodge up near the Arctic Circle or at a luxury hotel in the Canadian Rockies. Among the former, the ruggedly romantic **Bathurst Inlet Lodge** *is an old Hudson's Bay Company post on the Arctic Coast in the Northwest Territories. Beyond the reach of any road, Bathurst Inlet is two-and-one-half hours by plane north of Yellowknife. Run by a former Canadian Mountie and his wife (who fly in guests from Yellowknife once a week), the lodge accommodates just twenty people and has a very short season—six weeks from the end of June.*

Each day, guests go by boat to explore the fantastic landscape of the Arctic summer, searching for waterfalls on the Burnside River. . . out to the Arctic Ocean to find musk-ox and caribou, and the nesting sites of the peregrine falcon. Guests also go rafting and canoeing, visit a small Inuit (Eskimo) settlement nearby, fish for Arctic char and dine that evening off their catch. There are two guesthouses at the lodge, and a main building with dining room and library. The cost of a week is $2090 (Canadian). For information, call 403/873-2595, or write the Bathurst Inlet Lodge, Box 820, Yellowknife, Northwest Territories, Canada X1A 2T2.

Another rugged wilderness retreat is **Oldsquaw Lodge** *on the Yukon/Northwest Territories border, two hundred air miles northeast of Whitehorse. Owner Sam Miller entertains ten guests each week in five cabins that have bathrooms and running water, though the showers—and sauna—are in a separate bathhouse. In the main lodge, huge windows overlook the alpine plateau and the mountains. Miller, with a masters degree in wildlife biology, leads all-day nature walks to see over two hundred kinds of wildflowers and birds; there's also fishing for ice-age Arctic grayling, Rocky Mountain whitefish. . . species found only in these glacial areas. Cost: $1585 (Canadian). For reservations (hard to get: there's already a waiting list for summer '87!), write Sam Miller at Oldsquaw Lodge, Bag Service 2711, Whitehorse, Yukon, Canada Y1A 4K8; or book through Canadian Nature Tours at 416/444-8419.*

In an area much less wild and remote, but still unspoiled, **The Salmon Place** *on Vancouver Island, British Columbia, is one of Canada's premier spots for salmon fishing. Here, the appeal is the luxury of a private lodge—a resort, really—and an enchanting landscape of water, mountains, and forests. One couple, or a group of four, stays in an elegant three-bedroom lodge with maid service and a French chef. Besides fishing, there's sailing, water skiing, scuba diving, horseback riding, with tennis and golf nearby. The season runs from May 1 to September 30, and the price per week is $4000 (U.S.) for one couple, $6000 for two. Contact The Salmon Place, Box 253, Lantzville, British Columbia, Canada VOR 2HO; 604/390-2212.*

In the magnificent Canadian Rockies of Alberta province, three luxurious resorts combine glorious settings with a super summer-camp range of sports possibilities. Eighty miles west of Calgary, the baronial 575-room **Banff Springs** *resort has horseback riding, hiking, canoeing, rafting, lake and stream fishing, mountain climbing, cycling, golf, tennis, indoor and outdoor heated swimming pools. Less than an hour's drive away, the scene's much the same (minus golf and tennis) at the gleaming white* **Chateau Lake Louise,** *set between the green-blue waters of Lake Louise and the towering Victoria Glacier. One of the nicest things to do here is to take a leisurely hike to a tea house in the hills. Both Chateau Lake Louise and Banff Springs are Canadian Pacific Hotels, and both charge from $98 to $170 (Canadian) for a double room. Reservations: 800/828-7447.*

Further north, **Jasper Park Lodge** *stands completely encircled by Rocky Mountains on its own thousand-acre preserve. There are four hundred rooms housed in individual log-cabin units. The hotel is particularly proud of the ten thousand flowers it plants each year. Special at Jasper: overnight horseback treks deep**(Continued on page 158)*

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Canada

(Continued from page 154) *into the mountains, where riders stay in log cabins, eat campfire meals. Jasper's $221-$265 (Canadian) room rate includes breakfast and dinner. Call 800/268-9143.*

Ontario's **Minaki Lodge** *is a small luxury resort in the northwest corner of the province. The big activity here is fishing, but there are also water sports, hiking, tennis, golf, and excursions to see the nests of the bald eagle. A three-story lakeside building has 120 rooms, some with balconies, others with dramatic cathedral ceilings. Guests also stay in six 1920s log cabins, each with four bedrooms, four baths, a central lounge area and verandah. High season runs from May 16 to October 12, when double rooms go for $90-$120 (Canadian). Call 800/228-9822.*

THE ULTIMATE AUBERGE

Surprise luxury, fabulous food in the Quebec countryside.

By Jane and Michael Stern

When your car rolls free of customs heading north, you are severed from New England. No more faded-red cow barns and vest-pocket Yankee towns clustered around white church steeples, no more rolling hills, no more English road signs. Highway 55 heading into the province of Quebec runs flat across a landscape that looks like Montana prairie, past lonesome farmhouses and barns that are painted green.

Only a few kilometers into what are called the Eastern Townships, a country road leads to the village of North Hatley, a crazy-quilt of unspoiled rural charm and spare-no-expense resort grandeur. Settled by expatriates from the USA after the Revolutionary War, then glamorized after the Civil War by a second wave of wealthy Southerners who no longer wanted to summer in New England, it is a town of majestic ante-bellum homes and hotels with broad, white-columned porches.

Auberge Hatley, perched on a high hill overlooking Lake Massawippi (it must have sounded like *Mississippi* to Southern ears), is the grandest of these Dixie estates, built in 1903 as a private home. If the wind is blowing right, you will smell the inn before you even see it as you head up the long steep drive. Its entrance is a madhouse of flowering nicotiana, lilacs, perfumed apple trees, and soft summer savory that clashes deliriously with pots of rambunctious impatiens and with strings of lupine ringing the parking lot.

Outside the front door, you will be greeted by a yellow Labrador named Wippi; inside, innkeepers Liliane and Robert Gagnon take care of guests with a newlywed level of enthusiasm for the inn and their village. Slim and silver-haired, an ascot tied at his neck with old-fashioned panache, Robert rhapsodizes about the unique "microclimate" of North Hatley, its warmth making it a bird-watcher's paradise and encouraging the bloom of flora unseen for hundreds of miles to the south.

Robert Gagnon's greatest passion is the encouragement of a different kind of natural flowering—the work of contemporary folk artists, local and from across the country. Each of Auberge Hatley's twenty-two rooms is a micro-museum of folk crafts and antiques, and many have dressers and armoires gaily painted with flowers and vines, canopied beds draped with quilts, braided rugs on the floor. On the second floor of the inn, a great room serves as a gallery for the work of *peintres québecois contemporains*. Monsieur Gagnon is now arranging an exhibit of painting and sculpture that he boasts will be the largest and most important show of Canada's contemporary naïve art ever mounted.

North Hatley is famous for its art galleries, and for a rich cultural life throughout the summer. A short distance from the Auberge is The Piggery Theatre—a former pig farm, now Quebec's only English-speaking summer stock theater, showcasing the work of modern Canadian authors and musicians. Liliane told us that one of the favorite local authors is Mordecai Richler, who keeps a summer house nearby and based part of his book *Joshua Then and Now* in the town of North Hatley.

What does the weary vacationer do after seeing all the art galleries, visiting the dozen-plus nearby antiques stores, shopping for Scottish woolens at the Shetland Shop, and wind surfing, waterskiing, and canoeing on the lake? The correct answer is to dine at the Auberge Hatley, awarded a four-fork rating by the Canadian government, its kitchen overseen by Chef Guy Bohec, gold medalist in 1985 at Quebec's *Grand Salon Culinaire*.

We came downstairs a bit before dinnertime, aiming for a soft leather couch by the fire in the living room. But before we settled in, we were met by the dining-room captain, who introduced himself as Dick, brought us drinks, then seduced us with a description of the freshest Dover sole, just arrived that day, and prepared in the manner of Dieppe, surrounded by a platoon of mussels. And he told us about tender thin-sliced duck breast served with buttered salsify and carrot flan, and the chef's renowned way with duck-leg confit and sour cherry sauce, and about the local specialty of snail ravioli in garlic broth.

In the dining room, on peach linen by a window overlooking a glimmering scatter of lights at the lake, we dined on savarin of sole surrounded by a languorous necklace of mussels in a pool of saffron-yellow cream. And squab pâté in Port jelly with a tartlet of white cheese and green shallots, and filet of piglet—the tenderest tenderloin—in apple-cider vinegar sauce.

What an easy pleasure it was, less than an hour away from the *(Continued on page 160)*

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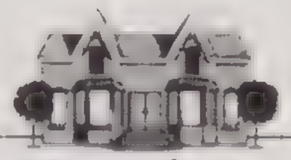

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(Continued from page 158) USA, to savor such *cuisine vraie*. Our low-level French, fractured further by two martinis, allowed us to translate a nearby exchange as "Madame, Pluto is not in season," . . . "Then, do you have head cheese of horse?" We were silly by the time we sailed into Chestnut Bavarois and a huge wedge of rum-and-maple cake.

If you can pull yourself away from the dining room of the Auberge Hatley for a meal elsewhere, head into town for a taste of chic at the newly opened Pilsen restaurant and pub, or spend some time at the legendary Chez Jacqueline & Vitel, a *pâtisserie/boulangerie* with a large outdoor terrace. The regulars arrive at 10:00 A.M. for morning brioche and coffee, or drop in from eleven to midnight for six kinds of made-that-day quiche and delicious homemade vegetable soups.

At night in North Hatley, we can think of no activity quite as nice as ambling back to our favorite room at the Auberge, the one that faces the mountains, the one with the Jacuzzi big enough for two and the nice velvet couches to stretch out on. From this spot high above the world, it seems so easy to take to heart Monsieur Gagnon's suggestion of how to have a grand stay in the village of North Hatley: "Sit and look at the view and eat a little too much."

QUEBEC: AN INN GUIDE

Bed and breakfast à la française.

By Despina Messinesi

Beyond the great cities of Montreal and Quebec lies a winter/summer playground of mountains, lakes, small villages, and—happily—cozy inns with excellent French kitchens and rich wine cellars. For instance, **Hostellerie les Trois Tilleuls,** *just twenty minutes from Montreal, stretches along the banks of the Richelieu River and is surrounded by flat farmlands. The inn's centerpiece is a charming 1880s wooden house that contains a dining room with huge windows facing the river; twenty-one balconied guest rooms are housed in the modern wing alongside the house. Ideal for summer getaways, Les Trois Tilleuls has its own outdoor pool, two tennis courts, and a marina on the river where many guests tie up their sailboats. The restaurant—one of the best in the area—is steered by Patrick Laigneil, a native of Normandy. Nearby, five summer theaters round out the pleasures. (Telephone: 514/467-4477)*

The low mountains and the gentle valleys of the Laurentians form the backdrop for **Hôtel La Sapinière,** *an enchanting place just an hour north of Montreal. Named after the spruce forest in which it stands, La Sapinière has the appealing look of a great stone-and-log lodge. Inside, there are open fireplaces, beamed ceilings, and seventy rooms wallpapered in traditional French country-inn style. Across from the main entrance, three lovely cottages have bedrooms and sitting rooms with fireplaces. In summer, green lawns lead to a pool, tennis courts, and a steep mountain for hiking. In winter, the skiing is fabulous. A legend of Québécois innkeeping and French cuisine, La Sapinière this season celebrates its fiftieth year under the caring direction of Monsieur and Madame Jean-Louis Dufresne. (Telephone: 514/866-8262)*

Thirty miles to the east of Quebec City, **Manoir des Erables** *stands directly across from a quai on the St. Lawrence River that leads to the Ile-aux-Grues, an island famous for the thousands of white geese that stop over each autumn during their southward migration. Not surprising: Le Manoir's owner/chef, Renaud Cyr, is known for Magraes d'oie à l'estragon (breast of goose stuffed with pork and veal) and for Jambonette d'oie (boned goose stuffed with liver pâté). Dessert comes from a nearby St. Lawrence island known for its fruit: strawberries and raspberries in July, blueberries and then blackberries in August; all are also used to make jam, and, of course, the bread is home-baked. The main building of Le Manoir is an 1814 stone mansion with two-foot-thick walls; inside are four enormous fireplaces, a large dining room, and seven guest rooms (with fourteen more in an adjacent modern building). Outside, a pool, gardens, and forest of maple trees ("érable" means maple in French) complete the pretty picture. (Telephone: 418/248-0100)*

Further east, some ninety miles from Quebec City, the St. Lawrence River seems ocean-big and the mountains rise abruptly. In this region of rugged beauty known as Charlevoix, **La Pinsonnière,** *once a private house, has been converted into an inn with twenty-five bedrooms. At La Pinsonnière, everything—from the modern clapboard inn building to the country curtains—is white, and stays that way in the clean pure air. A great luxury at La Pinsonnière is the indoor pool. The brick-walled dining room specializes in nouvelle cuisine québecoise with an emphasis on fresh fish; the menu changes daily. In the brisk air of Charlevoix, walking is a perennial sport; but in August and September, whale-watching is the thing to do from a boat on the river. (Telephone: 418/665-4431)*

Note: The restaurants of the preceding inns as well as that of the Auberge Hatley have been designated with "four forks," the top rating given by the Ministry of Tourism in Quebec. In addition, all five inns belong to the distinguished Relais & Chateaux organization, which has a membership of 325 hotels in thirty countries. For information on Canadian Relais & Chateaux properties contact David B. Mitchell & Co. Inc., 200 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016; 212/696-1323.

(Continued on page 162)

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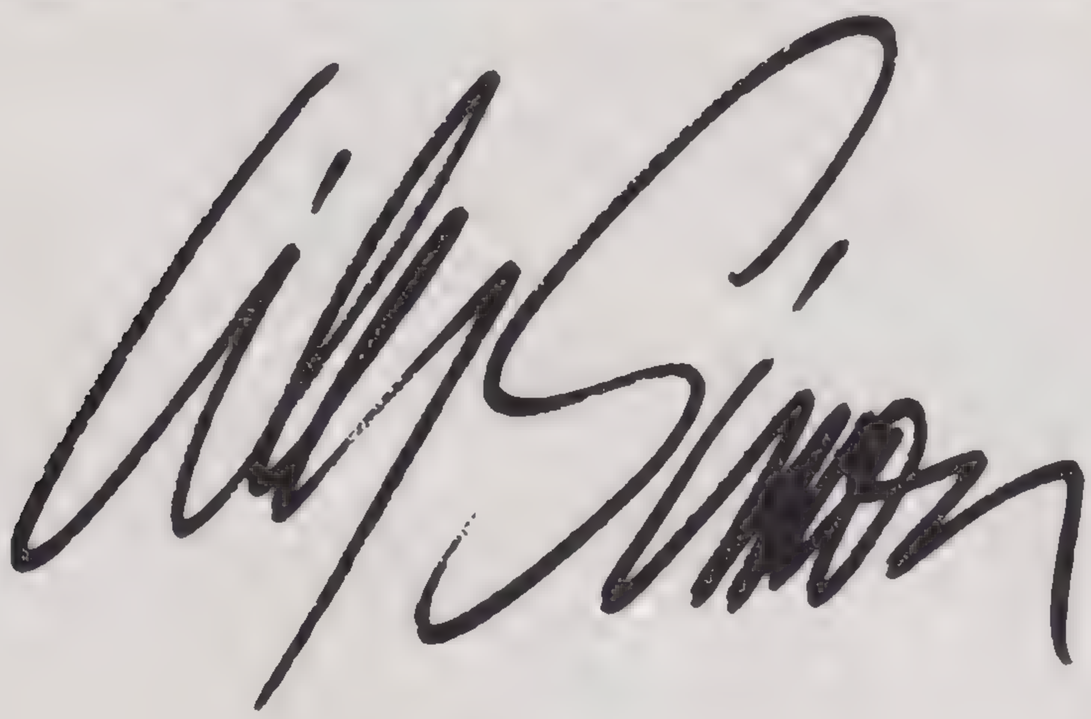

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VANCOUVER: EXPO ENERGY

New excitement in the city of the Great Canadian Dream. By Kathleen Beckett

The spotlight of the world is on Vancouver this summer as Expo 86 promises to go down as one of the decade's biggest hits, with more countries than ever before—fifty-four—including, for the first time at one world's fair, superpowers USA, USSR, and People's Republic of China. The real star of Expo, however, is Vancouver. Spread between lush green mountains and deep-blue Pacific waters, Vancouver is a dazzling metropolis of mirrored high-rises that reflect an ever-evolving cityscape. The magnet that's Vancouver attracts talent, people from all across Canada (not to mention the U.S. and the Far East) who want to live in a mild climate, with instant access to sailing, wind surfing, and snow skiing—the Great Canadian Dream of the Pacific Northwest.

With its air of graciousness and vitality, Vancouver seems to have the jumbled, laid-back charm of a San Francisco zapped with Dallas glitz. Case in point: the stately landmark Hotel Vancouver (900 W. Georgia St.). A recent spiffing-up has turned the grande dame into a trend-setter: it set aside the ninth floor as a posh private level for executive guests and added, off the lobby, a distinguished George Straith shop, with Hermès scarves, Bally shoes, Ballantyne cashmeres.

New world-class hotels also stand ready (some just barely) for the onslaught of Expo 86 celebrants. The Mandarin (645 Howe St.), first North American offspring of the fabled Far East hotel family, has good breeding and it shows: lobby and rooms filled with Oriental art and serenity, modern needs answered with a business center *(Continued on page 164)*

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(Continued from page 162) and health club, culinary expectations met with Cristal, considered one of the best restaurants in the city. The beautiful new Meridien (845 Burrard St.) has French roots and esprit, from its gleaming marble entrance to the profusion of flowers and full-service Spa Santé. The cozy (ninety-four rooms) Wedgewood (845 Hornby St.) also prides itself on its European flavor. Splashiest new entry: the Pan Pacific Vancouver Hotel (999 Canada Place), twenty-three stories next to Canada's Expo Pavilion (and future convention center), with a magnificent atrium lobby overlooking the water. And, facing the Mandarin, the big, bustling Four Seasons (791 W. Georgia St.). The whole of Vancouver seems to pass through the Four Seasons lobby, en route to the hotel's Garden Lounge, a prime meeting spot, or to Holt Renfrew, a Canadian shopping institution.

Holt Renfrew, Hudson's Bay, and Eaton's star in a downtown shopping maze—the underground Pacific Centre and Vancouver Centre malls—of one hundred-plus shops. Highlights at the Pacific Centre: the well-edited collection of European designer clothes and shoes at Alberto's . . . the delightful scents of Crabtree & Evelyn . . . and the just-opened, London-exported Marks & Spencer.

Back above ground, there's the sparkle of silver and crystal at Henry Birks & Sons (710 Granville St.) . . . and, opposite Hudson's Bay: Derek of London (626 Seymour St.) where a staff of internationally trained hairdressers can give you the very latest in styling and care. Nearby, the European-imported eyeglasses and sunglasses at Eyes on Burrard (595 Burrard St.); hot for summer: retro frames, unexpected colors and textures.

Robson Street, from Hornby to Nicola, is Vancouver's Madison Avenue, lined with bookstores and boutiques: a brand-new Laurél shop presenting the lively lower-priced Laurél line of Escada . . . Zebra—for funky clothes and Canadian designers . . . Murchie's, blending teas since 1894 . . . the colorful Canadian-made sportswear at the Kettle Creek Canvas Co. . . . cotton separates handpainted with a sprinkling of raspberries, a star-studded rainbow, at Angel (Mariel Hemingway and Timothy Hutton are customers) . . . a new Ralph Lauren, plus Ferragamo, Laura Ashley, Courrèges and lots of chocolate shops. For more substantial dining, there's a collection of European-styled bistros: long-time favorites Caffé de Medici and La Côte d'Azur . . . up-and-coming Le Crocodile (on Thurlow) . . . and, a cab ride away, top-rated Le Gavroche (1616 Alberni St.).

Another shopping cluster: Gastown, a renovated Victorian neighborhood (at Water and Cordova Streets) of brick walks, gaslights, funky little boutiques, new-wave art galleries, and top local talent: the factory of Mr. Jax . . . the innovative shoe designs at Peter Fox . . . the luscious leathers, in colors from pewter to bubblegum pink, at Neto (a knockout: their shapely peplum suit).

Vancouver's home-based designers have made their mark across North America, findings spots in the finest U.S. stores. Shopping at their ateliers (call first for an appointment) has its advantages: custom design and fitting, and a strong U.S. dollar. Some to consider: Zonda Nellis Design Inc. (3785 W. 10th Ave., 604/224-5524) for her hand-woven, masterfully colored turnouts (seen on *Dallas* and *Dynasty*) . . . Ruark Roswell Smith (896 Cambie St., 604/689-5057), who can whip up a gold-sparkled evening gown or sequined dinner suit in a day . . . Christine and Company (250 18th St., West Vancouver, 604/922-0350) for antique lace confections, lingerie to bridal gowns . . . Richard Marcus' arresting one-of-a-kind sculptures and artwear: big, bold cuffs of centuries-old mastodon ivory at Marcus Art (320-380 W. First Ave., 604/872-2115). For an ushered trip, let Stephanie Tofield of Born to Shop (604/738-9448) guide you in her white limo.

More local design stars: Tony Cavelti's award-winning jewelry (692 Seymour St., the Queen's a fan) . . . rival Karl Stittgen's inventive creations, at his spanking new shop at the Pan Pacific Hotel . . . and, for the finest Canadian furs: Pappas Fur Designers, Ltd. (449 Hamilton St.), furriers to the stars . . . Furs by Jacques at the Hotel Vancouver . . . and Speiser Furs' elegant coats, capes, jackets (2706 Granville St.).

Also in this section of Granville, called "South Granville," near the 12th Ave. intersection: a cluster of small, select European boutiques—Boboli, for nine lines of Max Mara (a first in North America) . . . Numero Uno, for Kenzo, Ferre, Versace, Comme des Garçons . . . Bacci's, for Montana, Byblos, Genny, Complice, Romeo Gigli . . . Bratz, for European kids-wear, fun or classic . . . and Foxx & Moss, for Vancouver-made children's clothes: a bib, bonnet, or little jumpsuit, delicately hand-painted with cherries or daisies or dots. For a break from shopping, try the Mocha Café around the corner on Broadway; for a more ambitious lunch or dinner, the new, nearby Bishop's (2183 W. 4th Ave.). Another new favorite in town: wild little Delilah's (1906 Haro St.), where the speciality is the martini (seventeen kinds). Still going strong: the venerable William Tell in the Coast Georgian Court Hotel (773 Beatty St.).

Fast becoming a Vancouver institution: Granville Island, a collection of warehouses by the water's edge, salvaged by the city and turned into shops, theater clubs, and food stalls. The result: the color and pizzazz of a European marketplace. For sea-view dining, try the expansive Bridge's (outdoor deck, wine bar/pub downstairs, formal dining upstairs) or the Cajun specialties (and weekend dancing) at quirky little Mulvaney's.

Another place to appreciate Vancouver's waterfront beauty: Stanley Park, one thousand acres of forest, sports facilities, eight-mile sea walk and three restaurants. At pretty, popular Teahouse, it's like dining in a greenhouse set amidst the mountains and the sea, a place to see Vancouver at its best.

THE BEST OF BACK EAST

Shopping, staying, playing in Toronto and Montreal

"Back East," Establishment Canada, at this moment, presents more-than-many faces. English- or French-speaking is not the question; diversity is the drawing card. A raucous Québécois dinner is a fully—fabulously—different event from a *Traviata* at Toronto's O'Keefe Centre; the bazaar that's Toronto's Kensington Market exists a million miles in sights and smells from Montreal's sleek Sherbrooke Street boutiques. What's new? A wealth of new shops, restaurants, staying places: an ever-melding sense of the best of Europe, of Canada and further south.

Toronto the International

With its crazy-quilt mix of neighborhoods and nationalities, there's an ever-changing sense of place, now, to the city of Toronto. Still-ungentrified charm bumps up against gold-windowed skyscrapers and Korean fast-food restaurants. Italians, Albanians, Australians, Vietnamese, Portuguese—over two million people—create the feeling of the world in a pocket, make lively news now with increasingly sophisticated music, art, and restaurants.

Among the restored Victorian townhouses and outdoor cafés of Yorkville, decidedly "uptown" boutiques are chockablock with clothes from top European designers. Peruzza, Wayne Clark, Alfred Sung: more and more attention, too, is being paid to Canada's own "internationals." At Hazelton Lanes (55 Avenue Rd.), shops for YSL Rive Gauche coexist with Karl Lagerfeld, Alma, Hermès—and Beaver Canoe. In the comfortably couched and tapestry-carpeted Chez Catherine, great shoes, bags, and belts are easily assembled with clothes from Ferre, Valentino, Versace, or Issey Miyake. Leathers, suedes, and great sweaters are the focus at Via Condotti (35 Avenue Rd.): sportswear looks from Mario Valentino, Montana, Complice.

Among the mahogany cases and Nouveau-y mirrors of Secrett (14 Avenue Rd.), jewelry pieces come in wonderful offbeat mixings of semiprecious stones. On a broad Bloor Street boulevard, sleek sterling coffee services from Georg Jensen (95A Bloor St. W.) offer almost adequate distraction from the steamer trunks of Louis Vuitton (110 Bloor St. W.). At Creeds (45 Bloor St. W.), new in-house boutiques for Ungaro, Krizia, and Sonia Rykiel are all under construction now. Creeds has a strong fashion bent: women head here for Bottega Veneta leathers, Fernando Sanchez or Chanel. Across the street, Holt Renfrew & Co. (50 Bloor St. W.) offers up everything from the glittering rhinestone jewels of Monty Don to rich Prada *(Continued on page 166)*

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*(Continued from page 165)*leathers. Founded in 1837, Holt Renfrew is historied but hardly staid: fashion news might come from London's Rifat Ozbek. To finish the look, Joseph-son Opticians across the street (60 Bloor St. W.) has racy Montana glasses.

In the midst of all this shopping, it may not be coincidental that the Four Seasons Hotel (21 Avenue Rd.) offers, among its marble and overblown flowers, all the necessities of shaping up: indoor/outdoor pool, exercise room, low-fat dishes in its Truffles Club.

One then can head, bravely, to Swimsuits Etcetera (85 Yorkville Ave.): for bathing suits—over four thousand of them of every make and kind. At Vivienne Poy (102 Yorkville Ave.), the lure: highly inventive handmade silk and cotton sweaters, skirts to put them with—in silk, leather, or suede.

For a respite from the rigors of shopping, Mira Linder (108 Avenue Rd.) has bio-saunas, nine-minute body "facials," as well as more pedestrian pleasures such as haircuts and manicures. Another sort of pampering takes place at the Windsor Arms Hotel (22 St. Thomas St.): everyone from Katharine Hepburn to the Rolling Stones heads to this ivy-covered brick inn with its cozy rooms, four restaurants, for staying in Toronto.

On Yonge Street, bank skyscrapers from I.M. Pei or Mies van der Rohe create an ever-aspiring city skyline. The wonderfully pink marble and peach-walled boutique that's Ira-Berg (1510 Yonge St.) tempts with Estée Lauder, with Louis Féraud classic suits, Byblos pleasures. At the post-modern West Side Grill (1118 Yonge St.), drinks and *tapas* go down easily—especially after a shopping day at Simpsons (176 Yonge St.) or at Eaton's (290 Yonge). Among the three hundred stores and fourteen acres of The Eaton Centre, Henry Birks & Sons (220 Yonge) is famous for a $100,000 sapphire-and-gold necklace or a tiny cut-crystal bottle for perfume. Throughout Canada, a small blue box from Birks is an exciting item.

For proper sustenance, head to Bregman's (1560 Yonge St.) to find the best of Toronto bagels...or, on a somewhat different scale, to the pasta and grilled fish of Il Posto (148 Yorkville St.), arguably the city's best Italian restaurant. Poached Canadian salmon serves easily as a romantic dinner at Fenton's (2 Gloucester St.).

For fun and funk, Queen Street West is the Toronto place. Bragg (446 Queen St. W.) stocks Michael Graves tea kettles, Russel Wright dinnerware. Club Monaco (403 Queen St. W.) is designer Alfred Sung's spot for sporty button-down pastels or fitted denim minis. Where else but at Atomic Age (350 Queen St. W.) could one find a silver mini—something to wear dancing at the converted industrial laundry that's the Bamboo Club (312 Queen St. W.) or after-hours at the Squeeze Club, a billiard hall and juice bar?

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Accent on: Montreal

Picture, if possible, a three-story-tall Erector Set colored deep green, a more-than-modern store that's open-feeling and offbeat. Lux (5220 boulevard St.-Laurent) inevitably turns heads around: with everything from a Havana cigar-ed *tabac* to two floors of wall-to-wall, rack-to-rack foreign magazines and newspapers.

St.-Laurent, in the French-settled Outremont section, supplies Montreal with a breezy style all its own. Behind Mondrian-like leaded windows, a dessertery called Kilo (5206 St.-Laurent) also serves up wonderfully warm whole-wheat *rouleaux* sandwiches. Eclectic (5133 St.-Laurent) is a hair shop for New Wavers and self-displayers; haircuts take place in a picture-window front. Prego (5142 St.-Laurent) is one of the newest—and hottest—of Montreal restaurants.

In the heart of modern Montreal, fashion shopping names on Sherbrooke and Crescent Streets line up one after another as some of the world's best: clothes from Saint Laurent (1330 Sherbrooke St. W.), Ungaro (1430 Sherbrooke W.), Ralph Lauren Polo (1316 Sherbrooke W.). Holt Renfrew (1330 Sherbrooke W.), that stylish store-institution, offers up everything from Holt's own furs to Katharine Hamnett; Byblos pieces stand by minimalist sportswear from Alfred Sung.

Grège (2130 Crescent) is news in town, where a black-and-grey tech-y interior houses forward fashion from Yohji Yamamoto and Comme des Garçons. At Clubissimo (1320 Sherbrooke W.), Thierry Mugler, Sonia Rykiel, and Issey Miyake are the avant-garde fashion stars. At Les Créateurs (1442 Sherbrooke W.), rustic armoire doors reveal small collections of Azzedine Alaïa, Gaultier, Castelbajac, or specially designed Les Créateurs four-ply cashmere basics. The biggest—and best—names of Italian sportswear fill the big bay window and yawning interior of Lily Simon (1480 Sherbrooke W.): Giorgio Armani, Valentino Night, Krizia, Ferre.

Lovers of fur all know Grosvenor Canada (400 De Maisonneuve W.) for quality of work and skins. By appointment, it's possible to shop in Grosvenor's showroom. A designer cooperative called Moug (1435 Crescent) has off-beat watches with chameleon-like hologram faces...or handbags made as *trompe l'oeil* boulders. Around the corner at Nô (1337 De Maisonneuve W.), one tries on Matsuda pants or cobweb-y Zou Zou sweaters before a—deliberately, stylishly—broken mirror. Energy repair comes with lunch at Les Halles (1450 rue Crescent), most famed of city eating spots. Les Halles' rabbit with prunes is reason enough for a Montreal visit.

For whole body repair, one heads to Gym-Tech, the health club at Montreal's Four Seasons Hotel (1050 Sherbrooke W.). There, $20 $20 (Canadian) brings day-long access to treadmill, rowing machines, stretching or aerobics class. Available, too: a personal trainer.

Montreal's grande-dame Queen Elizabeth Hotel (900 Dorchester Blvd. W.) is undergoing grand renovations: what never changes is its spectacular sky-high view of the city and the St. Lawrence. Summer brunch in the Ritz-Carlton (1228 Sherbrooke W.) garden is a most civilized pursuit; the Ritz's wide corridors come as appealing as the chintz rooms, chandeliers, and lush terry guest robes.

Followers of fashion make their way to Henri Cohen (1229 St.-Catherine W.) for cat's-eye sunglasses from Alain Mikli; to Quinto (1225 St.-Catherine W.), for silver net pumps. At Westmount Sq., Diaghilev—all black-and-white—stars are Mila Schön, Givenchy, Lanvin. To accommodate clients' busy lives, boutique-owner Nancy Wajsman adjusts shop hours, calls in meals, chauffeurs customers to their next appointment. Appointments to keep this summer? Grand Prix racing hits the Ile Notre-Dame, June 13-15; "China Treasures and Splendors" fills the Palais de la Civilization ('til Oct. 19). The date of the summer, though—scanning the sculpture and drawings of Joan Miró at the Museum of Fine Arts, June 20-October 5, culled from the Maeght Foundation in Saint-Paul-de-Vence. Montreal assumes modern style comfortably: It's one of the city's surprising pleasures.

—REPORTED BY LESLEY JANE NONKIN, PAGE STARZINGER

From Mainland China — a rare collecting opportunity.
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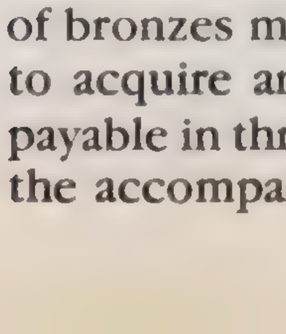

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by Yao You-Xin, "Renowned Artist of China"

Working in the ancient tradition of Chinese bronzes, Yao You-Xin approaches his art in the classic manner. He believes that a sculpture, like a poem, should capture the essence of its subject with utter simplicity. His work has received international acclaim, and he has achieved his nation's highest honor in the arts, being named "Renowned Artist of China."

Now, he has created an edition of bronzes under special commission to The Franklin Mint. "The Imperial Horse of Xian" portrays one of the noble steeds from the royal stables of that Han Dynasty capital. It will be hand cast in China and is available only by direct application. This edition of bronzes marks the *first* opportunity for collectors in the United States to acquire an original bronze sculpture by the artist. The price is $90, payable in three equal monthly installments. To order, complete and return the accompanying form by June 30th.

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TRAVEL NOW

Spa news in the Caribbean . . . heli-hiking the Rockies . . . the shape of ships to come. BY RICHARD ALLEMAN

SPA APPEAL

One of the Caribbean's toniest resorts—La Samanna on the chic French side of St. Martin—unveils its first-ever spa program this summer. Organized by an experienced kinetic therapist, La Samanna's two spa weeks—July 12–19 and August 9–16—will emphasize land exercise, water sports, balanced meals of fresh fish and fruit. Open to men and women, this Caribbean spa special costs $1998, includes a breezy La Samanna room, meals, classes, counseling, one facial and one massage; additional facials and massages cost $35 each. For reservations/information, contact David B. Mitchell & Co. in New York City at (212) 696-1323.

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Setting sail (literally) on December 13, the bold new *Wind Star, above,* the world's first computer-controlled sail-powered cruise ship. Offering seven-day "sea vacations," *Wind Star* will be based in Martinique, visit offbeat isles like St. Lucia, Grenada, Palm Island, Bequia, and Mustique. Cabins (seventy-five) have mini-bars, safes, direct-dial phones, color TV, VCRs. Sports facilities include a pool, gym, and a special hydraulic platform for scuba-diving, snorkeling, wind surfing, water-skiing, and para-sailing from the back of the boat. A week's cruise should cost from $1725 to $2250, depending on season. See travel agent or page 175 for further details.

Rocky Mountain High

For a memorable Western escapade, consider this brand-new tour from Special Expeditions. Starting off from Jackson, Wyoming, the group travels by small plane deep into the Teton Mountains to a luxurious, ultra-private ranch for four days of fishing, horseback riding, and hiking. Part two of this high-altitude adventure zips everyone up to Canada for five days of exploring the rugged Bugaboo range—via helicopter! Departures: June 28, July 2 and 16, August 31. Cost: $2000.

Worth a detour: the spectacular exhibition of gold and silver treasures from Leningrad's Hermitage Museum—on view for the first time in the West—at the Villa Favorita in Lugano, Switzerland. Objects in the show—from glorious gold boxes to fabulous Fabergé jeweled flowers—have been chosen by the Villa Favorita's owner, renowned collector Baron Thyssen-Bornemisza. The exhibit runs from June 3 to November 2, 10:00 A.M.—5:00 P.M.; closed Mondays.

suite luxury

With rates that start at $240 for a double room, The Pierre is about as expensive as any hotel in New York. Through August 31, however, a luxurious Pierre room goes for $195 a night (single or double occupancy) for weekend stays of two nights. Besides the great rate, The Pierre sweetens the deal with a bottle of wine and daily breakfasts—which may be taken in your room or in the glamorous Cafe Pierre with its cloud-painted ceiling.

FLASH! *Sun Line Cruises' flagship Stella Solaris will be based in New York City (and not in the Mediterranean) this summer/fall. Among the ports on the great Greek liner's just-announced seven- to eleven-day cruises are Bermuda, Charleston, Cape Canaveral (for Disney World), U.S. Virgin Islands, Puerto Rico, St. Martin, St. Barts—plus New England and Canada. See travel agent or call Sun Line at (800) 468-6400 for particulars.*

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TRAVEL

Portrait of Porto Ercole—the posh, low-key Italian resort where Europeans find the best of summer. BY DENA KAYE

The essence of the perfect summer holiday for me is simple: sitting on a terrace overlooking the sea, my bathing suit still wet from the Mediterranean, the last salty drops of seawater drying slowly in the sun, and savoring a late lunch of rich ripe tomatoes and mozzarella languishing in olive oil with basil. This is precisely how I whiled away several weeks last August in Porto Ercole, an Italian fishing village of pale, sienna-colored houses about two and one-half hours by car north of Rome, just on the hemline of Tuscany.

Porto Ercole is different from other sun-kissed Riviera towns. Although the Italians don't have the word "laid-back" in their vocabulary, the phrase describes the ambiance of the place perfectly. There is no razzmatazz here—you wouldn't recognize the name of a single boutique, and last year's clothes do just fine. There are no facilities for people on parade. No one pays any mind to Queen Juliana in her chauffeur-driven Jeep or to the fact that the last mayor of Porto Ercole is the sister of Fiat's chairman. And while there are distinguished Italian families like the Guccis, Corsinis, and Borgheses in residence, they are important enough not to have to be seen.

In Porto Ercole, a peek at the pool of the Pellicano hotel

It is fitting that in this low-key playground there is only one luxury hotel: Il Pellicano. An ivy-covered hacienda-ish inn with thirty-four rooms and suites done in rustic/Tuscan style—painted wooden headboards and exposed-beam ceilings—Il Pellicano is the kind of place where the bartender remembers what you drink from one year to the next. In fact, repeat guests are the hotel's mainstay, a polyglot clientele that dips into French, Italian, German, and English as easily as it dips into the sea. There is even a handful of Old World couples who sit around the pool, properly dressed in summer linens and brimmed hats.

You won't find badge-wearers or bulletin boards of organized activities at Il Pellicano. It is a place designed for guests content with a little tennis, riding, or boating—and a lot of *dolce far niente*. Here, olive trees cascade down the hillside to a heated seawater pool; and below a steep, carved-in-a-cliff staircase lie the sea and rocky terraces with umbrellas where you can bake yourself silly while an obliging waiter places a tropical fruit punch in your hand so you don't have to move one tanned inch.

The structure of the day in Porto Ercole bears little resemblance to normal life. Mornings begin in a haze of cappuccino or with a jolt of espresso on the spacious hotel terrace. One of my favorite breakfast memories is the *cornetto*, an Italian *(Continued on page 173)*

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FAST

PORTO ERCOLE

(Continued from page 170)

pastry with more crackle than a croissant. Unless you get up early to play tennis, nothing much happens until about eleven or eleven-thirty when folks meander down to the pool or to the sea. A long swim out to two pyramid-shaped rocks is just enough exercise to justify going wild at lunch.

There are no chic little places where "everyone" lunches at Porto Ercole. (Unless taking a picnic in a motorboat and anchoring in a cozy bay qualifies.) People who have or rent the few available houses stay at home, and Pellicano guests lunch on the aforementioned terrace. Besides the mozzarella, I relished freshly grilled *spigola*—a robust white fish—and the inevitable pastas. Lunch winds down slowly between three and four: then you might want to have a siesta, soak up more sun, read another chapter, or compose those postcards you somehow never get around to writing.

Yacht heaven: harbor view of Porto Ercole

GUIDO ALBERTO ROSSI/IMAGE BANK

Another hallmark of summer in the Mediterranean is that late-afternoon, early-evening stroll that in Italy is called the *passeggiata*. (Chances are you'll never be up at sunrise to see the luminescent light on the fishing boats in the old port, but sunset is equally enchanting.) The *passeggiata* takes place in the town of Porto Ercole, a year-round village whose main industry is fishing. It's about ten minutes by car from the Pellicano, unless you drive like most Italians, who think every outing is a Grand Prix. In town, the first order of business is to head for the waterfront and the Bar Gelateria Miramare, where a dish of ice cream before dinner is a summertime tradition. Here, I discovered *fiordilatte*, an airy vanilla ice milk as refreshing as a cool cloth on your forehead. The Desert Dream next door dispenses freshly squeezed fruit juices.

Fortified, you can now proceed along the port. There is a gaggle of tiny galleries, jewelry shops, boutiques with clotheslines of bikinis and little-nothing summer dresses at non-resort prices. A great find at the local *farmacia*: delicate fabric flowers attached to large hair clips. The natural coda to the *passeggiata* is something cold, or a coffee at the King's Bar.

No matter where you dine in Porto Ercole, it's casual—pants, a short or ankle-length skirt dressed up with earrings—and late: no one reserves until nine-thirty or ten. Il Pellicano does a show-stopping buffet on Friday. The hot spot in the port is Ivo's, where the musts are the *risotto pirata* (with fish), the *fritto misto*, and the baked fish.

Although Porto Ercole is sequestered on the mountain-peaked peninsula called the Argentario, it is linked to the mainland by a causeway, and within a half-hour's drive you have a number of interesting restaurant choices. Cantuccio in the town of Orbetello has a flotilla of hors d'oeuvres—from the unexpected baked potato with mascarpone and gorgonzola to smoked salmon and carpaccio. Sit outside.... Poggio al Pero in Albinia is my dream of a small-town family restaurant where, in a vine-covered garden, it's acceptable for children to fall asleep at the table. The forte here is pasta, especially with fish or with eggplant.... Torre da Carlo, nestled in the medieval town of Capalbio, features, of all things, boar steak. The deceptively simple dessert is memorable: biscuits you dunk in *vino santo*, the local sweet wine.... If you would like dinner with an extracurricular activity, take the baths (mud or water) at Terme di Saturnia and have dinner at L'Udonia, where the menu features a particularly zesty *aqua cotta* (peasant soup).

There is only one disco in Porto Ercole. Called La Strega, it is an outdoor affair with bougainvillaea walls and a starlit ceiling. The place pulses from about midnight to about 4:30 A.M., when the hardy drive into Orbetello to the town's only *pasticceria* that makes *bombolone*, the Italian version of a doughnut. It's usually eaten for breakfast—but who said you had to *sleep* through the night before you were entitled to the first meal of the day? ▽

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Williamstown's Congregational Church

TRAVEL

Williamstown, MA: the sophisticated summer of a classic New England college town.

BY DESPINA MESSINESI

In summer, the charming New England college town of Williamstown, Massachusetts, draws not only students but theater buffs. They come for the Williamstown Theater Festival, a lively series of plays performed in Williams College's white-pillared theater by a fine cast of resident actors and star artists. An added attraction for the summer visitor to Williamstown is the Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute. The magnitude of this priceless collection never ceases to surprise: the tranquil Corots, the thirty-five Renoirs, Lautrec's "Jane Avril," the Monets, Sargents, Remingtons, and Gainsboroughs, the Dégas sculpture of a ballerina wearing a real tulle *tutu*, its satin bodice originally designed by Maison Worth of Paris—plus the period silver and the joy of seeing all these treasures without being pushed and shoved.

Besides art and theater, Williamstown in summer has the perennial appeal of a classic American college town. Outside Williams' large stone- or brick-turreted Victorian dormitories, students lie stretched out on lawns under the shadows of trees. Across from the steepled white Congregational Church on Main Street, the short span of Spring Street is a cluster of shops that cater to students but that can easily make adults nostalgic for their own school years.

The House of Walsh, for example, is an expensive preppy place for clothes next door to the Slippery Banana, a great grocery store that has everything from two dozen varieties of coffee beans to bright shoelaces in Williams colors. At the ice-cream parlor Goodies, chocolate kisses, gum balls, caramels, marshmallow peas and carrots, rock candies, and sixteen kinds of jelly beans are displayed behind three-foot-tall glass panels. Across the street, Poppa Charlie's Deli pays homage to the town's theater festival with sandwiches named for some of the actors who have played Williamstown: Richard Dreyfuss, Richard Chamberlain, Dick Cavett, and Bo Derek. One block over on Water Street, the Potter's Wheel has a handsome collection of handmade silver jewelry as well as a delightful view from its back balcony over a stream trickling through green grasses.

Williamstown's newest all-year attraction is The Orchards, a comfortable inn on the outskirts of town. In spite of its unprepossessing look from the outside, The Orchards has a cozy interior with Oriental rugs and masses of fresh flowers. There is a pleasant lounge, a dining room with soft green walls, flowered china on pink cloths, antique English silver tea and coffee pots, each in a different pattern. The downstairs bar—with its plaid rug and stone fireplace—has deep chairs set around butler's tray tables. Guest rooms face a quiet patio with a small pool and young apple trees.

In the guest rooms and throughout the inn, the furniture is English and traditional: four-poster beds, pretty details such as blanket covers, skirted beds and tables, TVs concealed in highboys. English bath soaps and terry robes are among the goodies supplied in the white-marble bathrooms.

The Orchards, about a three-hour drive from New York City and two and one-half hours from Boston, makes a convenient pivotal base for taking in the many summer delights of the Berkshire Mountains: the concerts at Tanglewood, the dance at Jacob's Pillow, and more top-notch theater at the Berkshire Theater Festival in Stockbridge. When guests reserve at The Orchards, the inn will arrange tickets for these nearby attractions as well. Phone: (413) 458-9611. ▽

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VIEW

BY KATHLEEN MADDEN

SUMMER AND STYLE

When the subject is style . . . and the reality is dressing for mid-summer . . . the most appealing fashion notions, inevitably, bring with them a sense of "neatening up." At its best, that may translate, *this* summer, simply as a new white Chanel chain bag . . . or earrings that are big, tube-like hoops—in silver or gold. Dressing in a white shirt—or pulled-together jersey pieces that will take you to another season, *left:* At Gloria Sachs, jersey trousers and a small jacket have the jaunty style of a French sailor, work with a neat crew neck—or a navy Lacoste shirt and pearls.

Carrera's newest racing sunglasses keep glare out but let tanning rays through—thus effectively eliminating a "raccoon" look. Dark brown or green-lensed Persols or Vuarnets are the classic status sunglass. Belts—broader, textured—immediately set up a neater shape for summer. *("View" continued on page 180)*

ELEMENTS OF SUMMER

So many white quilted Chanel bags arrived at one recent Palm Beach lunch departing guests nearly needed claim checks. What those women knew: white bags—in leathers with texture—brighten up brown, khaki, or chamois for summer, spark dressing in navy or grey. *Above:* The classic Chanel; tassled tote, La Bagagerie; Hunting World bag with natural leather.

Rounding out the season, right: A hoop that's as thin as a pencil lead (from John Iversen); a bit sturdier (M & J Savitt); twisted gold (Monet) or richly pebbled from Bulgari. Tubes are the fashion message: in gold (Erwin Pearl), matte or shiny silver—or duo (M & J Savitt). As big as they get: ivory from Patricia von Musulin.

ANDREA BLANCH, RANDOLPH GRAFF

Details, last pages

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VIEW

WHAT'S IN A SHORT?

Designer suggestions for this summer range from camp-fire clothes to shorts for a working woman. Shorts by night.

By bike. Is anyone really serious?

Shorts are hot. They're cool. They're a recurring refrain each warm-weather season. On runways for this summer, they turned up in every guise from serious suits at Armani to at-home knits at Rykiel—where shorts suggested narrowness more than anything. Body-molded bicycle pants reigned in Europe.

When short white shorts get topped by a fitted navy leather Chanel jacket, for example, something more than fashion statements is afoot: as when Armani once showed an entire "shorts" collection, the message was not in shorts but in the look of a top. Ralph Lauren finds tailored walking shorts "sporty and sexy." When shorts "soften"—and acquire the length and ease of a skirt—"They're easy to walk in; they're comfortable. They're the most practical piece for women," says Zoran, who puts his in day-or-night taffetta. Perry Ellis agrees—with wool crepe "shorts" for the coming fall season.
("View" continued on page 182)

Totally turned-out, above left, shorts from Armani or Krizia city dressing, right. Bicycle pants, the shape of the summer, left, from Montana. Above right: Sonia Rykiel knitted charm. At top right: the shortest version.

TOHRU NAKAMURA, CLAUS OHM. Hair by Mitch Barry, makeup, Leslie Lopez, details, last pages

A woman and gold were destined for each other. No better example of the affinity that exists than these multiple necklaces of 18k gold. Each becomes the other. **Nothing else feels like real gold.**

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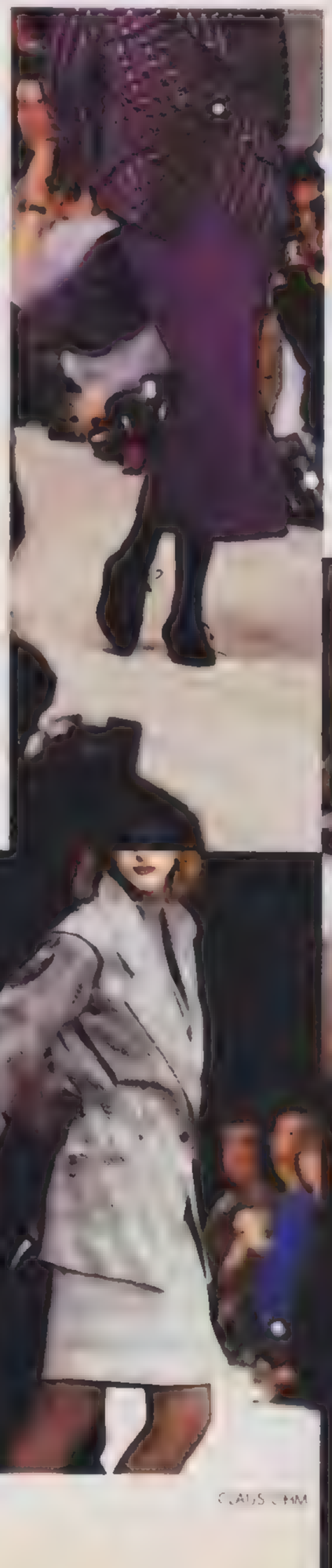
VIEW

FALL: ROUND 1

To begin: There are choices; but all "choices" are not created equal this season. Among the thousands of looks pouring down runways now, certain—quite specific—fashion offerings are collectively shaping the look of fall. The news from Europe? Softer tailoring, waisted everything, a wealth of leathers, a wonderful year for coats. Here, the view from the runway: a first look at fall. *("Fall" continued on page 184)*

Coats: long, longer, and belted

If a coat's not belted, it may be shaped at the waist. . .or tied like Ungaro's deep-grey taffetta trench, above left. Claude Montana brings his nearly weightless new coat close to the body with a broad belt, far left, and cuts it ankle-length. At Lagerfeld, plaid (there are plenty now), near left, lights up waisting on the runway.



Red warms a season of "no color"

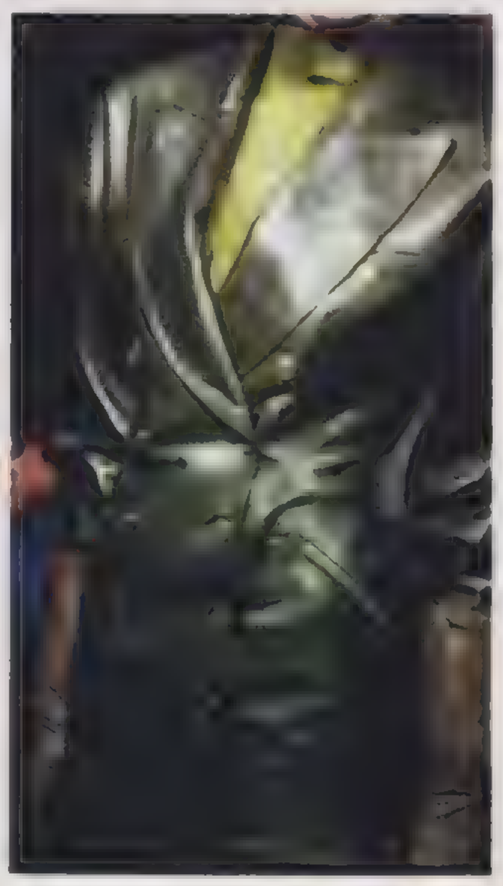
At Saint Laurent, a fire-engine jacket, above, tops off a jersey dress; red puckered velvet shapes up evening dressing. Ferre, this season, ties a matching cashmere muffler at the neck of jackets by day. In red: a show-stopper.

The subject? Length. Skirts come below/ calf . . .or at kneecap

"Long" is the new skirt-length option. The trumpet-shaped skirt, right, from Lagerfeld, says it all: it's over-calf, worn with a flat shoe. Less special (and seen more often): skirts stopping at top of knee. Below right, in glen plaid; Ungaro.

The shape of fall? Waisted

Body-consciousness continues, sometimes softens (as with Ungaro's suit, center right). At Azzedine Alaïa, a new way with fit spans the entire length of a woman's torso (near right) in a leather jacket. The view from the rear—far right, at Azzedine: discreet grey jersey dressing shaped up by a body.



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RANDOM HOUSE

VIEW

FALL, CONTINUED

Leather, shearling: new "fabric" action

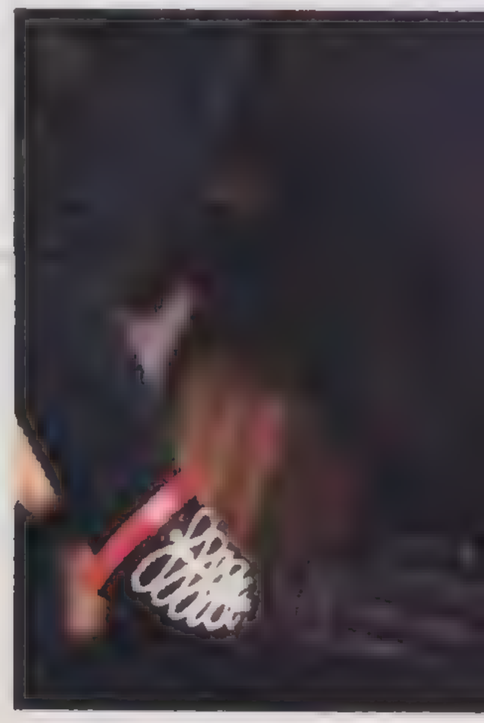
From Paris and Milan: enough shearling and leather to populate the Australian Outback. At Ferre, below, soft cinnamon. Montana's black leather pants (bottom) come tapered, high-waisted, pleated—for day or dinner.

At night: "body," cooled-down glamour

Bugle beading is not the prevailing message: big-time evening dressing, above, at Montana is in grey jersey—the most demanding of body dressing. Black-tie dressing from Emanuel Ungaro, right, with as much formality as Paris nighttimes get: the dinner suit in aubergine velvet.

And gloves have never been better

Braided, jeweled, in softest suede: gloves, far right, from Valentino. For suits, day-dressing, new skirts, near right: YSL's high-heeled pump.
("View" continued on page 186)



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VIEW

MOSCHINO CHEERY

designers produce fashion. They also produce themselves,'' says Franco Moschino, a man who's looking closely at the world in which he works. A not-in-the-least reverent fashion maker, Moschino is, proudly, the ''bad boy'' of Milan runways. He produces shows—and models' turnouts—with a very special brand of wit. He doesn't lean to fashion fun-and-games but simply has fun in the way he puts pieces together: spoofing other designers or fashion fads, piling on plaid with print—or an overkill of neck chains. Taken straight, there's charming clothing—a great plaid steamer coat, neat herringbone jacket or polo sweater that really works. ''I have always thought that the world was too full of words and messages,'' says Moschino. ''That's why I've often declared that I have never invented anything. Rather, I have remade, reproposed, reinterpreted. I consider myself a commentator.''

Moschino's ''comments'' on the season? Takeoffs on everyone from Valentino to Hermès to America's own Mickey Mouse, who blazons suspenders. Trompe l'oeil panties and bra turn a tunic sweater into inside-out dressing. Moschino's hearts-and-''M'' printed fabric makes a very deliberate — delighted — nod to Vuitton.

''Lately, I have decided to call my clothes 'schizophrenic,' '' says Moschino. ''If they speak, it's only because to dress means to give an image of oneself—something immediate and untranslatable. I've always wanted this image to be ironic and frivolous. At times, indeed, provocative.''

(''View'' continued on page 188)

What's missing now in fashion? Humor. But then there's Moschino.

Fall, with humor, from Moschino: The ''signature'' woman (top), in Moschino sweater; trompe l'oeil top layering, above left. Tailoring with denims, left —and favorite Persol sunglasses; piling on pearls, above, à la Chanel.

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I. MAGNIN

The Third Man by Caron, Paris

VIEW PEOPLE IN FASHION ARE TALKING ABOUT WHAT'S COMING...

What's new? Fashion finds to make the most of summer...shopping by video, shopping designers...fall's zipped-up knits, sleek "animals"...the newsiest coat for cold

People are talking about the finds of this summer . . . and, invariably, that means pieces with a somehow easier-going dressing sense. To pull together a crisp black cotton shirtdress such as Donna Karan's, "easier" might simply mean a broad belt—now in natural leather. The best of accessories, this season, often come "natural": a gold star pendant from Barry Kieselstein-Cord put on a neck thong . . . a buckled Hermès wrist band . . . a new Ralph Lauren shoulder bag that's the color of the palest saddle. Perry Ellis's new canvas sandal-cum-espadrille, in white, could well be the new easygoing hot-weather "basic"; Hermès "Lady Liberty" scarf the best "belt" around to put at the waist of jeans. For women who firmly believe in separates, a young designer named Ellen Ann Dobrovir has a new system of bathing suits: charming bandeau tops, halters, and bikinis of every sort—all in cotton knit —to mix, match up, create the perfect uncomplicated bathing suit for summer.

"Catalog shopping" was never like this: Norma Kamali—for a $10 deposit that can be applied to purchases—is now lending out to customers her new OMO/Kamali video. Shoppers can now stay at home with their VCRs, call in choices. . . . Zip-in-time: The 'sixties fondness for clothes with obvious zipper closings is turning into an '86 fashion twist. Watch for zippered mock turtleneck tops, cardigans, jackets, and knitted body stockings. Even Azzedine Alaïa, the man who first set off this zipped-up revival, outdoes himself this year—using a metal closing to shape a short body-conscious suit or leather coat, to swirl like a yards-long silver necklace around a knit-dress body. . . .

First, Horowitz dazzled at the piano; now Yves Saint Laurent will turn around Moscow's sense of dress. Plans are afoot to move the YSL fashion retrospective now on show at Paris's new Musée des Art de la Mode on to Moscow, come December. Next stop? Leningrad's Hermitage Museum, in February '87—all part of the show's global evolution. Since a Metropolitan Museum opening in December '83, YSL clothes have also stopped off at Beijing, logged more miles than Henry Kissinger. . . . It's obviously an international conspiracy: designers on both sides of the Atlantic, for this winter, have a decided affection for shearling. Showing up (at Ralph Lauren Roughwear, for starters) are small shearling jackets and big vests for rugged weekends; there's a 7/8 cardigan coat at new U.S. designer Zack Carr, the most glamorous shearling and suede at Ferre. Even unconventional clothes-maker Jean-Paul Gaultier, this season, works his new-classic navy trench with a button-out woolly lining. What's new? New shearling weights, more softness.

"If a designer isn't 'body conscious,' he's not a designer at all.

But there are all kinds of clothes and all kinds of bodies"

"OLDER OR YOUNGER, THEY ALL SEEM TO WANT A TANK TOP," SAYS ZORAN, "INSTEAD OF A T-SHIRT." WHAT ZORAN'S CUSTOMERS ARE TELLING HIM FOR THIS SUMMER: TANKS ARE THE MOST VERSATILE TOPS TO WEAR ALONE OR TO PUT UNDER A JACKET, IN EVERY FABRIC FROM CASHMERE TO MEN'S-WEIGHT FLANNEL TO SILK OR COTTON KNIT. "WOMEN WANT TO REVEAL THEIR ARMS," ZORAN CLAIMS. "THE TANK IS THE TOP OF THE SEASON."

A fully stocked menagerie of "animals"—amusing animal knits, prints, and fake furs—seems to herald the start of each new fall/winter clothing season. This season, that means everything from an abundance of leopard-spot fabrics at Yves Saint Laurent to a small short "ocelot" skirt that Geoffrey Beene, for evenings out, puts under a starry nighttime black jacket. Carol Horn, for fall, does her spotted "cat" print in panne velvet, works that into, among other pieces, a charming pair of narrow pants. The best beasts on the block? At Krizia, a lively black-and-white "dalmatian" print decorates, with great style, the newest of sunglasses. . . .

The fad for "Miami Vice" post-modern pales, this summer, may be finally fading out. It seems that costumer Milena Canonero—famed for outfitting, quite splendidly, "The Cotton Club," "Chariots of Fire," and "Out of Africa" and newly retained by the hot NBC program—is looking into giving Don Johnson and Co. a rich new TV look. The revised style? Call it "Out of Miami." . . .

What's new? A bit of stretch, giving new shape to almost every imaginable fall fabric, putting "body" into a new silk crepe fabric found in a dress at Michael Kors or a wealth of fleece pieces now at Norma Kamali. Donna Karan, whose close-to-the-body wool jersey changed the look of last season, has something new: "stretch leather"—worked for some new flat shoes—a very comfortable prospect. . . . In a year when "body conscious" seems to describe every fashion piece ever created, designer Joan Vass has the right idea. Says Vass: "If a designer isn't 'body conscious,' he's not a designer at all. But there are all kinds of clothes. . . and all kinds of bodies."—KATHLEEN MADDEN

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Calvin Klein

EASY CHANGES... SUMMER TO FALL

This is a month that moves back and forth between summer and fall. Where you look first depends on your own sense of fashion "timing." There are those of us who like to know as much as possible as soon as possible about what's coming—all the news, first, fast. Meaning, this is the moment to look carefully at fall. Then, there are those of us who play it close and shop "in season"—i.e., looking for summer clothes in summer and expecting to find them. And for all of us, there's the demand for attractive, anytime, dressing—clothes that take you easily from season to season, city to city, with a certain style and presence. This issue was set up to accommodate all of the above.

JUST-IN-TIME SUMMER FINDS

First things first, it *is* summer, it is hot, and you need something new—you didn't buy all your warm-weather clothes last April. We won't promise you'll discover a full-fledged summer wardrobe this month, but some of the season's more easygoing delights are available. What you can still find in the stores (and in this issue):

- Terrific swimsuits—thinly textured, brightly colored, designed to move.
- The best and briefest tops—bare, stripped-down tank tops; halter T-shirts; cropped, sleeveless turtlenecks; bandeau tops.
- An oversized overshirt in clean, striped cotton to go over everything . . . or nothing, depending.
- The miniest mini-skirts in classic khaki (at one extreme) and star-studded cotton knit (at the other).
- A soft blue chambray shirt to wear with cotton trousers.

SIGNALS OF CHANGE: FALL AHEAD

Summer or not, the first fall clothes are due in stores in a matter of weeks—or sooner. Whether you want to buy now or later, this is the time the season "comes together" and certain differences stand out.

- The biggest difference—the difference in shape. Everywhere, an evolution of body-conscious dressing. It's easier, gentler, less severe, less exaggerated.
- A different shoulder line—rounder, softer, less excessive.
- A new coat. Coats are the season's strong points. The strongest: the redingote with its small-fitting top, softer skirt—and longer length.
- A new longer skirt—and a new elongated proportion in day dressing. Length by itself is not the issue; the days of hemline anxiety *are* past. But a longer skirt demands changes—in the coat or jacket that goes over it, the shoe, the way a look comes together.
- Short skirts, by the way, continue. Today, hemline shifts are determined largely by shifts in mood—one length doesn't preclude another.
- A real difference—a real daytime dress. Longer. Belted. With a small top, long sleeves. In jersey, nine times out of ten—and at every price level. Runner-up: a more classic turtleneck dress.

PRIORITY DRESSING: NEW ALTERNATIVE

Leaving the question of "news" aside for a minute, what's most welcome all the time—clothes that are soft and small, highly adaptable to change, seasonless, easy to wear and travel in, and dressed enough for any daytime situation. Clothes that become, in effect, a priority in anyone's wardrobe. What answers that description?— the new jerseys and knits. They started last fall and have continued to gain momentum. With good reason: nothing is more appealing than this relaxed, unpretentious way of dressing . . . a way of dressing that doesn't always rely on a jacket.

KEY PLAYERS: THE NEW ACCESSORIES

Whether you shop early or late, whether the season is summer or fall—what's most appealing, most movable—the new accessories. The point: accessories have never been more important or made more of a difference. They become elements of personal style, giving a look character, individuality. What makes that possible: the nature of the accessories themselves—the best are clearly out-of-the-ordinary, designed to be different. The key: the quality. And the strength.

- The look of a gutsy, sharp strap of leather to hold a wrist—the season's newest "bracelet."
- The look of gold on a braided leather neck thong—against bare skin, against silk, suede, anything—a knockout!
- The look of a contoured crocodile belt and the impact it has on a "simple" jersey dress

GETTING IT RIGHT . . . FROM THE START

The secret to making fashion work—any season—starting out with the right base. Depending on your needs, your likes and dislikes, that base can vary—it can be a dress, or two-piece jersey dressing, or it can be a suit. Whatever it is, it always works. It's an answer; the key to a system. Once you set it up and set up what goes with it, you've uncomplicated your life . . . at least, from a fashion standpoint.

The idea doesn't only apply to fashion. Start with the right haircut and you really make life a lot easier. What's "right"? Hair that's layered in a modern, unobvious way; layered for built-in versatility. And you appreciate that versatility, that ease more in summer. Think of it—think of being able to leave hair wet and know it looks good, to let it dry naturally, or to blow it dry; to tie it up with a silk ribbon at night and just go—no fuss, no time wasted.

Summer is all about that kind of free and easy beauty. But it isn't "seasonal." The lives we live today demand this freedom all the time, but it's only possible if you have the right start. A minimal makeup—and certainly that's most attractive in summer—takes the best-cared-for skin, skin that can afford to go without heavy coverage. For summer day as minimal as lip pencil, foundation, and translucent powder.

But nowhere is that sense of freedom more desirable than in a modern freedom of movement. A freedom that starts with a healthy, in-shape body, with stamina, with a healthy attitude. There's the willingness to eliminate anything extraneous, encumbering, and to concentrate on the basics, on what will take you farther, faster. It's an attitude that underscores everything you'll be seeing—this month, and in the months to come.

THE DELIGHTS OF A NEW SEASON

What stands out as the season begins—what stands out on these fourteen pages—a strong emphasis on accessories and on the way a look comes together. Accessories, in every sense of the word, have never meant more or had more "riding" on them; they are the elements that give clothes individuality and charm this season, the elements of personal style. What makes that possible—and it's an important distinction—the character of the accessories themselves (continued, page 199).

From Geoffrey Beene, from a collection that "breaks the rules," the delight of the unexpected—the look of black lace on an orange wool sleeve. . .the lace edging on a black beret. . .the lace-over-leather gloves. Each detail, charming on its own; and together—!. . . . *Beauty Note:* With this bold coloring, makeup of equal definition. From Lancôme, Chinchilla and Fumée shadows; Rubine lips. Hair, Suga, of Suga salon, NYC; makeup, Kevyn Aucoin. Details, stores, last pages of this issue.

Penn

NEW DELIGHTS

A dazzling all-out
display of brilliance...
an ultimate delight

Every once in a while something comes along that's...simply glorious; something remarkable in and of itself. Perfect illustration—the diamond flower ear clips, here—a blaze of rare blue and white stones, beautifully shaped, set—truly, one-of-a-kind. From Harry Winston. Hair, Madeleine Cofano for Bruno Dessange; makeup by Kevyn Aucoin.

Penn

Penn

NEW DELIGHTS

The key to accessories now—and you'll see it clearly on the pages ahead—is quality. To really work, to really make a difference, you need something out of the ordinary, with style and presence of its own, that's the starting point, always.

It's as true for the traditional accessories—jewelry to bags to belts—as it is for the non-traditional. the special separate jacket or top that turns a look around. . . . Something else to keep your eye on now—and later—a new definition of shape. . . as the season begins, it's the leading indicator of change . . . and it can change everything.

Outstanding. . . for its new definition of shape (the softer, rounder shoulders and sleeves; the smallness of fit) and for its glorious ornamental quality: Geoffrey Beene's printed pony jacket—a shape throughout his new collection (along with the charming berets). September at Bergdorf Goodman; Lou Lattimore, Dallas; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA. Hair, Oribe, NYC; makeup, Kevyn Aucoin. Details, see next to last pages.

The new choice in accessories: leather! From designers everywhere. In everything...gutsy jewelry to soft jackets. Leather for its luxury, its seasonlessness....

Always part of leather's appeal—the range of textures. Perfect example, perfect new starting point for dressing, *this* page: Donna Karan's body suit with a supple-as-silk suede top, a wool-knit bottom, her strong-textured crocodile belt. Donna Karan New York. Body suit, Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Ruth Meyers, Oklahoma City OK; Liberty House of Hawaii....The biggest news: jewelry in leather. The most exciting bracelets of the season: gutsy, sharp straps, *opposite*, exactly like miniature belts! These, from the bottom: lizard/gold by Barry Kieselstein-Cord, about $950; brown faux crocodile/gold ring by Jill Stuart, about $65; alligator/gold buckle by Johnny Farah, about $95; Miss Ellen Ruth Levy NYC's "LOVE" bracelet, alligator/gold, about $410. At the neck, her "LOVE" belt, about $670...*Beauty Note:* News—sheer, pale lip color like Prescriptives Bronze-leaf, *opposite*. These eight pages: hair, Suga, Suga salon, NYC. Makeup, Kevyn Aucoin. Details, see last pages.

Penn

THE LEATHER

ALTERNATIVE

THE LEATHER ALTERNATIVE

For delight, for nonstop versatility, nothing's a better accessory than the right jacket. Particularly if it's a winner like Calvin Klein's jacket, *this page*—smaller, lightly shaped—of day-to-night soft beige leather. About $1160. Mid-June at Altman's; Filene's; Montaldo's; Marshall Field's; Dayton's....Another indispensable accessory: a great-looking watch. The knockout, *opposite*, one of Concord's new "freedom" watches—this, with diamond numbers on a black face, a band of 14k-gold and black chromium-finished steel. Worn here with a trio of black onyx and 18k-gold bracelets from Tiffany & Co. Watch at Tourneau, NYC. ... *Beauty Note:* New alternative in face makeup, Elizabeth Arden's lightweight mousse #5. For details, more stores, next to last pages of this issue.

Penn

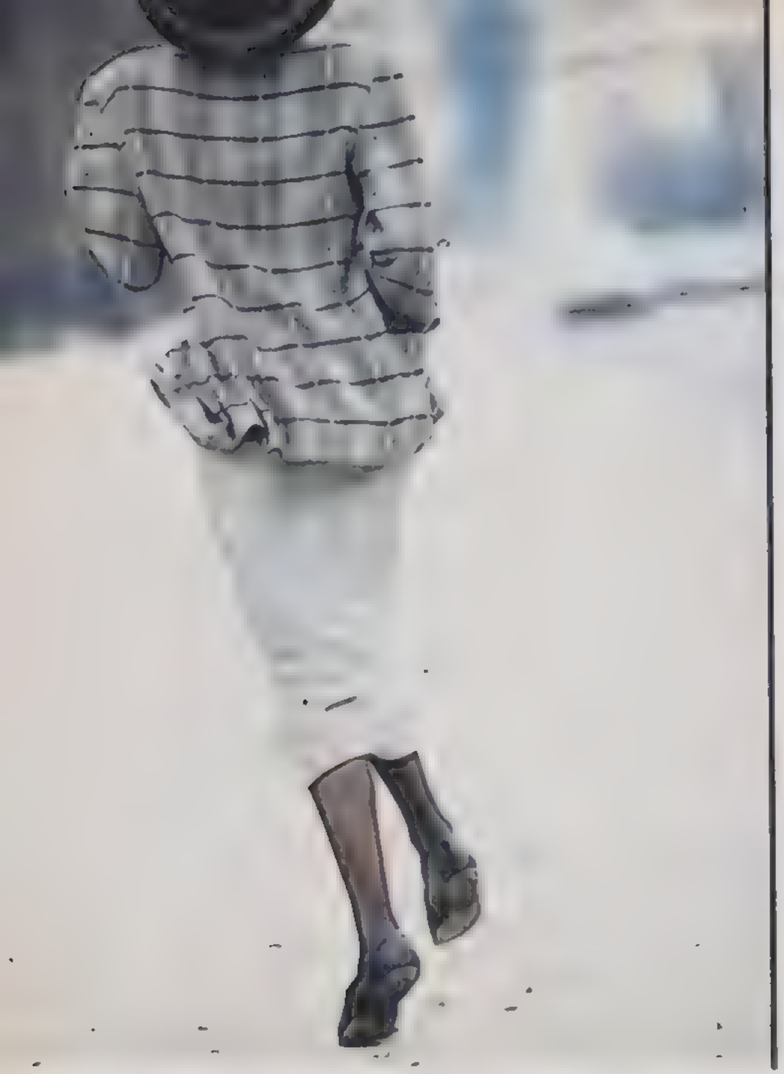
Priorities—elements that make all the difference in the way a look comes together: the right handbag, the right belt, the perfect white shirt. And nowhere is there a more perfect white shirt than Saint Laurent Rive Gauche's *this page*—simple, pure-lined, seasonless, with a flat collar. "Strong" enough to go it alone with leather trousers or a skirt, an important belt. Shirt, about $655. July at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC. The faux crocodile belt, Yves Saint Laurent $56. At all Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques....The most perfect, most appealing everyday bag in years (and you'd wear it for years), *opposite*, Chanel's brown crocodile—big enough, "organized," the best! About $1590. Bloomingdale's; Saks Jandel; Neiman-Marcus....The "offbeat" everyday accessory, "the non-working watches"—look-alike bracelets to stack by the armful—a very appealing idea! By Maripolitan. Each, about $35. Fiorucci, NYC; Chez May, St. Louis MO; Algebra, San Francisco. For details, see next to last pages.

Penn

THE LEATHER ALTERNATIVE

Leather—continuing as a strong theme in accessories of every description...The irresistible charm of "something old, something new," *opposite*, Bulgari's ancient coins set in 18k-gold, worn now on thongs or braids of leather. Charming, the way they look on a shirt or dress of leather, cashmere, jersey, silk. The earrings also by Bulgari. Bulgari at The Pierre Hotel, NYC. And—a new leather thong to keep sunglasses in place. Thong, Paul Stuart. The sunglasses from a new series by Calvin Klein Eyewear.....Second cousin to a huarache, with a braided slingback, just enough wedge to give you a lift, *this page*, Mario Valentino's indispensable city/country shoe. About $240. Mario Valentino Boutique, NYC. Another leather indispensable, Hermès' sleek "agenda." About $325....*Beauty Note*: There's a clear emphasis on low-key, sheer color, i.e., *left*, from Yves Saint Laurent Beauté, Coppered Gold lipstick. Details, stores, last pages.

THE LEATHER ALTERNATIVE



PARIS/MILAN: A SEASON

Paris/Milan: On these fourteen pages, a close look at the way fall/winter shapes up. A look on two levels. The first, the season's news. The second: a look at the way designers interpret that news according to their own vision. Fashion today doesn't speak with a single, unified voice: there are different voices, different stopping points along a continuing spectrum . . . from the conservative fashion "right" . . . to what can be described as a more "center" position . . . to more avant-garde, left-of-center dressing. . . . Certain things are key no matter what, no matter who. Changes in shape—an evolution to a less tough, less constricted shaping. Other important themes: changing proportions—a new "balance" brought about by changes in shape and length . . . the new strengths of coats, of

THE SHAPE

leather, the new appeal of jerseys and knits. And, where fashion is on target, a freewheeling charm (symbolized by the inset, *far left*)....The starting point, the first voice: that of Claude Montana—with a collection that moved away from "center," a collection that's strong, sure ...distinctive in its style, its consistency.

At Claude Montana—three strong looks—all in deep, dark grey, the season's color. *From the left:* His new two-piece day dressing in wool jersey, with a high-necked top, very fitted, and a different-shaped calf-long skirt—cut on the bias, with a fish-tail center pleat. Top, about $300; skirt, about $425. Sept. at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Nan Duskin; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Claude Montana Boutique, Beverly Hills...His distinctive sweater and pants—another small-fitting turtleneck top in wool jersey, with new high-waisted grey flannel trousers; and the surprise of a "stole." For Birger Christensen. Top, about $380; pants, about $350. Sept. at Bloomingdale's; Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY; Woodward & Lothrop; Lou Lattimore; Claude Montana Boutique, Beverly Hills...Making a point of narrowness, of perfect strictness: his grey covert coat-dress, straight to the calf. About $725. Sept. at Macy's, Herald Square; Suzy, Great Neck NY; Panache, Millburn NJ; Nan Duskin; Saks Jandel; Claude Montana Boutique, Beverly Hills. For details, see last pages.

THE WORD FOR DAY...

Paris/Milan: Nowhere. a stronger voice than that of Giorgio Armani. In his collections always. the essence of modern daytime style. dressing that answers needs in the most attractive. un-self-conscious way possible. Straightforward. easygoing clothes—no frills. no distractions—with a unique precision of tailoring.

. . . There are subtle changes in shape. moves from one season to the next. This season. the softly gathered longer skirts. the new gentleness of under-jacket tops. the easier shape of his coats. But the changes are secondary. What comes first—what you notice first—the overall presence. the expression of a singular vision . . . the charm.

Armani at his best...day dressing at its best. *Far left (and below, far right)*—his new soft coat—fuller, easier, shawl-collared, in a beautiful creamy-sand cashmere. And the look of the coat over a simple sweater and trousers—pure Armani! July at Bergdorf Goodman....*Near left (and below left)*: The unparalleled attraction of a suit—his way: a longer collarless jacket—finely striped wool/silk with a large overplaid; and his new longer skirt gathered at the top, zipped, pleated in the center. Jacket, about $995, skirt, about $420. July at Saks Fifth Avenue; Tootsies, Houston. Watch, Rolex....Precise, perfect suit dressing, *below, center*. Another new-shape jacket—with a wrap-over front, two side belts holding the small, fitted waist—in plaided heathery-grey wool/alpaca/cashmere, over navy pants. Underneath, a hooded silk blouse in the palest-grey crinkled silk. Jacket, about $1000; blouse, about $890; pants, about $495. July at Giorgio Armani Boutique, NYC; I. Magnin. Details, last pages.

CLASSIC STATEMENTS...

Paris/Milan: There are changes. And there are changes. There are the "revolutionary" turnarounds that yield instant headlines. And there are subtle evolutions when fashion quietly moves to a higher level. No one has mastered that evolutionary art better than Yves Saint Laurent. His real strength—the voice that women respond to again and again—the way he turns something almost-familiar into something considerably different. This season, many outstanding examples (the jacket, *above*, a perfect one) of the way he re-invents what

women want and need most, providing attractive. workable answers. Another reason women listen: the total way of dressing at Saint Laurent. the perfection of every detail. . . .A voice for evolutionary change. . .a designer who constantly redefines a distinctive sportswear concept of dressing: Gianfranco Ferre. Key to that refinement: the heightened level of luxury. In this collection—suedes and shearling that rival sable! And it's a collection that speaks for a different sense of coloring: in a season of darkened shades. a refreshing move to pale. palomino colors. . .and once in a while (memorably in his pivotal new jacket)—red!

Symbol, *left,* of Saint Laurent's perfect day dressing: his new camel cashmere/wool jacket. The way it fits, the way it feels—unlike any other jacket you've owned, with its gentle shaping through the waist and body. About $1265. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, Manhasset NY; Boston; Jacksonville FL; Houston; Beverly Hills. Watch, Rolex....*Below, left:* Gianfranco Ferre's unexpected luxurious "sweater set"—a creamy suede cardigan blouson over a suede sweatshirt tucked into trousers, and worn over a crisp white silk crepe shirt. Jacket, about $1725. Late July at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY; Nan Duskin; Saks Jandel; Femina, Scottsdale AZ; La Jolla CA; Las Vegas NV....And, in a year of turtleneck tops, the most!—Gianfranco Ferre's creamy-soft suede blouson, *below right.* Late July at Bergdorf Goodman. Fashion information, more stores, see next to last pages of this issue.

Paris/Milan: There are things that set any season apart. One thing. this season. a new emphasis on coats—it was an early fashion prediction that proved out. And the coat shape emphasized everywhere: the redingote—with its body-fitting top. smaller waist. softer skirt. What's interesting. the way that coat changes from designer to designer: the way different voices give it a different character and personality. From Saint Laurent. *below*. a more-classic. but-not-classic approach. Again. it's the turn on the familiar—the luxury of the fabric. the sophistication of the shaping—that lends a distinctive edge. And his singular style continues in the way it's worn—over a knit turtleneck. an easy jersey skirt—what could be easier. or more likable? It's day dressing everyone

AN ACCENT ON COATS...

Arthur Elgort

The coat of the year—the redingote—from Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, *opposite*. In double-breasted camel cashmere/wool with wide notched lapels, wide cuffs, a belt in back. Barneys New York; Kaufmann's; Dayton's; Younkers, Omaha NE; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, San Francisco; Canada....Azzedine Alaïa's "skating coat" redingote, *above*, in rich cognac-colored beaver, with a curvy shawl collar, fitted and belted waist, swirly above-the-knee skirt. Underneath, his hooded wool knit body suit in pumpkin and matching wool knit leggings, cropped at the ankle. Coat, to order at Alaïa, Paris. Details, see last pages.

responds to instantly.... When a familiar shape is reinterpreted by a more unconventional designer. a more unconventional result. From Azzedine Alaïa—a strong. individual. and highly influential voice—*above*. a distinctly unexpected—or. for him. expected—redingote. This time. a more exaggerated shape. an exaggerated smallness to the waist. the unexpected softness of fur...and his signature body dressing underneath. In each case. each designer—true to form!

Paris/Milan: Within the context of a season. variations within a designer's thinking. . .and the way a designer uses familiar elements. Leather is second nature to Azzedine. one base of his fame. Now. the same black leather. the same shaping and fit. the same "edge" that sets him apart—in this season's long, soft redingote . . .distinctly "new," distinctly Azzedine.

Long, strong, gutsy—the redingote in black leather from Azzedine Alaïa, *above*. Very fitted, buttoned, with a swingy circle skirt. August at Barneys New York; Alaïa Chez Gallay, Beverly Hills...And, *above right,* his new dressing in knit—anthracite-grey wool, very narrow, very curvy, with welted seams, a high neck. About $440. August at Barneys New York. ...In navy leather, *right,* Claude Montana's spare, crew-neck tunic-coat over a matching leather mini-skirt—his other turn to day dressing. To order at Charivari, NYC; Ruth Shaw, Baltimore MD; Burdines, Boca Raton FL; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Torie Steele Boutique, Dallas; Apropos, Newport Beach and Woodland Hills CA. Details, more stores, last pages.

The strongest voice for body dressing, in general—the voice heard 'round the world—and for body dressing in knit, more specifically—Azzedine's. A knit dressing he continues to develop, to re-shape. . . and to keep unexpected, more than a little different. For example, with his new knit dress, *left*, crazy, wonderful, one-of-a-kind shearling gloves—laced, bowed, and totally charming!

EXPRESSIONS OF CHANGE...

Even when a designer changes mood. there is consistency. At Claude Montana. *right*, a departure from his long, narrow proportion. The change—short, sharp leathers. What stays: his strong, sure voice.

Arthur Elgort

LEATHER...LOUD & CLEAR!

Paris/Milan: In collection after collection. leather and more leather—a constant theme everywhere, every way. Leather for coats and jackets, dresses and skirts, a host of new accessories. And. with leather. a chance to see—again—the way a theme varies from designer to designer, voice to voice. From the very romantic, very body-shaped new leathers of Azzedine, above. . . .To leather at its most futuristic. most avant-garde, right, from a designer who addresses that constituency: Jean-Paul

Gaultier. His leather dressing—offbeat. 2001-sleek. . . . To the way a designer like Saint Laurent, above, an early champion of leather, incorporates it as yet another element of day dressing—adding finish, texture contrast, a certain racier charm.

Romantic leather from Azzedine, *above, far left*: his fitted, hip-length jacket—almost a peplum—all laced in front. Jacket, about $1650. August at Dianne B., NYC; Emphatics, Pittsburgh; Linda Dresner, Troy, MI. . . . Jean-Paul Gaultier's all-in-one black leather pants with boots, *left*, and a stretchy, shiny T-shirt. On top—a black cardigan body suit. Pants-and-boots, Jean-Paul Gaultier for Stephane Kelian. Body suit, of merino wool. About $360. T-shirt of Lycra, about $135. August at Dianne B., NYC. . . . At Saint Laurent, *above*, a new wool jersey skirt with a high-waisted leather inset, shapely, belted; ribbed wool knit turtleneck and jersey shawl. All Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Turtleneck, about $240; skirt, about $875; shawl, about $265. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique Femme, NYC; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, Washington DC; Chevy Chase MD; Costa Mesa CA. Details, last pages.

Arthur Elgort

THE ROAR OF KNITS

Paris/Milan: Another—a welcome—side to the season: soft dressing in knits as an appealing alternative for day. Thin, gentle knit dresses to wear with a wide belt, a charming, little flat shoe. Or jersey separates as a "base" of dressing—under a jacket, a coat—relaxed, versatile, usually seasonless. In this world of knits—and way beyond it—the news of animal prints and patterns. What you see here is the tip of the iceberg—it goes on . . . and on! And in the world of knitting, distinctive approaches, designer to designer

. . . from the softer voices of Missoni or Krizia—with a built-in femininity, a smallness, a gentler body shaping—attitudes that always exist in their collections . . . to the more structured jerseys of a Gianni Versace—a longer, shaped pullover and narrow skirt—constants in his collection . . . the pieces revealed under jackets and coats of every description . . .

Missoni's charming zebra stripes, *opposite, far left*, on a hooded cream wool jersey dress—the top, small-fitting; the waist, belted; the soft skirt to the ankle. About $765. Late July at Missoni Boutique, NYC; Hirshleifer's, Forest Hills and Manhasset NY; Saks Jandel; Lazarus, Columbus OH. . . . At Krizia, where there's always an animal theme, *opposite, near left*, Mariuccia Mandelli's wool challis leopard-spotted dress. At the waist, her new extra-wide wool knit cummerbund, belted and wrapped in more knitting; underneath, a lambswool polo. Dress, about $1395; cummerbund, about $125; sweater, about $650. Late July at Krizia Boutique, NYC; Garfinckel's; Krizia Boutiques at Stanley Korshak, Chicago; Loretta Blum, Dallas; Torie Steele, Beverly Hills. . . . A more tailored approach, *below*, from Gianni Versace—his high-necked black wool jersey tunic over a short narrow skirt—here in zebra stripes, under a striped longer jacket of alpaca/wool. Jacket, about $1270; tunic, about $420; skirt, about $540. September at Gianni Versace Boutiques, NYC; Chicago; San Francisco; Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY; Suzy, Great Neck NY; Amalia Branca, Short Hills NJ. Details, more stores, last pages.

Ready to go! Sleeves rolled up, shirt opened-up over a teeny-weeny polka-dot bikini top, *right*. You see more—or less!—of what's underneath, *inset*. Rough-wear by Ralph Lauren top, about **$59**. Late July at Polo/Ralph Lauren, NYC and Palm Beach; Rich's; Neiman-Marcus. OMO Norma Kamali Antron/Lycra bikini, about **$45**. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC; GiGi, Virginia Beach VA. Pants, The Gap, about **$29**. At Gap stores. These fourteen pages, makeup by Maria de Schneider. These two pages, hair by Frederic for Bruno Dessange. Matching the easygoing spirit: the freewheeling beaches and cafés of St. Barts in the French West Indies where these pages were photographed. Details, see last pages.

Wayne Maser

Carefree dressing that's the essence of carefree summertime—long on bareness, fast on style ...and at super-cool prices! More of the free-and-easy looks we started last month. Looks to keep up with an active pace—to hit up —with daring accessories. No-fuss style everyone craves.... Enjoy!

STUFF!!

HOT STUFF!!

On the run, *left*: Benetton's rugged khaki jacket belted over a short skirt—unbuttoned to *there*! Top, about **$70**. At Benetton stores. Skirt, Tomorrow's Surplus by Henry Lehr, about **$55**. At Henry Lehr, NYC and Westport CT; Coda, Great Neck NY; Sugar Magnolia, Chicago; Bullocks Wilshire. . . .Matching the carefree dressing—and laid-back mood of summer style: makeup that's fast, easy, natural looking. What does the job, *right*: a protective base of Clinique's Face Zone Sun Block, SPF 15, then the pretty and unexpected combination of Lemon Sugar and Citrus Coral on lips. Hair, *left*, by Frederic, *right*, by Pascal Crucq; both for Bruno Dessange. Papier-mâché earrings by Brigitte Salezius. Details, last pages.

Wayne Maser

If you think khaki's classic, look again: *left*, a flirty cotton mini by Mary Jane Marcasiano—hip-cinched with a gutsy belt—topped by OMO Norma Kamali's provocative zip-up bustier. Top, about **$71**. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC; Kin Ping, Boston; Blondie's, Los Gatos CA; Bamboo Breeze, Maui HI; Vic Marco, Yakima WA. Skirt, about **$95**. Rose Lash/Corrine Travis, NYC; Interpretations, Boca Raton FL; Margie Roth, Toledo OH; Gentleman's Quarter, Del Mar CA....Caught at the hip with a bold leather belt—worn over a tiny bikini: The Gap's all-purpose T-shirt, *right*...at a price you can't beat!—about **$10**. At Gap stores. These two pages, hair by Pascal Crucq for Bruno Dessange. Details, more stores, see last pages.

HOT STUFF!!

Wayne Maser

Taking a back seat, opposite, but stealing the show—Vivienne Westwood's star "bra" sharing top billing with OMO Norma Kamali's second-skin Antron/Lycra skirt. Top, about **$55**. Vivienne Westwood at Susanne Bartsch, NYC. Skirt, about **$95**. OMO Norma Kamali, NYC; Mooshka, Philadelphia and Boston; Klein Four Season's, Washington DC; Debrah's, Jacksonville and Jacksonville Beach FL; Splash & Flash, Newport Beach CA. . . .Stripped-down for hot weather, played-up for effect . . .and very affordable: two of The Gap's cotton tank tops, *this page*, layered one over the other. Each, about **$6**. At all Gap Stores. These two pages, hair by Frederic for Bruno Dessange. Details, more stores, last pages.

HOT STUFF!!

Jazzing up the basics: Benetton's oversized polo shirt and Marithé & François Girbaud's chambray pants, *opposite*. The twist: chunky white wood/rhinestone earrings, spoofy 1950's white plastic sunglasses. Top, about **$32**. Pants, about **$58**. Top available at Benetton stores. Pants at Bloomingdale's. ...*This page*, a shirt that's a dress, a top...a cover for anything—or nothing!—on a hot day: Paul Smith's oversized striped cotton shirt. Paul Smith Sportswear. About **$50**. Springer Sport, Easthampton NY; Mooshka, Boston and Philadelphia; Nusport, Ann Arbor MI; Fred Segal Melrose, Los Angeles; Gary Paul, Santa Barbara CA. These six pages, hair by Pascal Crucq for Bruno Dessange. For details, more stores, see last pages.

Wayne Maser

HOT STUFF!!

Nothing feels better on a hot summer day than a short, bare white cotton dress...a long, cool drink. *Left,* Joan Vass, USA dress, about **$110**. Charivari Workshop, NYC; Nan Duskin; Garfinckel's; Joan Vass, N.O. New Orleans; John Baldwin, St. Petersburg FL; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati OH and Indianapolis IN....Tied in front, pushed low on the hips—great fresh-air dressing: Joan Vass, USA cotton T-top and matching elastic-waist skirt, *right.* Top, about **$40**. Skirt, about **$60.** Henri Bendel; Zoom, Southampton, NY; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Joan Vass, N.O. New Orleans; Alan's, Albuquerque NM; Stella Volo, San Francisco. Details, more stores, see last pages.

Wayne Maser

No competition in sight, *right*: Esprit Sport's turtleneck top cut out in a halter back, tied at the neck cowboy-style with a kerchief, worn over a spunky mini skirt. Top, about **$18**. Esprit Sport skirt, about **$24**. Both at Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field's; Skirt at Robinson's, California. . . . On the town, *far right*: Vivienne Westwood's star-studded top—pulled off the shoulders, tucked into Jimmy'Z's super-leggy skirt...and worn with movie-star mules and mirrored shades—all very Saint-Tropez. Top, about **$75**. Susanne Bartsch, NYC. Skirt, about **$33**. Merry Go Round, Towson MD; U.S. Male, Memphis TN; Benjamin's, Corpus Christi TX. Details, last pages.

Wayne Maser

Our panelists, *from the left:* Gay Talese, Anthony Astrachan, Malcolm Forbes, Daniel J. Levinson, Ph.D., Robert E. Gould, M.D., Martin F. Guggenheim, L.L.D., Ph.D.

AMERICAN MEN: WHAT DO THEY WANT?

VOGUE'S ELEVENTH "AMERICAN WOMAN" SYMPOSIUM
EDITED BY LORRAINE DAVIS

Men. They're half our world; is that the whole problem? In the two decades since women began their move from kitchen to workplace, men often have seemed amazed, bewildered... angered by the female's presence in public and her absence at home. The lives of many women have been transformed; have men been changing, too? What is the real male role in women's liberation or lack of it? We asked our first all-male panel to discuss men—and women

Grace Mirabella: Sigmund Freud asked, "What do women want?" What do men want, really?

Martin Guggenheim: I think men want to be happy; I think that's true for most people. It then comes down to a matter of what makes one satisfied or happy with one's self. Men want to enjoy life, they want to be around people they're happy with, and I think that what gets more difficult is answering how they go about doing that. But men want much what women want too, which is to feel good about themselves, feel good about the people that are around them, to be around people they love.

Gay Talese: Men want to know what they want. I think that's bordering on profound, if you will excuse that pomposity. Knowing what we want is a very difficult thing for all of us as we change, we men, and women as well, as we change our expectations of ourselves, of our lives, with age and a certain amount of refining of goals.

As we get older, what we want is less clear than when we were younger and all things seemed possible. As we mature, our sense of reality, our sense of the rationale makes us sometimes limit our expectations, having to do partly with age, and partly with a dissatisfaction with what we've achieved so far.

So I think knowing what you do want, in itself—if that can be achieved—is a state of contentment, if not happiness.

Daniel Levinson: I would pursue that further. In general, what men want has to do primarily with what they can create out of their work and what they can have in family and love life; and men vary in the particular things they want from work or from a love relationship or from fatherhood.

In early adulthood, we can be satisfied if we do things that produce externally defined success. A man can be satisfied in his twenties and thirties if he has a reasonably good marriage, is progressing in his work, and is earning enough money to take care of the family; it's a rather undifferentiated sense of what is important to him. Later we get more concerned with our own sense of the actual value of what we are doing, with how creative it is, with how much it means to ourselves, with what it contributes to the world.

As we pass forty, roughly, the question of what love is, and what would be a meaningful mutual love relationship becomes important for many men, though not for all. Some men, by fifty, have given up on love or on work, so we have to take account of variations. But we have to ask harder questions about what is a genuine love relationship—with a wife, a lover, with children who are now grown up, with friends, with colleagues. Love becomes an issue in all of those relationships.

Anthony Astrachan: What men want has two major aspects. One is certainly love, though I don't think we've exhausted all the things that that includes. The other includes not only work but the desire to affect the world outside us—to change the world; work is one of the ways that you do that. It's a desire for mastery.

It's a desire for power, not necessarily—although it can be—power over other people. It can be mastery over ourselves, over a skill, over our ability to cope with the world. It can be mastery over the person we love, particularly if that's a woman, particularly in the primary relationship before we get to fatherhood; and fatherhood itself involves questions of power, control, and mastery. There's a conflict between our need for love, and our desire for mastery that affects our response to a lot of the changes that women have been making over the past twenty years.

It's very true that our attitudes change with our ages. The young expect a great deal more than middle-aged people do, and it's only when we get older that we learn that we are not going to have it.

Fatherhood is part of love; and, of course, men are also sons. How we feel about our own fathers and mothers is an important element in how we feel about other things. I believe that men don't want to give women power because we are terrified of the power of mother; and we have to learn how to deal with it, and that's one way of combining love and power.

Robert Gould: When Freud asked "What do women want?" the meaning was quite obvious: he didn't understand women. And this was the great expert of his time. Even women couldn't tell him then because they didn't speak for themselves or think for themselves in the Victorian period.

The question of what do men want is just as difficult to answer today because both men and women are still brainwashed, culturally indoctrinated from day one, when boys are set on a certain track and told what it is to be a boy, and girls are taught what it is to be a girl. Whatever it is they really are, whatever it is they really want in life is so affected by this early indoctrination that the question is truly unanswerable. We do not know what we want, and that is the most pervasive neurosis of our time. Americans are not pursuing goals that really represent their feelings, their thoughts, their real selves.

Men want love. Men want intimacy. The problem is they don't know how to achieve this and how to express it. From the earliest days on, boys are taught to be macho—not to show emotions, not to cry, not to show weakness. This means that we cannot share with another person equally and openly. If you cannot do that, you *(Continued)*

Timothy Greenfield-Sanders

Men want love. Men want intimacy. The problem is they don't know how to achieve this and how to express it. **Robert E. Gould, M.D.**

—psychiatrist; professor, New York Medical College; senior psychiatric consultant, New York City Board of Education

Men don't want to give women power because we are terrified of the power of mother.

Anthony Astrachan

—author of *How Men Feel, Men's Response to Women's Demands for Independence, Equality, and Power*

Women are not aggressive sexually; they do not take chances. ...unless that changes, women won't head big corporations: rejection is involved. **Gay Talese**

—author of *Thy Neighbor's Wife*, book dealing with sex in America; contributes to *Esquire* and *Harper's* magazines

Women are not supposed to have too much authority—it makes everybody nervous, women as well as men. **Daniel J. Levinson, Ph.D.**

—professor of psychology, department of psychiatry, Yale University School of Medicine; author of *The Season's of a Man's Life*

A great deal of a man's ambition springs from the fact that he wants to impress and attract women.

Malcolm Forbes

—publisher of *Forbes* business magazine; writer, editor

Women have a lot more to teach men than men do women about how to live a reasonable life.

Martin F. Guggenheim, L.L.D, Ph.D.

—clinical professor of law, New York University School of Law; specializes in parent/children and juvenile law

Stephen LoPresti

—commercial real estate consultant, Healey & Baker, NYC; twenty-five, unmarried

Women in business have become more secure within themselves, more aggressive; but social customs are so tradition-bound, I think the dating process will be the last thing to change. The burden is still very much on the male.

If you're secure enough in who you are, you don't really have to worry about your macho image. I've known enough women whom we could call liberated; I've been to school with them, seen them as equals there. Just being around them has made me say, "Maybe there are certain things that have been taken for granted and that don't have to be that way."

In our business, women are still relatively new. I don't think their coming has made more competition. Maybe we did clean up our language a bit for a while. It was short. There are some women who, because they feel underprivileged, will overcompensate to the point of being obnoxious. But if there's somebody else who's compensating for something else—say a man—he's going to do the same thing in exactly the same way.

In my grandmother's time, a woman would never pick up the phone and call a man to say let's go to the movies tonight. A lot of my friends are women; I would say probably half. They do pick up the phone and call me.

In business today, a woman puts her talents on the line; either she can do the job or not. But in the "dating game" you need twice as many people to overcome tradition. Where emotions are involved, you need someone who feels secure enough within herself—not only that the man will say yes but that he will not think her too forward (there are two kinds of anxiety involved)—and then you need somebody on the other side who's receptive enough. Men are not as receptive. It's one of the last frontiers. —INTERVIEW BY ELIZABETH GLEICK

AMERICAN MEN: WHAT DO THEY WANT?

(Continued) cannot love.

From earliest childhood, girls are not respected. Boys are taught to put girls down, not to play with girls—if any boy plays with a girl, he's a faggot or sissy. Now my definition of love is that you have to be as interested in the gratification and need of the other person as you are for yourself. This cannot be done if you don't feel the other person is an equal.

Malcolm Forbes: To sum up, I agree with most of the other observations. Men want to be loved, particularly by those they love. They want to be recognized. They want to matter.

Grace Mirabella: From each of your vantage points, do you see any real changes in men over the last twenty years—or could anything said tonight have been said thirty years ago?

Mr. Guggenheim: Men have changed in the small sense that the environment in which they find themselves has changed. Women have changed a great deal more than men have. Women's own perceptions of their role in society have changed markedly in the last twenty years; men have had to adapt to that; men have adjusted. But at the profound level, men have not changed very much. In terms of how we live our lives, what we regard as important, other-directed kinds of goals of success and fame and work are still predominant.

There's still the notion that rearing children—being a parent, caring about babies—is an inferior or unimportant task that is relegated to women. We don't recognize it for what it is: a very important service performed in our society. Even the corporate world should see it as that. This is the consumer, and the professional, and the corporate board head all at once: our next generation. And we don't give any credit to that task in our society. Because it's always been a woman's task, men can't see its importance, since that would define women as very important.

If men reared children, can you imagine the rhetoric they would attach to the significance of their role in society? We could draft a very accurate and eloquent treatise on the importance of rearing children. Plato talked about it at great length as a critical focus of a societal scheme.

The problem in my field is that I have seen that many women who are succeeding in the world today are succeeding by accepting the men's rules. They're not the true trailblazers anymore, who are saying "I am a woman, and you guys are crazy." They're saying "I'm a woman, and I'm like you." And instead of teaching men, they are learning from men. And I think women have more to teach than they have to learn. What's disappointed me with my colleagues in law is that many of my women colleagues are not

"Women worry first about their children; men, about themselves.... that's a very profound clash"

bringing much of a distinctive focus to the world. Men have to lose control of the rules; they're still making the rules.

Mr. Forbes: Well, I don't agree. I think men have changed a great deal, most of us reluctantly; but our children—and mine are in their thirties—are quite different in their attitudes than I was in my thirties. In general, men today have learned to do and expect to do more for themselves; and we have adjusted to the fact that there is a place for women other than as secretaries and what used to be the normal jobs. Now, you're surprised if you don't see women editors in magazines other than fashion. In the publishing field, in the corporate world, in sales forces, women now are accepted by men in capacities that were never anticipated before.

There are still arguments about women as firemen and in combat and so forth. But in essence, I think men of all ages have learned to recognize not that the law is the law, but that a fact is a fact, and that women both have the capability and are filling jobs. The surprise is that there are not *more* women in the corporate levels, hierarchies, not just that there are some. I think the change has been profound and, as I say, accepted by some reluctantly.

Mr. Astrachan: The change is the same as it's been for twenty years; we are still responding to the changes that women started in the late 'sixties. But I think it's important to say that there has been real change, even though we resist; and I believe that men accept a lot more now than they did before. There aren't enough women in the corporate world, and men are still keeping them out of it; that's very true. And yet, it's also true that men have accepted women and no longer are astonished at the idea. A woman

preaching is no longer the dog walking on its hind legs. We know women can do it.

Even the strength of the backlash is part of the testimony to the fact that we have changed, that there has been an opening. The rate of change is very slow. It's not very deep yet. Not nearly as deep as I would like it to be, but I think that men have changed in important ways and that it's important to recognize this especially in these years of backlash—the Reagan era when we hear about the new macho man in the media. I don't think that Chuck Norris and *Delta Force* are new. Maybe there are a few more of them, and a few less sensitive men, but it's only two years since Clint Eastwood raised his own consciousness in *Tightrope*.

I am very suspicious of the idea that we're in a post-feminist era. It may be true that women no longer want to be Superwomen, but it's not true that women no longer want to work. And I think that more and more men are doing things with their children. Even though it may be increasing only by one-tenth of one percent: in a generation, the number of men who are active parents has risen.

Dr. Gould: There is a backlash, and I think it is very profound. I think men have changed—of course they've changed. There's a rule in physics that if a particle changes itself, anything in its field is also changed by it. If men want to relate to women who are changing, they have to change in some respect, also.

But I regret to say that I think the changes are, at this point, minimal. Even if women have come into the corporate world, they are tokens, just as blacks are. The average woman's earnings twenty years ago were 59 cents to a man's dollar. Today she's up to 64 cents. Wow!

Almost 40 percent of students in medical school are now women. Thirty-five to 40 percent of law students are now women. By law we've had to do this. But in the U.S., how many women law partners are there in major firms? Very few. There is not one woman who is dean of a major medical school or chair there of an important division, such as psychiatry, internal medicine, or surgery.

So they are doing the scut work, the women lawyers and the women doctors, because the bottom level is the only level they're allowed to reach. And what a woman lawyer will do is, after three or four years in a job when she doesn't move up to partnership, she then moves parallel to another law firm and starts all over again.

Consciousness-raising for women changed their feelings about what they wanted in life. Consciousness-raising for men started in the 'seventies at colleges I visited, and it looked as if it was going to take hold. Now it has fallen apart, and men have gone back to what they were, to a backlash. If you look at movies, the Rockys and the Rambos, or a Chuck Norris in *Delta Force*, you've got macho men with a vengeance, and there are a lot of reasons for this kind of film.

In many movies, men are stalking women to rape them. In *Tightrope*, Clint Eastwood stalks a rapist and finds in his own consciousness that maybe he is a rapist also. He just checks himself in time. In his next movie, *Pale Rider*, Eastwood rides in, rids the town of malefactors, then rides off alone in the sunset. No woman ever reaches him or changes him.

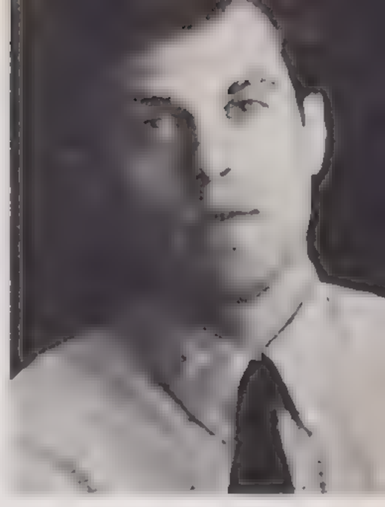
Or take the Charles Bronson vigilante movies. All these movies are, to my mind, much more extreme than they ever were before in Hollywood. And I think this indicates several things. One, there is certainly a hatred of women. In *Delta Force* there are no women. The men don't have to rape them. In the Bronson movie, men rape the women and then men kill the guys who raped the women, so the violence reigns supreme. But in the violence, men show that they are men.

How do men show they are different from women? If in the computer world the women can push a button just as easily as the man can, and if in medicine a woman can do what a man can, and she can, then how do you prove that you are a man? One of the ways is to get into this world of fighting and killing, to show women who's boss.

Mr. Talese: I think in the twenty-year period we men have witnessed men trying to change. I think we've read more about men in the last twenty years than we ever thought we would want to read about men: men who are pondering vasectomy, pondering a more prominent role in parenting, trying to be more sensitive; the idea of the male in the Bloomingdale's furniture department on a Saturday afternoon, smoking a pipe, corduroy jacket, beard—that kind of sensitive male. What's beamed to us and shown to us in films of divorced women—Jill Clayburgh leaving that kind of man, wandering along streets, not like *Pale Rider*, but maybe carrying her favorite painting and looking for a cab. We have seen, in the last twenty years, that kind of *(Continued)*

> **"I don't think men like women very well; and I don't think women like men very well. Men and women lead almost entirely separate lives"**

Timothy Greenfield-Sanders



Paul Chapman, M.D.

—cancer researcher, fellow in clinical immunology, Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, NYC; thirty, married

I can't imagine being transported into the 1950s and having to be married to a housewife. My wife, Shelley, is a trial lawyer at Sidley and Austin, an enormous firm based in Chicago; she's making a little more than twice as much money as I do. Though her parents worried about that when we married, five years ago, money in general to us is not of major importance; it's just not an issue. Everything goes into the same checking account; and the double income gives us each a flexibility to do some things that are not very lucrative when we want to.

I think my wife would go crazy if she didn't have a career; and I think I would go crazy if she didn't have a career. Her job means I have not only financial freedom but a spouse who can think, whom I can talk to, and her mind isn't just full of soap operas or a sale at some store downtown.

Our friends all know we're happily married, but both of us have friends of the opposite sex. In fact, some of my wife's closest friends are men. I know there are things she gets out of those friendships that she doesn't get with her women friends. That doesn't stir any jealousy.

Marriage is never an equal partnership, almost never. On any issue or any responsibility, it's sometimes weighted more on my side or on her side. She tends to take control over domestic responsibilities, mostly (she would disagree with this statement) because she cares more about things like a messy apartment than I do.

My father's primary function was to work—family life was sort of an aside. One difference in my case is that I tend not to give away my personal life as much as he probably did. I think that our marriage is a little unusual in a good sense. Not only are we happily married, but we're also best friends. —INTERVIEW BY LAURA FLYNN McCARTHY

AMERICAN MEN: WHAT DO THEY WANT?

(Continued) image of what was acceptable to women, and we didn't want to be that man, but we were glad that man was there. And were glad that that man was not us. Because we didn't want to be in Bloomingdale's on a Saturday afternoon looking and arguing over sofas. That kind of man has been rejected, I suggest, as much by women as by the men epitomized in these super-macho and violent films.

Some of us who know or think we know something about women, or who've been married to them or think we want to marry again, get a sense that women don't want to marry—any more than men want to be—that very sensitive, not misdirected but always open-to-other-options man. I think we want the more forceful man in ourselves to be alive, and I think we feel that women also want that. Well, not wanting to be raped or mistreated, but...

We see around us how responsive women are to male success, just as we men are impressed with success—we're impressed with Mr. Forbes or Mr. Iacocca or Mr. Chuck Yeager—definitely, not only in films. We are getting in some of the non-fiction books a sense of how the autobiographical superstar male is going to be our best seller. The man telling his story—those books are probably as avidly read by women as by men.

I think that women, if they are not satisfied with their first marriages, probably do not want, when they marry again, to choose a man who too easily accepts failure. We realize that failure seemed to be tolerated in the 1970s because women were more apt then to express a tolerance for the sensitive male, but sometimes we men are wondering if that didn't allow us to be more free of the responsibility of trying harder.

I have very little respect for men in their thirties in my field. I have, at fifty-four, looked back on the world of non-fiction writing and research, and it's been amazing to me that, unlike the generation that produced David Halberstam or Tom Wolfe, there are none of the younger people that came along to replace us, as the great magazine writer, the very serious non-fiction researcher. Why this is, I don't know.

Mr. Forbes: I have four sons who are in their thirties. They all are married. And I must say that three of them are very different from people of my generation that I remember at that age. My sons' marriages are much more of a team operation. I was the epitome of the stereotype in my day; and my wife must have read too much. After thirty-nine years, she divorced me.

But if I ask my sons do you want to do this or that—they consult their wives. It's not namby-pamby consultation. They consider their wives more as partners than as accoutrements to their life. And I think they practice what we all now give lip—and to a degree heart—service to, that women are equal. And in the case of two of my sons, their wives are pursuing careers of their own. There is a different attitude, certainly, than prevailed in my youth and my day; and I think the reality is that there has been a practicing change.

Mr. Astrachan: My sons have very little use for feminism as an ideology, but they are still very much living lives in which they treat their wives as equals. But from the men that I interviewed for my book, I also know that those under thirty are not universally liberated. It's true that they grew up in a feminist age, so that their education and their consciousness is different from the last generation's. They expect their wives to have careers in a way that men in the past would not necessarily have done, but they expect those careers to be second to their own.

If you look at middle-aged men, it's true you won't find a high percentage who are supportive of women. But if you look at men who *are* genuinely supportive, genuinely identify with the changes women have been making, a surprising proportion of those supporters will be middle-aged. Perhaps you can't do this until you have reached your mid-life crisis and passed it and have integrated the masculine and feminine in yourself. You can't do it until you are sure of yourself. Most young men aren't sure of themselves.

Dr. Levinson: I think a historical perspective on this is very important. We focus on the last ten or twenty years, and we need to look farther back. It's a little bit like asking whether, when the women's suffrage movement succeeded and women got the vote, were women finally liberated? Obviously it was an important step, but women are still not equal participants in the political process.

What we are talking about is a traditional pattern in which there is a high degree of splitting of gender, that is, men are one way, women are another way, and there is no overlap. Specifically it means that women are primarily homemakers, live primarily in a domestic world and get out into the public world, especially the occupational world, minimally or on a very subordinate basis. And men are primarly involved in the work world. It is important to them to earn money to support their families, but men are not highly involved in the domestic world in a concrete way. There is a gender division of labor; and that pattern goes back to the beginnings of the human species. It takes many, many forms in different societies. There is an economic aspect, a political aspect, a child-rearing aspect, and so on.

This traditional division was predominant in most societies until about two hundred years ago. Many changes have been going on. The direction of the change is two-fold. One, women are coming increasingly out of the domestic world. Women are coming into the work market, as roughly 50 percent of the labor force is female. Women are coming out; and, to a much lesser degree, men are taking family life more seriously.

After a couple hundred years, we're still very early in this historic process. I think it will take another two or three hundred years before we get very far. In the early 1900s, there was a sense of tremendous hopefulness about feminism. It collapsed. In the 1970s, there was a tremendous hopefulness about feminism. It is declining. In the 1990s or sometime, there will be another surge of hopefulness. In these times, some changes are made; but no decade is going to solve it all, in my opinion, for the next few hundred years.

> **"Even this backlash era isn't going to wipe out the revolution women started. Economics will prevent that because no family can live anymore without a woman at work, whether or not she is treated as an equal"**

The key issues are: Will society change in such a way, first, that women participate in the public work world on truly equal terms with men and take their own occupations and themselves seriously and are taken seriously by men? And second, will men enter the domestic world and become equal participants in that with women, and take themselves seriously as parents and mem-

bers of the household and the family? How far will we go toward equality in both directions?

Dr. Gould: We talk a good game about change, but we don't really believe it or follow through on it. Here are some more films that are symbolic: A movie that was almost universally applauded was *Tootsie*. This is a movie in which Dustin Hoffman dresses as a woman, acts as a woman, to get a part as an actress because he can't get a part as a man. He gets the job, and then, as you may recall, he teaches all the women around him how to behave towards a lecherous man and an arrogant one. And by being forceful, by confronting, by being very, very direct and persuasive, he, as a she, changes the men around her, and all the real women in the movie adore "Tootsie" for being brave and smart, for making men change. But what Dustin Hoffman does is done by a man. Had he been a woman, he wouldn't have succeeded, and it wouldn't have been a movie.

So although many people said this was a feminist movie, it was one of the biggest put-downs of women, unconsciously, that you could possibly have. The fact that everybody loved this movie is significant, for this very reason.

I think what happens is men play a good game in talking change, and as long as there are no children it is easy enough for the man to share the cooking detail and even clean the dishes; but it is expected, when children come, that the woman is going to do her outside job and also take care of the children. This is where you get the problem of Superwoman. It is impossible for the woman to really discharge all her responsibilities effectively, and she breaks down.

It's said traditionally you've got to have the mother take care of the baby. I don't think the baby in the first year knows who mother is. If you put a monkey that was warm and loving with the baby, I think the baby would respond to that. I think the man would be as much of a nurturer as a woman if he were taught that this role is his role. And he could take care of his one-year-old as well as any mother can.

There's one more point, that the father's supposed not to be able to handle the diapers, he's all thumbs when he's doing the safety pins and sticks himself. But what happens when you put that man in a surgeon's gown to do surgery with fine needle work? Then he's fine. Not all thumbs.

Mr. Guggenheim: I am a parent of young children and have a perspective on men as fathers who are moving up the ladder of success. In what I have seen, it's a man's world, in terms of business. What I see is that we men waste a great deal of our time doing nonsensical things at work to justify our existence. Going to meetings, participating in lunches, and wasting our lives to gain some fame and popularity and to reach some other-directed accomplishment goals.

When it's said that women want successful men, that is both true and not true. They don't want success at the cost of men's rules of what gains success. But what does one do if one bucks the system, and goes home promptly at the end of the work day? That's not the way to grow in the profession and make it to the top. So a lot of men—getting in part signals from their spouses, and getting in part the indoctrination from their early days—do what's necessary to "make it" in this world. Young men waste their lives doing nonsensical things as the cost of success, and maybe it's a mid-life crisis that I haven't yet experienced to look back and say: What the hell happened to my children? When did I lose those precious years of connection with people in a real way? And it has been the women who preferred to shunt their careers during those years of formative-development connections with their children, who preferred to go home. It was the women who have been much the more sensible.

The women's movement has had an impact on how the question of child care is treated by the law in this country. Women have forced the issue by asking: should women be the sole caretakers of children? And legislators haven't been able to answer that question. In a divorce action, the theoretical position supporting joint custody is "Men are equally fit as caretakers as are women." So the feminist movement's rhetoric about equal rights for women has resulted in this instance in a disadvantage to women, because men have been given greater opportunities to be equal caretakers under the law. The problem with that result is not a theoretical one, but a practical one. Men are *not* caretakers of children in a much higher percentage or number of cases than was true twenty years ago. But now men have much greater leverage in negotiating advantageous financial settlements of divorce cases, by using their legal entitlement to custody, or joint custody, as an added wedge in the settlement discussions.

Again, taking seriously women's insistence that they be treated as people with complete opportunity in society to do what they want, courts and judges have responded, to women's disadvantage, by eliminating or reducing sharply the awards of alimony. Such awards had been based on reasoning that because women are dependent on the income of their husbands, that dependency should be continued. More and more today, courts are ruling that wives are entitled to no more than a couple of years of income from their husbands during which time they are expected to find a job and get on in the world *(Continued on page 304)*

Timothy Greenfield-Sanders

The Reverend John Hart, Th.M.

—co-associate pastor, with his wife, Noroton Presbyterian Church, Darien, Connecticut; thirty, one child

Our phenomenon is called a clergy couple, and it has been growing since more and more women are going into the ministry. Logistically, Rebecca and I split days. I'm in Mondays, my wife's in Tuesdays; Wednesday and Thursday, we divide morning and afternoon; Fridays off; on the weekend, we have to juggle because of commitments.

My wife is an assertive woman in all the good senses of that, and she deserves most of the credit for the situation we have now. We were colleagues before we fell in love, so part of the attraction was how well we worked together. Her idea was something that was so sense-filled: She was equally caught up in the ministry, she is an equally capable kind of person. I wanted to be married to her; there was no reason why I couldn't raise the kids too.

Our son is twenty months. He has kept us to a 50/50 situation because one of us has to be home with the baby. I enjoy the child care, it's really fun. I don't get weird looks at the supermarket. I don't get weird looks walking the baby. I probably *give* more weird looks when I see other husbands doing this kind of thing, because you see them more and more. I see my friends and peers just going out of their way to spend time with their kids, real eagerness to have that be a part of their lives. But it's hard to do in the corporate world.

Some kinds of jobs you can't share or are more difficult to do part time, but there may be more that could be shared than people think. A lot of my friends are in business school, and consulting is the big thing; that's ideal for job-sharing. Lawyers or accountants could do it, doctors too.

The cost of job-sharing is ambition because you can't become the president of a bank and work part time, but that was something I was glad to give up.

—INTERVIEW BY DEBORAH MASON

VIENNA 1900

ART, ID, AND DAZZLING DECADENCE

Cultural revolutionaries flourished in turn-of-the-century Vienna. Artist Egon Schiele broke taboos with images of explicit sexuality that caused him to be jailed. His oil "The Embrace" (above) was painted in 1917, a year before he died at age twenty-eight. Painter Gustav Klimt (near left) was the first president of the Vienna Secession, founded in 1897 to promote modern art. His "Goldfish" (far left), 1901-1902, features a vivacious redhead who impudently "moons" the spectator. Klimt originally wanted to title the canvas "To My Critics." Hysteria, infantile sexuality, and uppity ids were among the disturbing stock-in-trade of Sigmund Freud (top, center), Vienna's pioneering and preeminent psychoanalyst.

Details, last pages

The modern mind was born in *fin de siècle* Vienna—a glittering spectacle where taboos shattered like crystal and witty social critics trumpeted the perils of good taste. It was a heady world, teetering between hopefulness and despair—a period, as a new show at New York City's Museum of Modern Art makes clear, provocatively like our own. BY BARBARA ROSE

VIENNA 1900

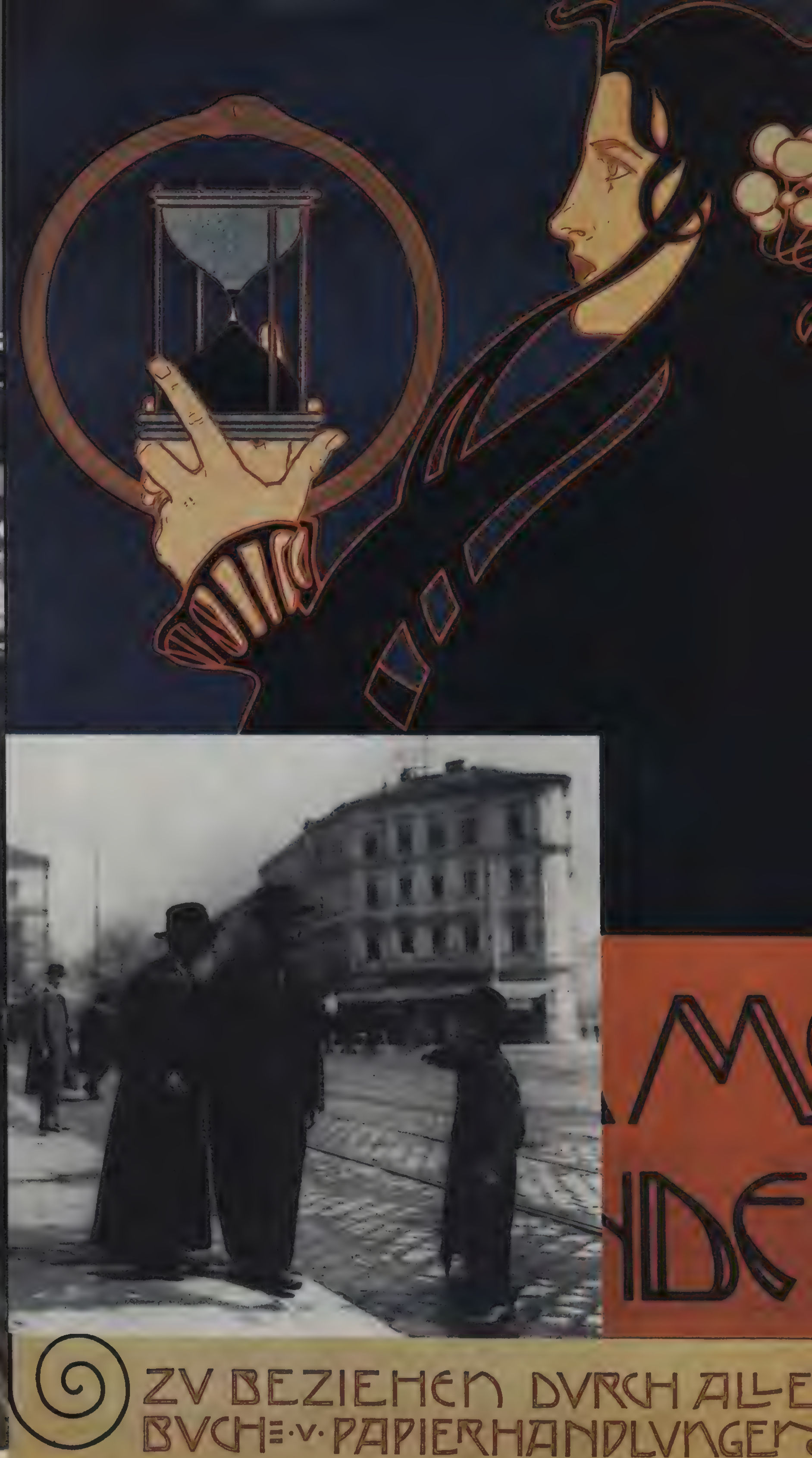
The streets of Vienna were paved with culture when the rest had already been paved with asphalt,'' the brilliant Viennese satirist Karl Kraus wrote. Today, as this century draws to a close, interest is focused on turn-of-the-century Vienna, where the old values of the crumbling Austro-Hungarian empire collided with the radically original views of a young cosmopolitan generation that invented much of what we think of as modern culture. Among these pioneer modernists who worked in pre-World War I Vienna were the painters Gustav Klimt, Egon Schiele, and Oskar Kokoschka; composers Gustav Mahler, Arnold Schönberg, Alban Berg, and Anton Webern; architects Otto Wagner and Adolf Loos; designer Josef Hoffmann; playwrights Arthur Schnitzler and Hugo von Hofmannstahl; philosophers Karl Popper and Ludwig Wittgenstein; physicist Ernst Mach; journalists Karl Kraus and Theodor Herzl; and novelists Franz Werfel, Robert Musil, and Stefan Zweig.

Such a concentration of original talent in one place at one time in so many fields is virtually unique in modern culture. Add to this that psychoanalysis was invented by Sigmund Freud in Vienna, and we begin to have some idea of the extraordinary intellectual ferment that makes Viennese culture so fascinating.

In Vienna around 1900, the aristocratic traditions of the past confronted a new set of values, which saw only hypocrisy and superficiality in the pompous display and rhetoric of a medieval dynasty no longer able to rule. An extreme sensitivity to falseness inspired social critic Karl Kraus to attack language itself as the source of the discrepancy between modern reality and decadent illusions. Among those influenced by his revelations was Ludwig Wittgenstein, founder of modern linguistic analysis. In architecture, Adolf Loos identified the Viennese concept of ''good taste,'' which manifested itself in the penchant for decorating any available surface, as the expression of social malaise in his provocatively titled text, ''Ornament and Crime.'' In this article, Loos identified tattooing and graffiti as primitive urges related to the criminal instinct. *(Continued on page 303)*

Vienna won international attention with its stylish architecture and atonal music. Otto Wagner, the ''father'' of modern architecture in Austria, designed railway stations, including the 1898 Karlsplatz (right), prized for its decorative metal framework. Architect Josef Hoffmann, who designed the ''seven ball'' chair (above), cofounded the Wiener Werkstätte (Vienna Workshops) in 1903. Alban Berg (opposite page, top left), composer of the twelve-tone operas ''Wozzeck'' and ''Lulu,'' looks out a window, above a portrait of him by his teacher Arnold Schönberg. Kolomon Moser's 1903 lithograph (opposite page, right) shows the influence of Aubrey Beardsley. Many of Vienna's most creative people were Jewish; some—like those in a 1915 street scene (opposite page, inset)—remained unassimilated.

Details, last pages



LITH. ANST.. A. BERGER WIEN 8.

(Left to right)
Diane Keaton,
Woody Allen,
Mia Farrow

DOES WOODY ALLEN REALLY LIKE WOMEN?

Critics say yes; women beg to differ. **BY MARGO JEFFERSON**

Illustrations by Tim Sheaffer

I have tended to think well of Woody Allen. After all, if Lenny Bruce brought satire, social conscience, and sex to stand-up comedy in the 'fifties, then Allen, along with Mort Sahl, Dick Gregory, and Richard Pryor, helped keep them there in the early 'sixties. Allen made neurosis seem inevitable, even enviable; and he turned intellectuality from a small coterie's privilege into a mass audience's pleasure.

Allen was also restless and ambitious. When he'd had his fill of nightclubs, he became a playwright and a humorist in the S.J. Perelman mode; and when he had learned that, he turned to moviemaking. As a writer–movie director he has played with various genres (sci-fi, sex farce, gangster yarns); spoofed Helen Gurley Brown and Leo Tolstoy; done a little Fellini, a little Shakespeare, even one dour Ingmar Bergman–on-the-Hudson tragedy. His early movies bumped and veered along like improvised club acts, but certainly since the late 1970s, his films have been as strictly composed as the thirty-two-bar Tin Pan Alley songs he scored them with.

That's not been the only change we have witnessed in Woody Allen. The man who began public life as the nerd *par excellence*, the little clown who could never decide which he feared most—women or sexual solitary confinement, impotence or death—has become a leading authority on women. Critics began to confer this authority on him after the appearance of *Annie Hall* and *Manhattan*; now, with *Hannah and Her Sisters*, their praise has taken on "Hallelujah Chorus" proportions. Woody Allen is the finest American filmmaker, they intone, and Woody Allen is the man who loves and understands women.

Louise Lasser

I couldn't be happier that love and understanding of women are considered essential to first-rate filmmaking nowadays; but what sort of women does Woody love? Under what circumstances? Are love and understanding the same thing? How does Woody love women? Let us count the ways. And, since most of the critics making these claims have been men, let us seek the opinion of a few women—women from that group of stylish, ambitious, self-mocking but self-regarding New Yorkers who consider themselves Woody's natural constituency.

Woman number one is an art dealer. "Woody Allen's *women*?" she said. "Woody Allen is obsessed with one sort of woman. She's waif-like and high-strung; she can be charming; she wears wonderful clothes; and she's nothing but nerves and needs."

This is true. Allen's typical romantic heroine speaks so that "gees," "ums," breathless exclamations, and nervously repeated syllables are more important than complete sentences. She is full of diffuse talent that never quite takes shape, and she has a mental agility that exhausts itself in anxiety attacks. In the 'sixties and early 'seventies, she was usually played by Louise Lasser, as an eccentric, zomboid child/adult: together she and Woody were oddball babes in an urban toyland. *Play It Again, Sam* (which Allen wrote but did not direct) introduced us to Diane Keaton, and toyland began to turn into loveland. Keaton's persona was more neurotic than eccentric—an ingenue with tics and quirks who wanted to be normal but dreaded being boring. As the typical character played by Allen cherished being abnormal but dreaded being freakish, Keaton and Allen were well matched.

Meryl Streep

Allen is one of the only American directors who works consistently within the romantic-comedy tradition pioneered by directors like Frank Capra and Preston Sturges. *Annie Hall* marked Allen's unabashed entry into that world, his transition from clown-loser to clown-hero, and his leading lady's move from cohort to icon. Keaton becomes the chosen one among three women, flanked by ex-wives or girlfriends of markedly fixed attributes. In *Annie Hall*, wife number one (Carol Kane) is smart and sexually demanding; wife number two (Janet Margolin) is grasping and ambitious. In *Manhattan*, wife number one (Meryl Streep) is ambitious, grasping, and bisexual; girlfriend number one (Mariel Hemingway) is ingenuous, sensuous, maternal despite her youth, and jailbait.

Mariel Hemingway

Hannah and Her Sisters, the third in this trilogy of New York City romances, abandons this pattern for a more complex one. Being sisters, the three women are involved with one another, not just with Allen. And though Mia Farrow and Barbara Hershey do seem to be playing alternate versions of the Mariel Hemingway figure grown up (Farrow is ingenuous and maternal, Hershey ingenuous and sensuous), they are individuals as well as types. The neurotic waif, played by Dianne Wiest, has grown more ambitious and more attainable. Together, she and Woody strike a post-feminist lovers' bargain as utopian as any "happily ever after" yet devised: he reverses her low confidence count and helps her become a writer; she reverses his low sperm count and makes him a father.

I pointed all of this out to Woman number one, but she was unmoved. "Some patterns never change," she said. "Have you noticed that these waifs are always high-voiced, quasi-articulate, infinitely desirable upper-middle-class WASPs, while Woody is always the bespectacled, hyperarticulate, fearful-of-impotence, lower-middle-class Jew?" "Louise Lasser is Jewish," I said. "Louise Lasser is long gone," she answered. "I don't say he has to marry only nice Jewish girls, but you'd think that all those years in therapy might have helped him expand—or, at least, question—his social and ethnic horizons."

Freud knew that jokes make fixations bearable to oneself and palatable to others. Stand-up comics know that if a joke works, you should keep on telling it. Freud shaped Woody's sensibility, and stand-up comedy shaped his career. Woody may have said it all, in *Annie Hall*, when he quotes Groucho Marx: " 'I would never want to belong to any club that would have someone like me for a member.' That's the key joke of my life in terms of women."

Woman number two is a film historian. She pointed out that Woody Allen is the first writer-director to make neurosis the heart and soul of American romantic comedy: "First, he took the screwball charms of the hero and heroine and made them psychological rather than farcical. Second, attraction—eros—is meant to be an equalizing force between men and women in the best of these movies. And for Allen, neurosis *is* eros."

Neurosis is the great equalizer between the sexes in Allen's movies—the sign by which hero and heroine (say, Allen and Keaton) recognize and learn to care for each other. Allen's most charming scenes with a woman are comradely exchanges in which the two compare obsessions and anxieties and chat on *(Continued on page 302)*

Margo Jefferson *is a contributing editor of Vogue.*

Men

DANIEL DAY LEWIS

"Spectacular" . . . . "Awesome range" . . . The superlatives, justified for once, are rolling in for Daniel Day Lewis, the young British actor who plays a homosexual punk in *My Beautiful Laundrette* with an explosive mixture of brutality and sweetness, and at the same time finds, in the prematurely withered prig that is his Cecil in *A Room With a View*, a redemptive possibility for change.

Recently, Day Lewis created a droll and likeable Kafka for the BBC and, at the National Theatre, a blazingly mesmeric portrait of another writer, the Bolshevik poet Mayakovsky. He has the rare capacity for playing intellectuals convincingly. And, amazingly for a twenty-seven-year-old, there's no hint of vanity in his performances. He is the real thing, a dinosaur among contemporary players—a character actor. And, as one of his directors enviously notes: "He's *disgustingly* good-looking."

The son of the late poet Cecil Day Lewis and actress Jill Balcon, grandson of the late Sir Michael Balcon, head of one of Britain's most powerful film studios, Day Lewis was raised in a beautiful Georgian house but spent his first decade at a local school with dockers' sons. When Day Lewis went on to a posh school, he rebelled. Afterwards, he studied cabinetmaking with a master craftsman and thinks he may return to it, "when I'm old and have achieved peace of mind." Meanwhile, he can't help getting laurels. "There's something special about him," says Ismail Merchant, who produced *A Room With a View*. "He has a kind of vitality and, at the same time, a quality you don't often see in actors—a real sensitivity, which is in his eyes, his manners, and his conversation. To have both sides at once is very rare."

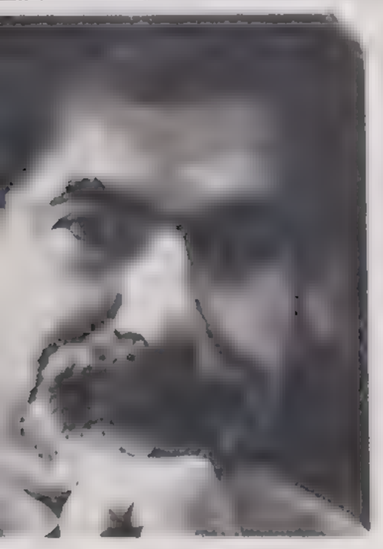
—VICTORIA RADIN

men

David Bailey

to look at...

Here, the results of an informal poll, are fifteen exemplary men—the young and the restless, rich and shameless, old-fashioned heroes and new-wave hunks



VARTAN GREGORIAN

Vartan Gregorian is a king of the Manhattan jungle, equally at home among literary lions and social butterflies. As president of the New York Public Library, Gregorian has many roles; the one he plays most dramatically is that of fund-raiser. Despite his disclaimer "I raise [the public's] consciousness. I don't raise money," the ebullient Gregorian has done both; along with such cohorts as Brooke Astor, he's turned the Library's charity galas into the hottest tickets in town. But Gregorian's real charm is his openness. Professor, writer, linguist, administrator, diplomat, philosopher—he's a true Renaissance gypsy, pursuing his life from challenge to challenge.

JOHN LURIE

John Lurie drifted into our line of vision as a star of Jim Jarmusch's *Stranger Than Paradise*, a low-rent *Jules and Jim*. Now, Lurie's Belmondo-esque mug has been discovered by Madison Avenue. Amidst popular retro images—George Marciano cowboys and Calvin Klein rebels without a cause—Lurie cozies up next to a glass of lager and a bottle of Rose's lime juice. But Lurie's staying honest—starring in Jarmusch's new movie *Down by Law* with Tom Waits and Ellen Barkin, due out this fall.

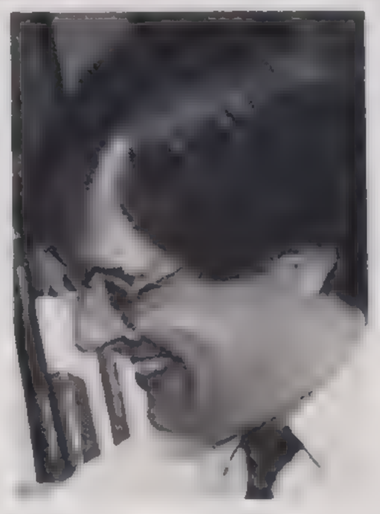
CHUCK YEAGER

Chuck Yeager's the kind of hero who makes movies seem smaller than life. Unlike the Sam Shepard character in *The Right Stuff*, Chuck is no Zen techie,

rather he is a good old fighter jock: "You feed off fear as if it's a high-energy candy bar." Now a best-selling author as well as a TV spokesman for auto parts, Yeager, sixty-three, seems untamed by age —or celebrity.

RICARDO BOFILL

Gary Cooper striding through *The Fountainhead* was the exception—it took years for us to see architects as glamorous, welding the visionary wildness of the artist to corporate power. Ricardo Bofill is a dapper Spaniard whose housing projects in and around Paris combine ultra-contemporary material with the grandeur of classical form. Having embarked on his first American project, Bofill will show his drawings this fall at the Max Protech Gallery in New York City; and Rizzoli has published a monograph on this most charismatic member of a new generation of architects.



BENNO SCHMIDT, JR.

Benno Schmidt, Jr., who played a bit part in *Hannah and Her Sisters*, looks far too boyish to be cast as the new President of Yale University, a post he assumes in July. But despite his propensity for elbow-worn cardigans, hallmark of the woolly academia nut, Schmidt is anything but an absent-minded professor. The son of a law professor-turned-venture capitalist, he did a stint at the Justice Department before becoming dean of Columbia University Law School, where he earned kudos for his fund-raising abilities. (During his single year as dean, Columbia took in more money than any other law school in the country.) He is married—this is his third—to documentary filmmaker Helen Cutting Whitney. No stranger to the media himself—he's the moderator of PBS's *The Constitution: that Delicate Balance*—Schmidt at forty-four promises to cut every bit as dashing a figure as one former Yale prexy, Kingman Brewster, who went on to become Ambassador to England.

to watch

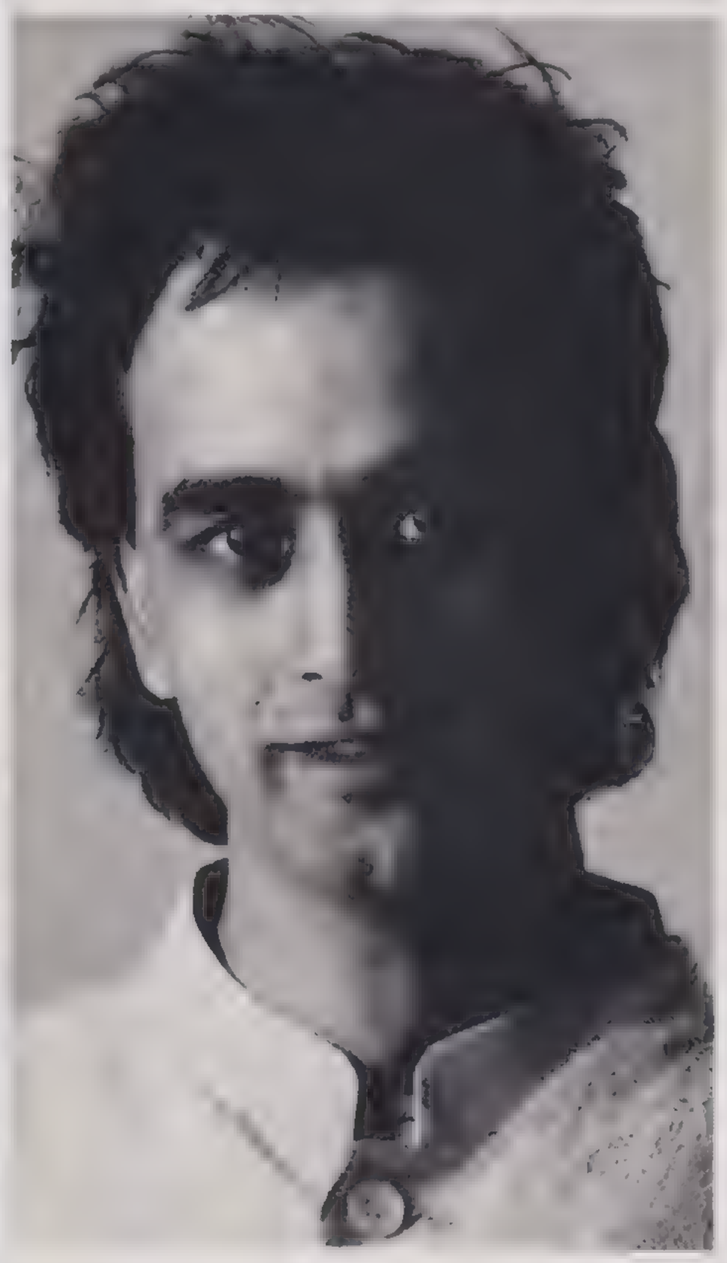
Men...

MITCH GAYLORD

People still talk about the 1984 Summer Olympics, when the U.S. men's gymnastic team won the gold medal, and Mitch Gaylord, whose risky maneuver—the Gaylord II—was a daring combination of superhuman strength and self-control. Evidently sports fans aren't the only ones intrigued by this artful hunk. This summer, Gaylord's starring in his first film, *American Anthem*, directed by Albert (*Purple Rain*) Magnoli.

DWIGHT GOODEN

Pitchers are baseball's odd men out—duelists amidst the geometry of teamwork, mystics of the mound, where poise is as important as a blistering fastball, a funky curve. At twenty-one, the Mets' Dwight Gooden is preternaturally cool—and wise enough to call his own peculiar magic "God-given." After only two seasons, God has given Gooden incredible stats—he's the youngest Cy Young Award winner—and a $1.32 million salary. In an era when ball players are famous for their contract hassles, drug problems, and emotional outbursts, Gooden—whose only concession to all that jazz is a few chains to match his gold tooth—is the compleat Zen natural.



ART MALIK

"Horses sweat, men perspire, women glow." Now that women sweat, men should glow a little; Art Malik does more than glow, he smolders. As Hari Kumar in *The Jewel in the Crown*, he plays a young Indian involved with an upper-class English girl. Watching their courtship is like watching a panther stalk a gazelle—while his rival, Tim Pigott-Smith, sweats so much he resembles a malevolent poached egg. Classically trained Malik, the firebrand lawyer in *A Passage to India*, has completed a new TV film for the BBC, which, given his appeal, may turn up on television here before long.

EDWIN SCHLOSSBERG

What kind of man courts American royalty? Ed Schlossberg, engaged to marry Caroline Kennedy this summer, holds two Ph.D.s, pals around with George Plimpton, and co-authored *The Philosopher's Game*. For years Caroline dated Tom Carney, one of the few handsome living writers. And Schlossberg, forty, is easy on the eyes as well as being, an acquaintance says, "a great charmer of old men and young women."

RUBÉN BLADES

If Rubén Blades looks as much like a law student as a salsa star, it's because both are true. He holds a Master's in law from Harvard; his two albums, *Buscando América* and *Escenas*, have broken new ground for Latin music, combining literate lyrics with a sound that draws on pop, calypso, and salsa. The star of *Crossover Dreams*, Leon Ichaso's independent film about a salsa singer who longs to get out of the *barrio*, is soon to be appearing in Michael Apted's *Critical Condition* opposite Richard Pryor. Blades is something of a crossover dream himself, tearing down the Desi Arnaz stereotype.

JOHN KARLEN

Mario Cuomo is not solely responsible for the new, sexy image of the happily married man—part of the credit belongs to a Brooklyn-born actor, John Karlen, who plays Mary Beth Lacey's husband, Harv, on *Cagney & Lacey* and is one of TV's odder cult heroes. Unlike John Forsythe, the *pater familias* of *Dynasty*, "Hahv," as Detective Lacey calls him, rules his roost with daring empathy, walking a tightrope between supportive. . .and sap. But Harv is no mealy-mouthed house-husband. (Married for twenty-two years, Karlen said he'd never let his real wife, Betty, be a cop.) And the chemistry between Karlen and Tyne Daly (right down to their complementary Queens accents) is so palpable it makes a good marriage look exciting—and a decent man appealing.

ERIC FISCHL

Raw-boned, self-mocking, and bespectacled, Eric Fischl looks like the boy next door—but he has a sinister take on the neighborhood. His paintings, which recently earned him a retrospective at NYC's Whitney Museum of American Art, are scarifying tableaux—as mordant as Joni Mitchell lyrics—of monied suburbanites taking their leisure in an atmosphere of barbecues and dread. But Fischl, who grew up in Port Washington, New York, the kind of affluent suburb he skewers, is more than just another bad boy in an art scene dominated by calculating stars. For one thing, he can paint. Moreover, he is a moralist, whose conservative technique serves up a radical emotional challenge—a clear-eyed child with the talent and courage to strip the emperor nude.

MARCELLO MASTROIANNI

If his early films—*Too Bad She's Bad, The Bigamist*—suggest nothing more than a Lothario, Marcello Mastroianni came to represent the modern European male because he made anxiety alluring *(vide: 8½)*. During a distinguished career, Mastroianni has been challenged, but no one has captured the maestro's sense of rue. Now, in Fellini's *Ginger and Fred*, a white-haired Marcello proves that studs are a dime a dozen—no one is so *simpatico* as an aging rake.

Steve Tynan

JEFF FAHEY

Whether playing an outlaw in *Silverado* or a doomed prisoner in the TV movie *The Execution of Raymond Graham*, Jeff Fahey imbues unsavory characters with humanity. What gives him immediacy—apart from pool-blue eyes—is the training he received at the Joffrey Ballet School, where he forged a technique for reaching down into his body for characterization. Currently starring with Albert Finney in a London production of *Orphans*, Fahey can be seen onscreen this summer in *Psycho III*.

Details, last pages

ONE MAN'S CASTLE

Gianni Versace—modern man at home with classical splendor

As one of Italy's best-known fashion designers, Gianni Versace (*above*) is the head of a conglomerate that reaches all over the world. For his palazzo in Milan—it started out as a convent in the seventeenth century—the shy, charming, thirty-nine-year-old Versace wanted his living room (*right*) to suggest the openness of a piazza, an illusion enhanced on the far wall by a trompe-l'oeil mural of receding columns designed by Renzo Mongiardino.

ONE MAN'S CASTLE

"I grew up
in Magna Graecia"
—the heel of Italy—"playing
amid Greek ruins.
Classical culture gave
me my inspiration"

Symmetry rules in Versace's living room *(left)*, with its paired sofas, tables, chairs, bronze horses, and even a pair of large marble feet. The centerpiece of the window wall is an ancient Roman statue of a Vestal virgin, flanked by seventeenth-century tables from Tuscany, each of which holds a box inlaid with *pietre dure* (semiprecious stones) originally made for the Medici family in Florence. In the floriferous dining room *(above)*, Neapolitan flower paintings that once belonged to the Visconti family, French Directoire furniture, a tole chandelier, and an extravagant floral display create an air of vernal charm.

"Opulence, classicism —everything that is historically Italian—appeals to me"

Though slightly less grandiose than the famed Baths of Caracalla in Rome, Versace's bathroom (*above*) is a sumptuous contemporary counterpart to ancient imperial splendor. Massive *faux-marbre* columns flank the tub area, which is embellished with statues of Apollo and Dionysus. The three grisaille paintings above the tub are by eighteenth-century artist Andrea Appiani, who, says Versace, "made paintings for all the best houses." Versace's bedroom (*right*), designed around a Renaissance bed from Florence, blends classical antiquities, e.g., the marble statue of Diana, with Christian imagery, the seventeenth-century Venetian painting. "There is a mixture of Dionysus and Christ, mythology and religion," says Versace.

Oberto Gili

ONE MAN'S CASTLE

ONE MAN'S CASTLE

Going after the active life you want, the "freer" look you want—that's the essence of summer beauty today: More a matter of fitness than of embellishment, it implies an attitude, a confidence, an ease—exemplified, here, by star model Paulina Porizkova.

SPEEDO

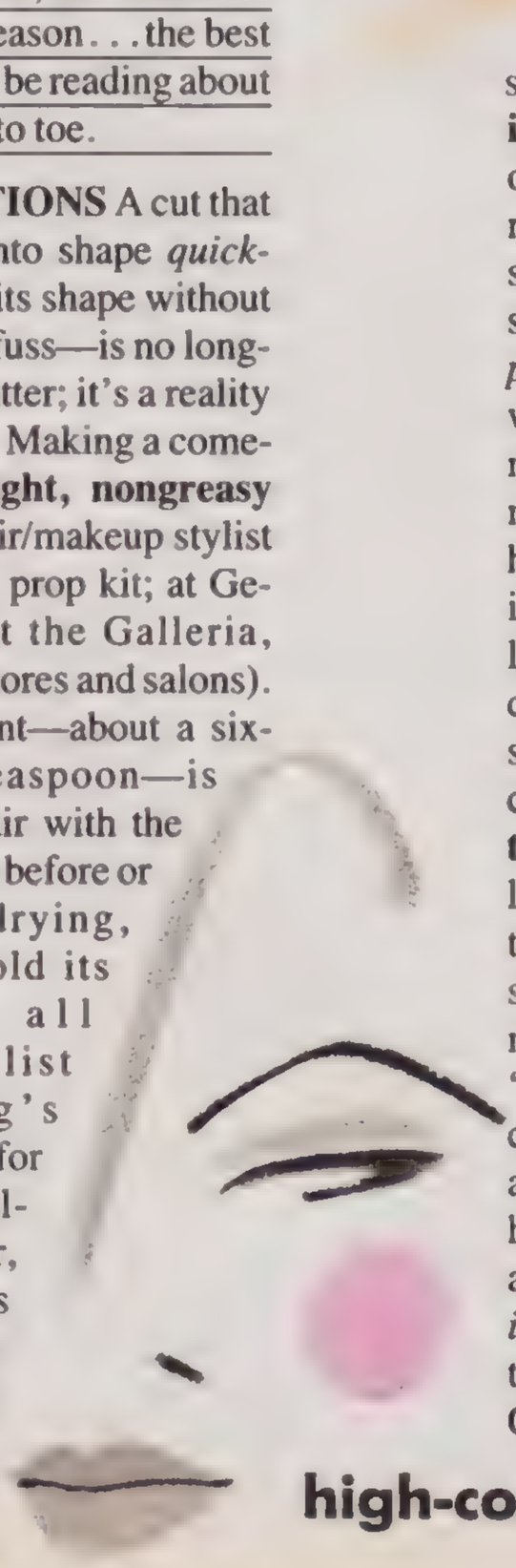
freer

SUMMER BEAUTY: ONE...TWO ...THREE!

tints of color

In summer, what a woman wants: a pared-down beauty "system," a way to eliminate the unnecessary without giving up the "finish" makeup provides. What this kind of approach assumes: that certain basics—hair's cut, skin's care, body's shape—are maintained year-round...and that paring down doesn't mean forgoing the very real delights, the charms of a new beauty season...the best of which you'll be reading about here, from top to toe.

HAIR SOLUTIONS A cut that can be dried into shape *quickly*—that holds its shape without a great deal of fuss—is no longer a fashion matter; it's a reality of modern life. Making a comeback: **lightweight, nongreasy pomade** (in hair/makeup stylist Rick Gillette's prop kit; at Gerard Bollei at the Galleria, NYC; in drugstores and salons). A small amount—about a sixteenth of a teaspoon—is rubbed into hair with the palms of hands before or after blow-drying, helps hair hold its "shape" all day....Stylist John Sahag's **"instant lift"** for short to shoulder-length hair, to do in minutes before leaving the gym/going out at night: Apply a dab (the size of a quarter) of mousse to "roots" of damp hair; finger-comb hair into place, then blow-dry using fingers or a flat brush to add volume, fullness....**To keep in a desk drawer or tote bag:** a travel-size *non*-aerosol hair spray, natural-bristle brush, "neutral" hair ribbons, barrettes. That way, if hair needs a day-to-night switch and you can't get home, you can make a hair change *fast*....**Daytime style:** Part of the trend to hair that's a bit longer now is the versatility it gives an active woman. For "leisure" dressing, there's a certain freshness, a real attractiveness in simply pulling longer hair on top of your head and winding a length of stretchy fabric around a topknot, tucking hair up and under the wrap (see sketch, *far right*)....Or, **for more "finish,"** or as a perfect solution for **hair that's growing out,** there's also the appeal of a ponytail worn low on the nape of the neck, held with a stack of simple *faux* tortoiseshell barrettes (see sketch, *next page*)....What about the woman who finds **short hair** most flattering? The change to make this summer, if you haven't already, says NYC stylist Gerard Bollei, is a cut that's layered around the face, so hair can be brushed forward or straight back for an instant, total change of look....**Hair maintenance:** To keep hair healthy-looking, with body and shine, there are more and more intensive salon conditioning treatments that, in a half hour, "seal" moisture into hair, counteract the tendency of salt and chlorinated water to leave hair split and dry. Best news of all: these treatments *keep working* for up to eight weeks (where to go: in NYC, Gerard Bollei at the Galleria; the John Sahag Salon).



high-color cheeks

MAKEUP SYSTEMS The difference you'll notice immediately this summer: makeup's bareness, its **see-through texture**. Think in terms of softer, paler colors applied with the lightest of hands, of color focused, heightened on a single feature. Most appealing now:

- **the three-step face** For day, for a casual night: a lightweight foundation, lip pencil, translucent powder—three items that are all the "coverage" a woman needs at this time of year, says makeup artist Rick Gillette. Three items that can be tucked into a purse, a desk drawer, retouched, redone in seconds.
- **a sheer "wash" of color** on the face. Newer, more translucent than foundation: the color achieved by blending a touch of tawny loose powder into a lightweight moisturizing lotion—the idea being to match/enhance skin's natural color or to create the illusion, by taking the powder one shade deeper, of a tan. Swatched, *center*: Coty's Sun Tricks lotion blended with Airspun loose powder.

a sheer "tan"

the topknot!

- **high-color cheeks** For a woman with good skin, the only makeup needed: clear pink or coral blush blended high on the cheeks, with bare eyes, mouth, as sketched, *bottom left*. Especially attractive, says makeup artist Linda Cantello, on skin with a bit of bronziness.
- **paler coloring**...rose, coral, sheer beige used as translucent accents on a single feature—cheeks, *(Continued)*

Drawings by Bob Hiemstra

Makeup, Ultima II: their new mousse face color in Golden Tan; sheer Fresh Rose lip color, all SPF 6. These pages: makeup, François Nars; hair, Suga of Suga salon, NYC. Fashion details, last pages.

SUMMER BEAUTY

nails: pastel pop-offs

(Continued) eyes, or lips. Some of the most attractive choices now: the trio of colors in Princess Marcella Borghese's Bravado Naturale—lipsticks (sketched, *top*) and eyecolor mousses that also can be used on cheeks (sketched, *next page*) and that go on with a very modern sheerness.

DAY INTO NIGHT, the difference can be as subtle, as effortless as applying a deeper lip color, creating a change in hair's direction. Newest:

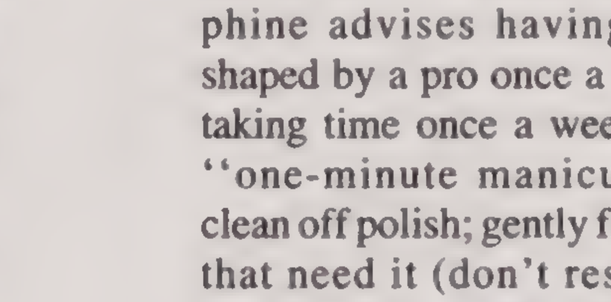
- **a vibrant mouth**—clear red, pink in a single sweep of color. *Not* a too-lined/filled-in mouth.
- **a pale, shimmery powder** brushed on as highlighter, eyeshadow, to bring up the "glow" of makeup (ideal: Clinique's Powdered Light).
- **hair with more texture, more wave**—created by letting hair fall free from a topknot worn during the day . . . or moussing and "setting" hair in pincurls for the minute it takes to apply evening makeup—a "set" for long or short hair, says stylist Paul Mitchell.
- **a more finished makeup.** For a woman who wears no more than sheer foundation, lip pencil, and powder by day, what "turns" her look at night, says makeup artist Rick Gillette, can be the simple addition of a smoky brown eyeshadow, a coat of mascara, a hint of soft rose blush—a look that takes no more than a minute to achieve.
- **a fantasy change**—an offbeat colored hairpiece or, newest, wearing exaggeratedly long, fake nails that press on/pop off in seconds (sketched, *top left*, Long Nails by Joneé).

BODY BASICS In a season of barer clothes, skin that is smoothed and shined can be a woman's best beauty "accessory." What makes sense now, says NYC skin-care specialist Trish McEvoy: taking a minute in the shower to slough off dry, flaky skin with the use of a gentle scrub on face, body (even hands). At night, body skin can be smoothed, fragranced in seconds with a scented body lotion (two that give skin a soft "glow": Maroc Perfumed Body Lustre, Annick Goutal's Precious Oils).

NAIL TRICKS In summer, scheduling regular manicures can be difficult. Josephine Allen of NYC's Nails by Josephine advises having nails shaped by a pro once a month, taking time once a week for a "one-minute manicure"—clean off polish; gently file nails that need it (don't reshape); slough cuticles and hands with a grainy cleanser in warm water; apply hand cream. . . . **Most attractive summer nails:** buffed to a natural shine or glossed with clear polish into which a drop or two of pearlized white has been mixed—an almost-bare look that resists yellowing. Or, for a bit more color, brushed with a **sheer, translucent polish** that reveals the look of nails underneath. Swatches, *top left*, Borghese's Bravado Naturale nail colors. Sign of the times: Aziza—first to put nail polish in a pen—has just introduced One Coat Nailcolor, twenty-four shades that go on fast, last. . . . **Essential purse items:** a small tube of hand cream, a nail file.

SUN WATCH By now, we're all aware that sun protection is essential, especially in summer, when taking a walk on a city street can expose a woman to skin damage that is cumulative. To look for: tinted moisturizers that act as makeup/skin care/sun deflector . . . products that combine skin moisturizing with protection (Chanel Total Protection Moisture Cream SPF 15; Prescriptives' Eye Shield SPF 8, rich in emollients, fragrance- and sting-free). . . . Even **serious sunblocks** are becoming lighter in weight, easier to apply; there are clear lotion sunscreens as protective as SPF 23 . . . more oil-free, skin-cooling gels and sprays (Sea & Ski's waterproof spray-on Block Out SPF 15 stands up to an *eighty-minute* swim). . . . Still the only **total protection** game in town for prone-to-burn body areas—shoulders, breasts, collarbone: zinc oxide ointment. Latest way to wear it: in colorful creams that are as much body "paint" as protection; sketched *top right*, Le Zink.

fun in the sun



new, paler makeup palette

"stacked" barrettes

In summer, very little is needed to "turn" a look at night—a bit more lip color, a touch of gold somewhere on the face, the addition of a hair ribbon. The point: nothing complicated or time-consuming, just a delightful change of mood . . .

Makeup, Estée Lauder: Golden Glisten Color Wash, Sunlit Sands eyeshadow, Poster Pink lips. Fashion details, last pages.

Drawings by Bob Hiemstra

simpler

Jim Varriale

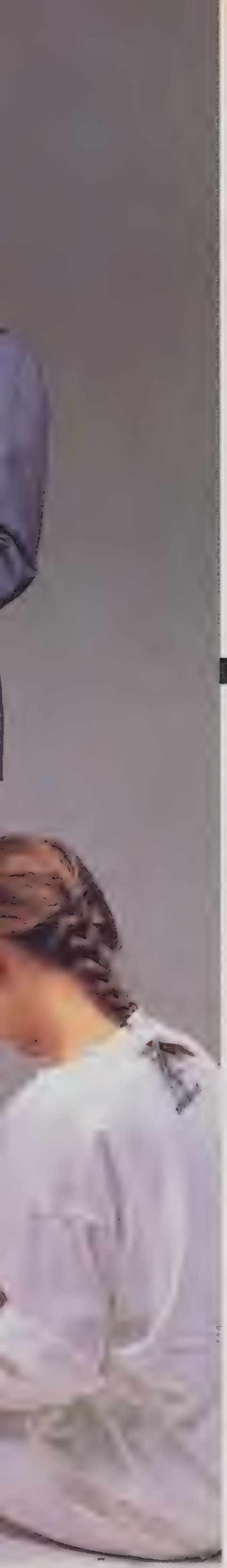
THIN SKINS!

lighter; brighter; racier swimsuits

It's summer. It's hot. What you want now more than ever is a swimsuit that really takes to the water... Something bright, racy, comfortable. Something as thin, supple— and as simply designed as an athletic tank top! On these two pages, some of the most dashing swimsuits on the beach this season... Blue-sky blue—a color that shows off the most well-cared-for bodies. Here, three new ways. Best of both worlds, *far left*: a skinny flat-edged tank top, a shirred bikini bottom. By Ariel for Elisabeth Stewart. About $40. Henri Bendel; The Jerrie Shop, Cedarhurst NY; Loooies, Margate NJ; Cricket, Two, Vero Beach FL; Marini's at the Beach, Santa Cruz CA; Bea Dyke Swimwear, Tarzana and Rancho Mirage CA.... The missing link, *center*: a racer-back midriff top and brief of Antron/Lycra. By Gottex. About $52. Bloomingdale's; John Baldwin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.... The complete picture, *right*: a T-back swimmer's tank suit of Antron/Lycra. By Adrienne Vittadini. About $45. Bloomingdale's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Bullock's; I. Magnin. Hair, Mitch Barry; makeup, François Nars. Details, more stores, last pages.

Men have always cared
about their looks; but now
they're more willing to admit it.
Beyond a trim body, they'd
like smooth skin, even
a facial. . . and why not?

MEN: A NEW IMAGE



Is this a male fantasy? Or wave of the future? Neither, actually; it's a look, *left*, at an '80s reality—the growing number of men moving out of the barbershop and into the "beauty" salon in search of the pleasures, the luxe of manicures, facials, pedicures. Pros say more and more clients are men—looking for the same pampering routines women love. (For the who's who here, fashion details, see last pages.)

Andrea Blanch

BY FREDERICK EBERSTADT

Ever since the days of the cartoon caveman Alley Oop, nothing has engrossed mankind more than the relations between men and women; even today, the topic has lost none of its fascination. The 'sixties revolution changed our way of thinking to such a degree that those who are too young to remember can hardly imagine what that means. It is kinder to call the preceding time an age of irony rather than one of hypocrisy. In the 'fifties, when I was married, no Real Man—and we were all Real Men—wanted to be seen with a girl whose beauty was not "natural"; and a Real Man would marry only a virgin. But that was okay because every girl's beauty was natural, and all the girls you knew were virgins.

After I was married, my wife told me that the topic which had absorbed her and her friends at Farmington was what happens on the Wedding Night. Boys gave a good deal of thought to that, too; but they would have been surprised to find out what the girls worried about. It was not that they were afraid the brute would be too rough—they expected that; it was how they were to repair their appearance after the lug dropped off to sleep, his coarse appetite satisfied. The hope was that Prince Charming would snore away as his blushing bride hid in the bathroom and worked feverishly on her hair and makeup. Then she would slip back into bed; and, when her true love woke in the morning, he would see her beside him, every hair in place. In those "natural" times, a woman relied heavily on her makeup, comb, and hair spray.

Men, on the other hand, were strong and silent. Their hair was shaved; the preferred suit was cut like a railroad conductor's. You might say that Herbert Hoover was the *beau ideal*. Being rebellious, I took a different route. During my years at Princeton, I walked about barefoot, in tattered jeans, with my then-abundant hair falling in shaggy locks over my collar (it was long before the term "hippie" was coined), usually unshaven and grubby. No one, myself included, had any idea that this might be the wave of the future.

My attire started no campus trend. But as I look back on it, my behavior may have been more conventional than it appeared. A man was supposed to be rugged, natural. Like the rest of the community, I felt that boys who took too much interest in their appearance were absurd.

During the turmoil of the 'sixties, everything changed. On television, we saw sacred standards shot to pieces. True, most American men did not wear flowers in waist-length hair; most women did not paint hearts and daisies on their noses. Most did not join communes nor burn down universities; most of us loathed the idea. But the fact was that notions which never would have crossed our minds earlier were being discussed by clas- *(Continued on page 300)*

POWER CUTS

HAIRSTYLES FOR EXECUTIVE SUCCESS

We're all familiar with power plays and power lunches; but what makes a power barber? Like any success, it's a matter of confidence, skill, the right connections.

"I have no competition," says Gio, NYC's top men's barber. His proof? Clients Lee Iacocca (chief executive officer, Chrysler Corporation), Roone Arledge (president, ABC Sports and News), Ross Johnson (chairman, Nabisco Brands), Donald Keough (president, chief operating officer, Coca Cola), George Weissman (chairman, Philip Morris, Inc.), Ronald Perelman (chairman, Revlon), Aaron Spelling (president, Aaron Spelling Productions, Inc.), Frank Gifford (correspondent, *Eyewitness News*)...the list goes on.

At Gio Hernandez's shop in the Pierre Hotel, don't expect to find a barber pole, hair clippings, a cramped row of barber chairs, or hurried service. Gio may call himself a barber, but even his shop—Gio Hair and Skin Salon—is a tip-off to what's ahead. Marble floors, leather banquettes, art, flowers, six private suede-walled booths (each with a phone and a door). Here, clients may bring secretaries, work; make calls, deals. If not, they're relaxing—with a glass of wine (from Gio's private cellar), a drink from the bar, or a cup of truly unbeatable coffee.

What does all this have to do with haircutting? "It's the service I believe in," says Gio. "Why should a barbershop be any different from a men's club? What really matters is the cut."

It's tough to say what makes Gio's cuts outstanding. They don't seem especially stylish...but that's the point. "Almost every man says, 'I don't want my hair to look cut.' The perfect hair neither looks just cut nor looks in need of one." Gio's technique is simple: "I cut where I have to, not where I don't." Which takes an eye. "When I look at a man, I examine his hair—is it thin, thick? I look at the shape of his head, at his bone structure. I cut a man's hair to create a well-shaped head...and for the unlucky, more abundant-looking hair." While all of Gio's clients appreciate his skill, no one is more enthusiastic *(Continued on page 301)*

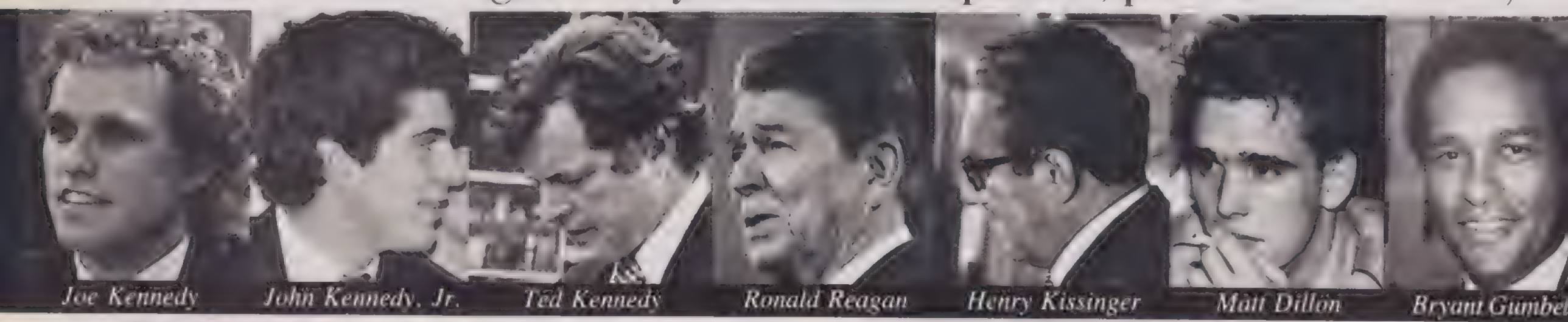
IN PURSUIT OF A CLOSE SHAVE

A man spends an estimated 3350 hours of his life shaving; that's 139 *days*. But, as skin irritation, nicks, ingrown hairs are common results, practice doesn't seem to make perfect.

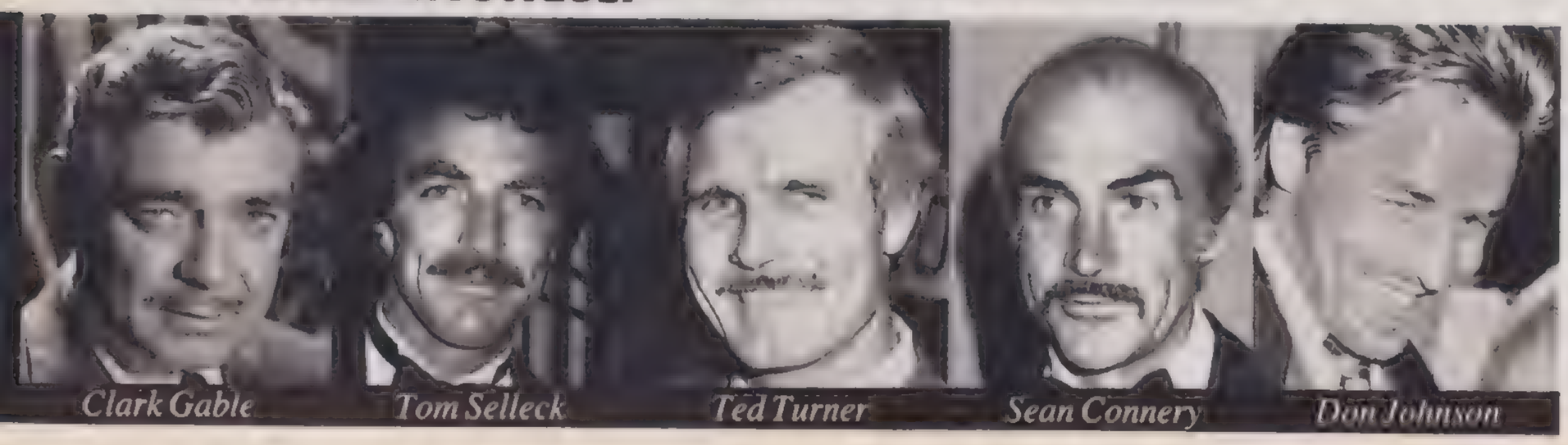
A clue why: a professional, non-electric shave takes one-half hour; an at-home one five, ten minutes at most. "More important than the time spent shaving is the time put into preparing skin before you shave," says Gary Brauner, M.D., associate clinical professor of medicine (dermatology) Albert Einstein College of Medicine, NYC. For a non-electric shave, that preparation depends almost entirely on water, which swells hair, "lifting" it away from skin's surface for easy removal. Which is why a professional shave begins with steaming towels...and why an at-home shave should follow either a hot shower or a two- to three-minute soak with a wet, hot face cloth, says Dr. Brauner.

By holding water on hair, lather, too, helps to soften the beard. It slicks skin's surface so the razor glides smoothly over the face. Is one lather really better than another? "Gels seem to be more efficient than foams at holding water on skin; much of the foam's bulk comes from *(Continued on page 301)*

GREAT HAIR: Instant giveaways to a man's power, position—the cut,



THE GABLE MYSTIQUE: Do men emulate him?



Whether a man's haircut is conservative or trendy is not the point. What is: whether his hair looks good. Here, men with great hair style...*Top row:* The Kennedy hair—thick, curly ...President Reagan and Dr. Kissinger have this in common: Milton Pitts, the barber who cuts Reagan's hair, once cut Kissinger's hair, too...On screen: Matt Dillon's slicked-back style; Bryant Gumbel's

Where do men work out? More and more, it's at corporate gyms. Today, about 70 percent of major U.S. companies sponsor fitness programs. A real front-runner is *Forbes* magazine, which opened its gym, *right*, in 1973. Next step beyond corporate gyms: encouraging people to use them, promoting healthful behavior in every aspect of office life. Forbes, for one, pays employees to exercise for one hour, three days a week. And Honeywell has just received an award from the Washington Business Group on Health for their commitment to fitness—from back-supporting chairs, no-strain lighting; stress-control, smoking-cessation programs; to medical benefits for wellness...all of which is just the beginning of changes taking place.

WHERE MEN GO

GROOMING, FITNESS HOT SPOTS IN NYC, L.A., D.C., PARIS, LONDON

BY LINDA WELLS

Gone are the days a man got a five-dollar haircut at a neighborhood barber, did a few pushups at a bare-bones gym, and called himself groomed and fit. Today, men have nearly as many options and opportunities to be pampered as women do. And it's obvious...as you'll read here in our city-by-city guide...

What brings a man to a woman's salon? At New York City's **Pipino Buccheri Salon,** it's the "versatility of the cuts, expert colorists, service," says Marc Pipino. That's good enough for Mick Jagger (who gets his hair cut at home by Pipino Buccheri's Edward Tricomi).

Kenneth, who has always cut men's hair, recently added a men's area (just inside the entrance). Unlike the chintz and femininity of the rest of the salon, the men's section is grey and burgundy, with four styling chairs. Fast cuts, service (lunch is ordered in; a car and driver are available to take clients to next appointments), and business-like hours (open at 7:30 A.M. weekdays; until 7:30 P.M. Wednesday nights) are part of the draw.

Men such as Andre Oliver, Richard Avedon, Seiji Ozawa, Carlos Falchi fill the chairs at **Suga Salon,** where many male clients request haircoloring and permanent waves; and very few (Joe Namath, for one) feel the need to hide out in Suga's private room.

If a stylist in a shirt, tie, blazer, grey flannels makes a man feel at ease, then that may explain the success of **Sergio Valente** at Bergdorf Goodman...as will Valente's top-rated stylists, colorists, services (lunch and cappuccino).

What brings men to **Imo at The Regency Hotel** is master barber Raymond Geffroy and his painstaking care. Raymond cuts the hair of ten to twelve men daily—he once did Maurice Chevalier and Errol Flynn; today, it's Richard Nixon.... **The St. Regis Hotel barbershop**—where *The Godfather* and *Prince of the City* were filmed—is more humble than Hollywood, and popular among businessmen such as Charles Allen. The appeal? Good cuts, good prices.

Paul Molé calls itself the Brooks Brothers of haircutting. And why not? Clients include William F. Buckley, Jr., Dan Rather, Mike Wallace, Donald Trump, and Texas Air's Frank Lorenzo. (Until recently, a barber from Paul Molé spent one day a week at Oppenheimer's offices, cutting hair and, rumor has it, picking up a few stock tips.)

"When the stock market is up, so is my business," says one barber at **The Equitable Men's Hairstylist,** two blocks from Wall Street. This is the oldest NYC barbershop, offering treatments—straight-razor shaves, facials followed by rubdowns—as traditional as their businessmen clients.

Most men first come to **Philip Kingsley Trichological Centers** (NYC, London) with a specific problem—hair loss, dandruff, oiliness, *(Continued on page 301)*

Jeff McNamara

the line of his hair

more serious image...Classics: Prince Charles's former barber from Geo F. Trumper comes to the Palace to cut Prince Andrew's hair...*Bottom row:* Gable clones—"I'm always flattered by the comparison," says Tom Selleck, "but there's only one Gable." Even so, there's a strong resemblance, here, to Gable among Selleck, Turner, Connery...Rugged look: Don Johnson's "groomed" stubble.

Details, last pages

MEN'S SKIN CARE

BY SHIRLEY LORD

Men aren't rushing out yet to find the latest anti-aging skin care "breakthrough" . . . but things *are* changing. A recent survey by Wall Street analyst Diana Temple revealed the men's skin-care market should reach over thirty million dollars this year.

How do a man's needs differ? A greater production of male hormones means a man's skin is generally oilier than a woman's . . . is sometimes more prone to breakouts/acne—all reason enough for specific in-depth cleansers. (Ralph Lauren's new Polo body shampoo, Invigorating Body Cleanser from Avon's new Active Fitness System for Men, a new Efficient Skin Wash from Perry Ellis, two new gel cleansers from Lancôme's Programme Homme—one, Gel Exfolient clean sweeps ingrown hairs, too.)

Other big differences? A man's skin is thicker, tougher, and, of course, from puberty on, has facial hair—until recently, the beginning, and end, of his grooming focus. The same Wall Street survey cited above shows that at least 15 percent of men use women's moisturizers to try to "take the sting" out of shaving. This information has certainly contributed to the introduction of male skin soothers: After Shave Skin Calmer from Aramis (no alcohol, with allantoin and aloe), Soothing Moisture Balm (totally oil free) from Antaeus Pour Homme, Giorgio Beverly Hills for Men after-shave lotion with collagen, and a number of specially devised *soothing* shave creams from Chanel, Monogram, Drakkar Noir, YSL, and Lauder for Men.

A man is resistant to change when it comes to his product choices—even though, ironically, as far as fragrance/grooming products are concerned, it is a woman who makes the initial choice for him. It's when he makes "repeat purchases" *himself* that a fragrance is considered a success . . . a fact capitalized on by fragrance manufacturers who estimate, correctly, that if, for instance, he wears Kouros by Yves Saint Laurent (spicy with cinnamon, cloves, and aromatic wild grasses), it's likely he'll go for an after-shave with the same scent (now, there's a Kouros Sport Formula Face Emulsion, too). The same goes for KL Homme by Parfums Lagerfeld, Eau Sauvage Extrême by Christian Dior, Skin Maintenance For Men by Paco Rabanne, the new Pierre Cardin Man's Musk, and Aramis 900, which includes a staggering number of skin-caring products—all rendering its amber, wood, and moss tones—among them, an Absolute Comfort Shave Creme and Foam . . . these days, it seems, an absolute essential. ▽

WHY BOXING?

. . . "I can't think of a more efficient stamina/strength-training routine for men," says trainer Marianne Battistone, also the fitness director of the Regency Hotel Fitness Center, NYC. "Five years ago, a male client asked for something more challenging—and I thought, why not boxing? It's one of the toughest workouts around; and besides, I really enjoy it."

All Battistone's boxing clients are men, and each program varies, depending on the client's ability. Basics include first using a speed bag (not shown), which helps to build hand/eye coordination as well as stamina; then the heavy bag (which Battistone uses, *opposite page*) for an aerobic and upper-body strength workout; followed by a combination of rope jumping and abdominal exercise.

Battistone doesn't spar with clients because, she says, she can't afford to be injured. But, the truth is, it's probably the clients who should worry: Battistone admits she's one of the few female trainers around who have the stamina—and the power—to box with men. . . .

Fact: the very personal grooming essentials men depend on day in/day out surprisingly are not chosen by them but usually are received as gifts. Here, a classic-modern mix of the best... *Clockwise from top:* electric razor, Dopp kit (a snap-off tray holds shaving products, protects kit), Porsche Design; travel ideal—portable Magi-Mirror (D.F. Sanders); classic silver set (brush, razor, soap, dish)—all Barneys New York; collapsible shoe horn, Abercrombie & Fitch; clothes brush to remove lint, D.F. Sanders; combs and all natural bristle brushes, Caswell-Massey; mini hair dryer, Panasonic, from Abercrombie & Fitch. Details, last pages.

Jeff McNamara

GETTING IN SHAPE

IN PURSUIT OF FITNESS, MEN ARE HEADING TO GYMS, SPAS...

When the Golden Door announced its first men's week in the fall of 1960, it was yet another innovation from the Door's owner, Deborah Szekely, already a pioneer for introducing 6:00 A.M. mountain climbs and all-day exercise classes into an until then languid spa day that had largely revolved around facials, steam baths, etc. Improved fitness was her motivation, and she believed men were just as eager as women to achieve it—providing "going to a spa" didn't in some way diminish their "masculinity." Certain that the executive men she wanted to attract planned their leisure time the way they planned business appointments, Deborah chose the first week of every "quarter"—March, June, September, and December—as "men only" weeks.

From the beginning, men's weeks were a resounding success. Today, over twenty-five years later, there are two "men only" weeks at the beginning of every quarter, with long waiting lists for every one of the forty places available.

"Cloud Nine used to be the name of our upstairs facial room," Deborah reminisces.

(Continued on page 298)

Andrea Blanch

very welcome additions...

THE SEASON'S FIRST KNITS AND JERSEYS

On these eight pages, what you'll want to wear first—and to wear repeatedly throughout the season ahead. Clothes welcome for their ease, their travel ability, their seasonless nature, their smallness and softness of fit. All, in lightweight knits and jerseys; most in grey—to keep your eye on, starting here.... Total dressing in knit, Geoffrey Beene's way. First: a perfect-weight, unconstructed coat of grey wool. ...Under the coat—a beautiful, smaller-shaped jacket in grey wool knit ...And under the jacket, the surprise of his body-snug, cutaway-back knit dress. Coat, about $1615. Jacket and dress, about $1645. Late July at Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin; Rich's; Balliet's; Colbert's, Amarillo TX; Frederick & Nelson. Jewelry, Bulgari at The Pierre Hotel, NYC. Hair and makeup, Rick Gillette. These eight pages, chairs from Niall Smith Antiques and Decorations, Fair-fax

very welcome additions...in knit

IN THE SEASON'S NEW COLOR— GREY —DAY DRESSING FOR NOW, LATER, ANYTIME

The dress—the shape of the year in the fabric, the color of choice, near left: Mary Ann Restivo's "coatdress" dress of charcoal grey seamless wool knit, softer, longer, zipped up the front...and at its best with a wide, strong belt, a charming flat shoe. About $250. July at Lord & Taylor; Montaldo's; Lillie Rubin–South & West; Point of View, Woodmere & Rocky River OH; The Gazebo, Dallas; Nordstrom, Los Angeles and Seattle WA...

Fallshead, precise, easier: the suit in knit, *above, far left*—Genny's hip-covering jacket and narrow slit skirt in wool/acrylic knit. Jacket, about $500; skirt, about $250. Bergdorf Goodman; Perkins Shearer, Denver; Capriccio, Scottsdale AZ & La Jolla CA; Amen Wardy, Newport Beach CA.... The presence of a suit, the relaxed attitude of sweaters, from Anne Klein II, *below far left*: a high-necked, broad-shouldered cardigan and narrow skirt in grey merino wool. Top, about $155; skirt, about $79. Mid-August at Lord & Taylor; Burdines; Lazarus, Cincinnati and Columbus OH; Bullock's; Nordstrom, San Diego. These six pages: hair, Ayo for Bumble & Bumble NYC; make-up, Margaret Avery

very welcome additions...in knit

THE POINT: YOU DON'T ALWAYS NEED A JACKET TO LOOK, TO FEEL DRESSED

Knit dressing that takes you from day to dinner without skipping a beat. *left:* Bill Blass's instantly inviting two-piece dress in ivory and black jersey. On first sight, you recognize its potential. Top and skirt, about $1050. Jonco Jersey. Saks Fifth Avenue (with scarf). Next Outskirt: Mundaldo's, Rich's, Martha, Palm Beach and Hal Harrison Limited's gowns, lounge at The Pierre Hotel, N.Y.C. Arsene symmetrical with knits, with no superfluous, always-feminine style of dressing. Adrianna Vittadini. True to form, right—her long-sleeved pullover is creamy, off-white wool with a high fencer's neck. Jersey-wheredit and natural matching skirt. Top, about $95; skirt, about $86. Into August, Bloomingdale's, John Wanamaker, Town at [illegible] Parisi, more

Easy take on a suit from Perry Ellis, *left*: his small-shaped, body-close cardigan in wool and cashmere; matching knit skirt. Top, about $180; skirt, about $170. Mid-June at Lord & Taylor; Frost Bros.; Bullock's; Macy's, San Francisco. Very simple, very sharp, virtually seamless above right [illegible] Tuttino's creamy wool jersey jacket—longer, fly-front—with a high-neck silk charmeuse blouse, and jersey skirt. Jacket, about $875; blouse, about $575; skirt, about $395. Turnout, mid-July at Bergdorf Goodman; Rich's; John Baldwin, St. Petersburg FL; Martha, Palm Beach & Bal Harbour; Jacobson's; Kane's, Chicago. Ideal "base" for dressing—on its own, under a coat, under a jacket, whatever. Below right, Gianni Versace's ivory wool [illegible] with [illegible]

very welcome
additions...in knit

THE
APPEAL
OF PALE,
SEASONLESS
COLORING
...OF
DRESSING
THAT'S
SOFTER,
SMALLER,
CLOSE-TO-
THE-BODY

When you think of summer dressing, traditionally you think of easily rumpled linens and thinner cottons. This season it's something cleaner, crisper, with a closer-to-the-body line . . . a lightweight light-colored suit, dress, pair of pants—with the kind of presence usually reserved for a man's "tropical suit" . . . To sew: on these four pages, key pieces of a summer wardrobe in fabrics that make a difference . . . A truly hot-weather suit—one to wear right now, *left*: a rayon-and-silk short-sleeved jacket with something extra—with

VOGUE PATTERN #1697

A SUBSTANTIAL DIFFERENCE . . .

Elisabeth Novick

a little more fit through the waist; a narrow skirt. Vogue Pattern #1697 (fabric, American Silk Mills)...Great basics with a twist—with an unexpected "sturdiness" in the fabric, *right*: a wear-every-day shirt in doupioni silk; light khaki trousers in silk linen that really holds a crease. Shirt, Calvin Klein for Vogue Patterns #1455 (fabric: Shamash); trousers, Vogue Pattern #1199 (fabric: Calamo Silk)...These four pages: hair, Alex Hilliard for Xavier Salon, NYC; makeup, Linda Mason. Sewing tips, details, stores, last pages.

VOGUE PATTERNS

CALVIN KLEIN FOR
VOGUE PATTERNS #1455

VOGUE PATTERN #1199

IN|THE|FABRIC

A button-up-the-front dress of doupioni silk, *left,* with this summer's safari influence—and the kind of crispness you feel every time you put it on. Kasper for Vogue Patterns #1574 (fabric: Shamash). ...Easy evenings—just the right amount of shirring, of charming gold ornamentation (the pocket buttons: Tender Buttons), of the season's bareness—in a matte jersey top and doupioni silk pants, *right.* A look that goes from daytime to dinner-time. Rayon tank, Vogue Pattern #1734 (Jasco Fabrics); pants, Vogue Pattern #9537 (fabric: Shamash). For sewing tips, details, stores, see last pages of this issue.

KASPER FOR
VOGUE PATTERNS
#1574

A SUBSTANTIAL DIFFERENCE...

Elisabeth Novick

VOGUE PATTERN #1734

VOGUE PATTERN #9537

VOGUE'S LAST WORD

ON FASHION IN THIS ISSUE

What works and what doesn't: At the start of a whole new season, how to set up new fall looks, new lengths . . . ways to bring in a new dressing shape . . . changing it all with the best of accessories . . .

Every new—fall—clothing season invariably brings new directions in dressing with it. Heading into this fall/winter, you'll find clear changes are taking place in shapes and lengths. The way you handle them sets up a whole new look for months ahead.

When it comes to length, you'll find a variety to choose from, both long and short. **But when it comes right down to it—in coats, suits, skirts, dresses, across the board—two lengths stand out: fairly short and very long.** The short length comes right to the top of the kneecap. "Long" is unmistakably long; the newest long lengths hit below mid-calf, inching down to a bit above the ankle. You can see an example of the shorter side of dressing and how it can work, in this issue, in Geoffrey Beene's grey coat turnout (4). With a shorter skirt, high heels literally—and physically—"set up" the look. With longer lengths such as Armani's suit (2) or, longer still, Mary Ann Restivo's dress (3), flats anchor the added length and the fullness. Shoe and skirt both allow for a wide stride when a woman is walking.

By flats we mean wafer-thin heels—the kind that came down runway after runway for fall: a plain, pump-like ballet-inspired slipper—the choice with Armani (2) or a gutsier moccasin as with Restivo (3). What distinguishes the season's new flats: a rich range of textures. You'll find crocodile, snakeskin, suede, textured leathers. You'll also find that the stocking to wear, whether with a flat or a high heel, with something long or something short, is a stocking that's matte, without texture, toned into the color of the turnout. It could be slightly sweatery, just this side of lisle, or like tights, with Lycra for hold, but it won't have any sheerness or any shine.

A beautiful example of how it all works together: Restivo's charcoal wool dress, with charcoal matte stockings and a deep charcoal moccasin. A dress like this—one that's wool, long and full, fitted at the waist and held with a belt—may well turn out to be the Ford of the season. A dress that comes in wool jersey, in a dark color, easily becomes the season's new base, the new equivalent of a turtleneck with a skirt or trousers.

What dressing in a "base" requires, and what this season is also about, is accessories. They often are what give the shape and the focus to the season's soft dresses. The shape of things right now is unforced, unconstricting, and unmistakable. One of the easiest ways to achieve it? With a belt. You'll see it as the shape-changer with suits, coats, dresses, just about anything. The belt of the year: three inches in width, in suede, in textured leather, not too crushable, with some real hold on the body. Even with a dress as inherently soft and easy-fitting as Krizia's leopard-print, (1) wrapping the dress broadly at the waist provides a distinct shape—the shape of the coming season.

Another shaper, another key accessory: a jacket. **A strong jacket that fits close to the body can be the start of a whole new shape.** Although there are almost endless variations, a jacket nipped in at the waist and rounded at the shoulder, such as Armani's (2) or Beene's (4), can bring the waist, and the body, into focus for fall; become the invaluable piece that you move from piece to bottom piece in your wardrobe.

One of the most unexpected and best-looking new accessories around: a whole new take on the popular and prevalent wearing of watches, and a whole new expression of the increased interest in—and attractiveness of—leathers now. A strap of leather, reminiscent of a watchband and handsomely buckled in gold or silver, is becoming the season's "bracelet" classic. Whether worn alone or in a collection, as in (5), whether in white lizard for warmer weather or pigskin or jade green crocodile, a gutsy leather wrist strap is an important new accessory in a season when accessories are not only new delights—but also increasingly important. ▽

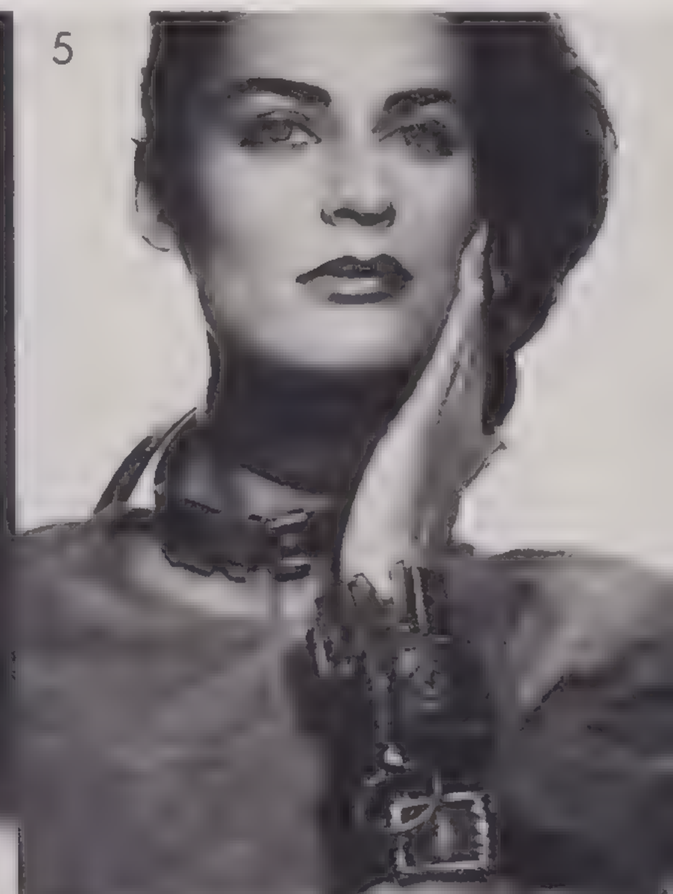
1

2

3

4

5



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2 BOTTLE 2 STEP SYSTEM TO 10 LONG, STRONG NAILS
Salle "10"
Salle "10"
NAIL STRENGTHENER

SALLE "10." THE UNIQUE 2-BOTTLE, 2-STEP SYSTEM MAKES NAILS LONG AND STRONG OR WE REFUND YOUR MONEY.

Are your nails weak, short, split, cracked, unsightly? Salle "10" helps you develop 10 stronger, longer, harder nails in just 10 days. Our 2-bottle, 2-step system nail strengthener and cuticle revitalizer — works quickly to harden and protect your nails, making them longer and stronger. Helps end problem cuticles, too! Try Salle "10" today for beautiful nails tomorrow.

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VOGUE'S health style

Diet bliss. . .accepting presents: emotional give and take?. . .food moods. . .what's behind blushing. . .more

REASON TO SMILE

There may be more to a smile than meets the eye. In fact, some experts believe a smile triggers a series of neurochemical reactions that result in a pleasant sensation. Smiling may actually enhance happiness, along with reflecting it.

"When you smile, muscles press on the veins and arteries in the face sending blood to the brain," says R.B. Zajonc, Ph.D., professor of psychology and director of the Research Center for Group Dynamics, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor. This, in turn, changes blood temperature in the brain, encouraging the release of neurotransmitters, which results in a pleasurable feeling. Moving muscles to form a grimace or a kiss may change blood flow and mood, too.

If Dr. Zajonc's theory proves true, can faking a smile boost your mood? "We believe you can fake a grimace to produce an analgesic effect, but the smile is more complicated. When forced, a smile seems to elicit a different biochemical reaction than that caused by a spontaneous, sincere smile." In the future, experts hope to be able to identify which facial muscles form an authentic smile so that depressed people can "learn" to smile for happiness.

Skin Signals

Regular skin self-exams are now considered the first line of defense against skin cancer. While many women are aware that a change in a mole can be an early-warning sign of malignant melanoma, few of us recognize the signs of basal-cell carcinoma—a sun-associated skin cancer increasingly striking younger women for which the cure rate, especially when it is diagnosed at its early stages, is very high. Basal-cell carcinoma can begin as a "pimple" or open sore that doesn't heal after three weeks; a reddish patch on the body that may crust and itch; a smooth growth with an elevated border; or a translucent, shiny bump—all of which should be brought to a dermatologist's attention. . . .Latest development in skin-cancer prevention: making dermatologist-supervised total-body skin exams a corporate benefit—the idea behind a program under way now at twenty NY-area firms including Citibank, Macy's, and Gannett Company. Under the sponsorship of The Skin Cancer Foundation and MONY Financial Services, dermatologists conduct head-to-toe employee skin exams, offer personalized preventive advice. (For more information on this program, write The Skin Cancer Foundation, Box 561, New York NY 10156.)

FIT PROGRESS: ACTIVE WOMEN'S NEEDS HAVE INSPIRED IMPROVEMENTS IN FASHION, MAKEUP, EXERCISE GEAR. LATEST PROOF: RACE-CAR CHAMPION LYN ST. JAMES'S APPEAL TO NAUTILUS FOR EXERCISE EQUIPMENT THAT TRAVELS WELL. WITH ST. JAMES'S PRIORITIES IN MIND—THAT THE MACHINE BE LIGHTWEIGHT, THAT IT STOW IN A CARRYING CASE (TO PROTECT OTHER ITEMS FROM SNAGGING IN IT)—NAUTILUS DEVELOPED "THE COMPANION," AN UPPER-BODY EXERCISER THAT CAN SLIDE INTO A BRIEFCASE, COSTS $30.

UNTANGLING THE TONGUE-TIED

It's happened to all of us: during a speech or conversation, you suddenly draw a blank or your words become garbled. "This is common among bright, verbal people who think and speak very quickly and usually occurs in a stressful situation," says Linda Gates, voice and speech teacher at the New York University Tisch School of the Arts. "Becoming tongue-tied is usually the result of 'clattering'; several thoughts 'collide' and you can't select which one to verbalize. Because your vocal chords are still in motion, you produce a 'static' sound, or hem and haw."

Often the stress is brought on by forms of stage fright, which can occur in any situation that has an unpredictable outcome, or when you focus more attention on yourself than on your topic. Stage fright can even develop in a one-on-one discussion, says Gerald L. Caracciolo, Ed.D., professor of communications sciences and disorders, Montclair State College, New Jersey. "Symptoms can include constriction of throat muscles, a tense unsteady voice, disruption of speech flow, and a struggle to retrieve words."

Being tongue-tied on the telephone can also be caused by an inability to gauge the reactions—through facial expressions or body language—of the person to whom you're speaking. "Often people who speak eloquently in person aren't good on the phone," says Gates. They may feel uncomfortable with silences so they rush in with too many words and forget what they want to say.

How to overcome occasionally being tongue-tied? Try to be prepared. "Focus on your conclusion, letting each point direct you there. And, keep attuned to the rhythm of the conversation," says Dorothy Sarnoff, chairman of Speech Dynamics, NYC. "Instead of fearing silences between phrases, learn to use them to plan your next comment. Speak slowly, don't ramble, and don't repeat the same idea over and over. Control nervousness by squeezing your stomach muscles in and up under the ribcage and taking deep breaths between phrases."

Adds Gates: "Always let your voice inflect up at the end of a phrase until you've completed what you want to say. That way, the listener knows there's more to come, and you won't feel pressured to complete your discussion."

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Your body is actually shaped by calcium. Yet over two-thirds of American women don't get enough of it in their diets on any given day. And the more we learn about calcium, the more we realize how critical it is. For strong bones, there is no other mineral that's more essential. It also works to keep your nerves healthy. And your heartbeat regular.

A natural way to get calcium is from dairy foods like cheese. It's one of nature's best sources of calcium. One of nature's most beautiful foods. It's loaded with the many nutrients that make a body beautiful, without a lot of calories a great shape doesn't need.

Here's why calcium is so critical: Your bones are constantly changing. Everyday, in fact, your body replaces old bone tissue with fresh bone tissue, using primarily the new calcium that comes from your diet. In this way it maintains the bones, keeping them strong and healthy.

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A one-ounce serving of Swiss Cheese will give you all of the following amounts* of nutrients for a low amount of calories.

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Phosphorus	21.3%	Vitamin B_{12}	16.7%
Magnesium	3.0%	Calories	5.5%
Riboflavin	8.3%		

*Percentages based on NRC Recommended Dietary Allowance for adult women, 23-50 and daily caloric intake of 2,000 calories.

Yet, as we get older, as early as age thirty to forty, these bones naturally begin losing calcium faster than they replace it. And losing calcium is the first step to developing a condition known as "osteoporosis." It's actually a crippling disease that affects the bones. Makes them fracture easily under normal stress. It's not curable, but it may be prevented. And while a lack of calcium may be a leading cause, it's also very simple to change.

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You can get your daily allowance of calcium deliciously from cheese. Just start off your day by adding cheese to omelets or scrambled eggs. Or, for a light breakfast, a wedge of Brie or Camembert with fresh fruit is a sumptuous way to wake up. It's also a delicious way to reward yourself after a meal.

At lunch, make the most of a salad by mixing Bleu Cheese with your favorite greens. Or simply make a light salad of Mozzarella and tomatoes with fresh basil.

It's a culinary delight in sauces, over pasta, even on vegetables or rice. A hearty soup topped with Cheddar and accompanied with French Bread is a meal in itself. Or try French Onion soup garnished with Gruyere. And, if you're on a busy schedule, try a quick quiche. Or frittata.

NO MATTER WHAT SHAPE.

Cutting down on what you eat doesn't have to mean cutting out. The trick is getting the most nutrients for the least amount of calories. After all, won't you be a lot more beautiful if you're fit and trim instead of just thin?

So whether you're spending your time getting in shape, or staying in shape, take the time to build a healthy body, too. Easily. Deliciously. And beautifully. With the dairy calcium in cheese.

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VOGUE'S health style

DIET BLISS

Most people assume that irritability and unhappiness are inevitable side effects of a weight-loss diet. But new evidence suggests this may not be so. Rena R. Wing, Ph.D., assistant professor of psychiatry and epidemiology at the University of Pittsburgh, conducted a series of studies to measure the effects of dieting on mood. Her findings: People on a moderate calorie-restricted diet (about 1200 calories a day for women, 1500 calories for men) combined with behavior modification and exercise programs tended to feel happier and less anxious than before they embarked on the regimen.

While Dr. Wing examined the effects of a sensible program, other studies have found that even very low-calorie diets alone have been associated with positive mood changes (although, of course, their safety is questionable). "Our study suggests a relationship between success in the program and elevated moods; but many factors—such as exercise, for example—could be responsible, too," said Dr. Wing.

Why do some people blame crankiness and edginess on dieting? "There may be a number of reasons, including natural mood swings," said Dr. Wing. "It's a mistake to attribute negative feelings to diet alone. Most people find that they feel happier as they lose weight and gain control over their eating habits."

Male Menopause?

While we all know that menopause is a reality for women, until recently "male menopause" was more likely to be the subject of jokes than of serious consideration. Now, however, according to "The American Medical Association Book of Health and Well-Being After Age Fifty" (Random House), that is changing. More and more physicians are finding that, when a man over age fifty experiences sudden mood swings and irritability along with physical symptoms including hot flashes and a sustained period of impotence, a hormonal shift known as the male climacteric may be at fault.
The good news, noted Herbert S. Kupperman, M.D., Ph.D, associate professor of medicine, New York University Medical Center is that the male climacteric, unlike female menopause, is not inevitable (it affects only approximately 20 to 25 percent of men) and is usually treatable by a physician.

A quick test that measures if a workout is strenuous enough to improve fitness but not so hard to be unsafe: You should not have enough "extra breath" while exercising to sing but should have the wind to speak . . .

—Bernard Gutin, Ph D., Columbia University Teachers College

GETTING CREAMED

There's no question that heavy cream is calorie and fat laden—it carries six times the calories and eleven times the fat as the same amount of whole milk—but half-and-half and nondairy creamers are also heavy hitters. The former has twice the calories and three times the fat of whole milk. And, while nondairy creamers may call themselves "cholesterol-free," beware. Many are loaded with other ingredients that may raise blood cholesterol levels. One such: coconut oil, the dietary fat that's second only to butter in its concentration of saturated fatty acids. Read labels; some creamers are free of these offenders.

CONTACT LENS REMINDER... TO REDUCE RISK OF EYE PROBLEMS CAUSED BY MISUSE OF EXTENDED-WEAR LENSES, WEAR THEM NO LONGER THAN PRESCRIBED BY AN EYE-CARE SPECIALIST. (FOR SOME PATIENTS, THAT MAY BE AS SHORT AS ONE TO TWO DAYS.) IF YOU EXPERIENCE REDNESS OR DISCOMFORT, REMOVE YOUR LENSES IMMEDIATELY AND TALK TO YOUR EYE DOCTOR.

ACCIDENT ALERT

How do you know when to take a minor accident seriously? "After any accident or injury—even as slight as a bump on the head—you should watch for the following signs that indicate something more serious may be wrong," said Daniel Logan, M.D., emergency medical physician at St. Anthony Hospital, Oklahoma City.

- **A headache—or any pain—that intensifies.**
- **Nausea or vomiting for no apparent reason, especially after a head injury.**
- **Flushed, pale, or cool, clammy skin (signs of shock).**
- **Slurred speech—or any change in speech pattern.**
- **Neck or back pain when the injury affected neither area.**
- **Blurred vision or difference in pupil size. (The latter warrants *immediate* medical attention.)**
- **Lethargy and sleepiness at inappropriate times. "This is a commonly ignored sign, especially in children," said Dr. Logan. "It may seem as if a child isn't paying attention when, in fact, he has a decreased level of consciousness."**
- **Personality change. Many victims become agitated, restless, and uneasy.**

"Most important is to trust your instincts. Even if you can't pinpoint the exact symptom, it's better to alert a doctor than to ignore these signs," said Dr. Logan.
More help: learning the basics of first aid, along with CPR. The American Red Cross, which offers classes in both, has also come up with a first-aid kit for the car. It's about the size of an airplane pillow, is covered with explicit first-aid directions, and comes supplied with bandages, scissors, a fold-up blanket, more. (To order, send $28.15 to American Red Cross, P.O. Box D, Haworth NJ 07642.)

IN THE HEAT OF THE CITY

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Your diet: mood foods

BY JUDITH S. STERN, Sc.D.

Do you believe that pasta for dinner cures insomnia or that what you eat for lunch can affect your performance later that day? There may be some sense to these ideas based on the way certain nutrients stimulate chemical reactions in the brain.

This is how it works: Neurotransmitters carry information between nerve cells. Certain neurotransmitters are synthesized in the brain from specific amino acids (the building blocks of protein). The theory is that by eating certain foods, you may increase the levels of specific neurotransmitters that can alter your moods.

Tryptophan, one such amino acid, can be made into the neurotransmitter serotonin, which has a calming effect. But not every food containing tryptophan has the same mood-changing ability. For example, even though protein contains tryptophan, the balance of amino acids in a high-protein meal actually *decreases* the relative amount of tryptophan that reaches the brain. On the other hand, a high-carbohydrate dinner may help people with mild insomnia to fall asleep, presumably because carbohydrates raise the level of serotonin in the brain, which, in turn, is calming. For the same reason, a high carbohydrate lunch may reduce alertness in the afternoon.

Some researchers believe that certain food cravings are, in fact, expressions of desires to alter moods. Judith Wurtman, Ph.D., research at Massachusetts Institute of Technology and author of *Managing Your Mind and Mood through Food* (Rawson Press, October 1986), has studied carbohydrate cravers (people who habitually snack on high-carbohydrate foods and feel better after doing so) and carbohydrate avoiders (people who claim that eating high-carbohydrate foods makes them feel depressed). When Dr. Wurtman fed both groups a high-carbohydrate lunch (at least four hundred calories of it from carbohydrates), carbohydrate cravers reported an increase in alertness two hours later. Two hours after the same meal, carbohydrate avoiders felt more depressed and sleepy (a few had to be awakened to take the test).

This research does have its critics. Donald Coscina, Ph.D., head of the section of biopsychology at Clarke Institute of Psychiatry at the University of Toronto, agrees that the work is provocative but questions whether Dr. Wurtman's results would occur under non-laboratory eating conditions. Dr. Coscina also is skeptical that people would respond to brain chemical changes differently.

Other nutrients may also influence behavior. Iron deficiency possibly affects the neurotransmitter dopamine in the brain. This may suggest why, in one test of university students, low iron stores were associated with poor performance on a word fluency test. The biochemical explanation for this is unclear, and more research is in progress.

Caffeine is one of the "foods" most studied for effects on behavior. Caffeine is a well-known stimulant; but the degree of stimulation it provides depends in part upon a person's normal caffeine intake. Those who tend to avoid caffeine often report headaches, nervousness, irritability, and insomnia after consuming the equivalent of three cups of coffee. In contrast, those who routinely consume large amounts of caffeine (more than five cups of coffee daily), tend to experience caffeine's stimulation in its most pleasurable sense. Also, the effects of caffeine vary among personality types. People who are classified by a personality test as "high impulsives"—fast-talking, fast-moving people—are often better able to perform certain tasks if they drink 200 mg of caffeine (the equivalent of three cups of coffee) thirty minutes before the test. Performance of the same tasks is hindered by caffeine in people who are "low impulsives."

Some studies have even linked certain diets with criminal behavior. (Remember the "Hostess Twinkie Defense" in the San Francisco murder trial?) There is no reliable scientific evidence that "junk food" or high sugar intake causes criminal behavior.

Some foods may have the power to calm or to stimulate

While many food faddists are quick to endorse the food/mood connection, making drastic changes in your diet or taking special supplements (such as tryptophan tablets) in the hopes of altering behavior is unwise and can be unsafe. Research on diet and behavior is in its infancy. Results can vary with different species and can depend on whether the food is eaten rarely or on a regular basis, at different times, and by people of different ages.

Judith S. Stern, Sc.D., *is professor of nutrition at University of California, Davis.*

Emotional Red Flag

"When we blush, we tell our secrets," says Jean Helz, M.D., clinical assistant professor of psychiatry at Thomas Jefferson University Hospital, Philadelphia. "Blushing is an uncontrollable expression of embarrassment, shame, or anger."

An emotional cue from the brain sends a message to the capillaries in the face. Normally constricted, these capillaries open, fill with blood, and produce the blush.

Dr. Helz believes that blushing is more frequent among women than men, owing to longstanding social taboos that still may inhibit women's acceptance of sexual or aggressive impulses. On the other hand, a blusher may not necessarily be more inhibited or embarrassed than a non-blusher. Highly reactive blood vessels may be at fault; a non-blusher may exhibit her embarrassment or anger through speech or gestures.

Can too-frequent blushing be controlled, even "cured?" The only treatment is to address the underlying conflicts that cause blushing, says Dr. Helz. Sometimes "blushability" diminishes with age, as people grow more comfortable with their emotions.

FUTURE FEET

The behind-the scenes use of computers to analyze athletes' feet has already resulted in better-fitting, more injury-preventive sports shoes designed for all of us. Soon, in-store computers may also help a woman to find out, instantly, which of the hundreds of exercise shoes are best for her needs. Kathryn N. Bednarski of the Saucony Division of Hyde Athletic Industries predicts that, in the not-so-distant future, a woman will be able to have her feet "scanned" by a computer-linked camera, then, after punching in her fitness level, along with her physical activity preference and frequency, receive a print-out of which shoe models are likely to give the best fit . . .

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VOGUE'S

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BY BARBARA LANG STERN

Win a raffle, contest, or lottery and you're exultant. But get an unexpected *gift* from someone and you're uneasy: "What's this for?" An ungracious response, perhaps, but perfectly human and natural.

Much of the joy of winning a prize stems from the clear-cut, impersonal nature of the transaction: you followed the rules and luckily won, *with no strings attached*.

Gifts are more complex. "They're encumbered with the intentions and expectations of the giver, plus the responses they arouse in you as recipient," says Samuel H. Basch, M.D., associate clinical professor of psychiatry at The Mount Sinai School of Medicine in New York City.

Some gifts, of course, warrant rejection or skepticism. We teach our children not to take candy from strangers; our culture says there's no such thing as a free lunch. We develop intuition and tough-mindedness to warn us when ulterior motives transform presents into ploys. "But just because a present comes with an *expectation* of a return, you do not have to reciprocate," says Dr. Basch, "although you will have to deal with your feelings about not doing so. Basically, the *giver* has to take responsibility for his or her expectations."

Gifts' meanings . . . and why you may feel uneasy about accepting them

Some gifts are inspired by affection, love, gratitude, generosity, and other benign or neutral motives including etiquette! If such presents make you uneasy, you may be able to trace your feelings back to the give and take you had as a child with your parents: "If your parents gave you things with strings attached, you're more likely to be suspicious when somebody else gives you something," says Dr. Basch, a specialist in individual and group psychotherapy and psychoanalysis. "The strings might have been that you had to perform in a certain way, or be beholden, or feel uncomfortable and guilty about taking because your *parents* had a conflict about giving! Perhaps *they* didn't give easily, so although they were smiling when they gave, you as a child perceived the resentment or ambivalence, and felt uncomfortable taking."

Gifts also have different connotations at different times in your life. A parent's present that was welcome when you were young might seem threatening or humiliating when you're trying to prove your independence.

"Part of life is a struggle for adult autonomy, mastery, a sense that you can take care of yourself," says Dr. Basch. "Accepting something from someone can make you question your success and independence, especially if the person gives you something you couldn't or wouldn't have gotten for yourself. You may feel this person is doing and choosing things *for* you and therefore you're dependent, a child. Accepting that gift will damage your self-esteem. Yet the reverse can be true: if you feel the person is giving with no strings attached, out of love, the gift will feed into your self-esteem and help you grow."

If you'd like to be a little more comfortable accepting, a first step is to become aware of the feelings a gift arouses in you. "For example, it might make you feel someone is lording power over you. A gift also can make you feel guilty because perhaps the giver did not really want to give it; or you feel that you do not deserve it. Ask yourself whether these feelings are baggage from the past that don't belong here," suggests Dr. Basch. "Try to disconnect the gift and accept it simply as a transaction of the moment, which does not have the power to reduce, threaten or humiliate you, because it does not change who you are.

"To the giver, the gift, in fact, may be fraught with conflicts and mixed meanings. But if you let him twist and turn however he wants to psychologically and just say 'Thank you' and accept the present on the surface, you can go a long way toward disencumbering it by your awareness and sensitivity."

Dr. Basch suggests that if you have trouble accepting even simple presents because you don't want to give in return, you might *try* giving a little more. See how that feels and whether it breaks the "no-take, no-give" cycle.

Finally, if you understand the expectations of the giver not as demands or manipulations but as needs (typically to be loved or appreciated), you sometimes might want to meet those needs openly, making your acceptance a gift you can afford to offer the giver.

In the Heat of the Night

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GETTING IN SHAPE

(Continued from page 271)

"The facialists used to love men's week because so many men have bad skin, and there was so much they could do. Any reluctance to the idea of having a facial soon disappeared when men saw the results. . . ."

Rancho La Puerta, the oldest residential spa in this hemisphere, founded by Deborah and her late husband in 1940, has always been open to both sexes. The early programs took twelve people in winter, and forty at what was called a "school" in summer, teaching fitness and nutrition habits. Today, Rancho La Puerta can accommodate between 125 to 150 people; and there is a special dawn-to-dusk "men only" program, "to stretch their capabilities to the fullest."

Where sports facilities are on a grand scale—at super spas like La Costa in southern California and The World of Palm-Aire in Florida—it isn't surprising that all the fitness facilities have been duplicated. . . so the sexes have their own side-by-side spas with exercise rooms, exercise pools, whirlpools, saunas, steam rooms, skin and hair salons, and services that include body treatments, full-body herbal wraps, as well as many different varieties of massage.

At the fifteen-hundred-acre World of Palm-Aire, the "his" and "her" pavilions are both supervised by well-qualified spa personnel, as well as by a resident physician. Co-ed workouts take place in a gym that is fully equipped with Nautilus machines, plus an Olympic-size swimming pool, sun deck, half-mile parcourse, jogging track, and three indoor racquetball courts, five eighteen-hole golf courses, thirty-seven tennis courts (several illuminated for night play).

The nearby Bonaventure has forty-three thousand square feet of spa facilities, which makes it one of the largest spas in the world. Included: twenty-three lighted tennis courts, racquetball and squash courts, three swimming pools, two eighteen-hole golf courses, a riding stable, and an indoor skating rink—all for both sexes, of course.

It's an accepted fact now that where both sexes are welcome, the ratio of men to women visiting a spa is about fifty-fifty. . . at Gurney's International Health and Beauty Spa in Montauk, New York; at the Canyon Ranch Spa in Tucson, Arizona; at the Oaks at Ojai, the Palms in Palm Springs, and at the Sonoma Mission Inn and Spa, all in California. . . these are "resorts" that go all-out to offer a vacation where the emphasis is on stress reduction and fitness without strict programming, but where both sexes can pick and choose from a large variety of fitness/sports-related activities. In most places, no alcohol is served, and "do-it-yourself" calorie counting is part of every meal.

Stress reduction is part of the motivation behind the supervised programs at smaller spas, too, like The Heartland just outside Chicago; the Phoenix Fitness Resort in Houston, which accepts from fourteen to twenty-two guests only, during either men's/women's/or couples' weeks; and the new Cal-a-Vie, just opened outside San Diego.

Many spa experts believe it is the traveling male executive who has brought about the proliferation of health/fitness spa facilities in so many hotels. One of the best examples is the new Spa at the Crescent in Dallas, under the direction of pro Toni Beck, who for many years was executive director of the Greenhouse in Arlington, Texas. Part of the new Crescent Court Hotel Complex, the spa has a private entrance, valet parking and is operated as a club—each member is assigned a trainer to develop a personalized program. There are specially designed treatment, exercise, and equipment rooms (Nautilus, CAM III, stationary bikes, treadmills), videos, for lessons, free weights and dumbbells, muscular endurance/strength-testing equipment.

The new Westin Hotel in Washington, DC, has a low-cal/high-health cafe and juice bar, pool, Nautilus, Keiser, and free-weights-equipped room, sauna, whirlpool, squash and racquetball courts—all activities monitored by a highly qualified staff of twenty exercise physiologists and two registered dietitians. At the Charles Hotel in Cambridge, Massachusetts (on Harvard's doorstep overlooking the Charles River), the Le Pli Health Spa and Salon offers what it calls "Go-For-It weekends—fifty and one-half hours that may change your life". . . well, at least, hopefully your habits. It begins Friday afternoon with a full fitness evaluation, graded exercise performance, tests of flexibility and strength, and body composition, nutritional consultation, followed by personal programs. Underwater hydrotherapy, and deep massage are also available. At Le Pli, you can also go for an hour, a day, or take out an annual membership, depending on your timetable—the overall approach is to help busy people achieve healthier bodies with strengthened muscle tone/increased flexibility.

A new top workout spot in San Francisco—The Nob Hill Club—is also a part of one of the world's most celebrated hotels, the Fairmont. "Personal" is the big plus to service here—a one-on-one approach to exercise instruction, whether aerobic or involving an impressive range of equipment—Nautilus, free weights, computerized bikes/machines. At the guest's request—more often than not a male request—another famous San Francisco hotel, The Clift, is now offering alternative low-calorie/low-sodium/low-cholesterol menus in their main restaurant, the French Room, planned by nutritionist Jeanne Jones.

In New York City, at the Regency Hotel on Park Avenue, Marianne Battistone (see page 271) directs fitness/exercise/nutrition programs for both sexes in a facility that is conveniently located next door to the new Imo Beauty and Barber Shops.

The most talked-about fitness clubs/studios have a one-to-one male-female ratio. At the Johnny G Cross Training Fitness and Nutrition Center in Century City, California, a carefully planned fitness program emphasizes a move away from aerobic dance to outdoor/indoor biking, walking, swimming to reach specific fitness goals.

On the East Coast, studios like Somebodies in Georgetown, VA, keep classes to a maximum of ten; and, once again, women do not outnumber the men. Today, fitness is *everybody's* goal. ▽

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VANITY FAIR

P.O. Box 5228, Boulder, CO 80322

A NEW IMAGE

(Continued from page 267)

sic, conservative people. (I can remember my astonishment when my seventy-five-year-old mother, the epitome of Presbyterian rectitude, said she would like to try "acid." I was appalled. "Well," she said, "a man said it made you see beautiful colors and forget your troubles. I think that sounds very nice.")

Women learned that they were still loved and admired without makeup or hair spray. They could be independent. They could show intelligence, competitiveness, competence—without driving away husbands and children.

By now, 55 percent of women in America have jobs. Women, alluring women, have taken to working out with Nautilus machines. And as women have become more businesslike and assertive, men seem to have become more sensitive and emotional, even sentimental if they choose. It turns out that this has not hurt men in the marketplace; it has brought them closer to families and friends. Some men even have found they enjoy cooking and caring for their kids.

Along with this, there has been a new acceptance of male vanity. Of course, this is not a new phenomenon. I need tell no woman who has ever had to deal with one that men have always been vain—about their brains, their strength, their endurance, their ability to hold liquor, their skill at sports, their charm with the ladies, their luck at cards, their cunning at business. . . . In fact, we all know men who are so vain they boast about things the rest of us see as shortcomings: recklessness, insensitivity, extravagance. Now, finally, male vanity, a man's pride in his appearance, has become an accepted fact of life. Such a change, naturally, cannot be effected without some face-saving device. In the case of the new male vanity, it is "health."

Vanity has a lot to do with the health craze, which has become competitive. Men jog or run; they work out with machines; they do aerobics. They've quit smoking, switched to drinking white wine only; they avoid red meats, eat salad and vegetables. All in the name of health. Of course, health does have something to do with it; but jackets become snugger; shirts are tapered; gold chains draw attention to swelling pectorals; trousers are tighter, too, to show off his new figure. Is that health—or is that vanity?

For several years now, my wife and I have gone to a spa called Rancho La Puerta for a couple of weeks. The crowd there is made up of all ages; but it is always a pleasant surprise to see so many middle-aged men. The first time I went, I was dragged; but after a day or two, I decided it was fun. My wife and I leave there feeling great and, I like to think, looking a lot better, too.

A telling symptom of how much men care about their appearance is the price of a haircut now. Gone is the day of "shave and haircut, two bits." Gone are those all-male clubby retreats where a man could read dog-eared girlie magazines as he waited to have his ears lowered. Today, men think nothing of paying twenty-five bucks for a cut; many pay twice that or more—not to a barber, but to a *stylist*. Julio, the genius who cuts my hair, I prize above all men because his skill is such that, when he has finished with me, I appear to be slightly less bald. My brother-in-law goes to Jerry, one of New York's superstar "stylists." You have to make an appointment with him as far ahead as you would a top-notch medical specialist; then you drop enough bread to buy your family dinner at Le Cirque. Nonetheless, it is a good investment.

Several guys I know have their hair cut by their wife's hairdresser when they come to the house to fix up the lady for a big night. One of these guys is now engaged in a bitter divorce; and the struggle between husband and wife for "custody" of the hairdresser has brought a new wrinkle to domestic conflict.

I am told that some top salons no longer have rooms where men are catered to in secret. These crystal hair palaces are now all co-ed. This may help to solve some family problems; but what happens if disenchanted lovebirds run into each other in the maze of public hair dryers?

Widespread as the new vanity may be, not every man has come to grips with it yet. Two subjects that are still taboo are makeup and plastic surgery. Certainly, no man wears makeup in the sense that his wife does; but men do take care of their skins, now, and many acquire a suntan as a sort of cosmetic. A dashing doctor I know maintains a year-round tan, no mean feat if you live in New York City, and no accidental one either. A year or so ago, he returned from the beach with a very red face. Since I have learned from walking above the timber line in the Himalayas and the Alps that PABA cream reduces sunburn pain and, more than incidentally, retains the tan, I gave him a jar the next time I saw him.

> "Male vanity has to do with the health craze"

Call me frivolous, but now that we have a boyish president of seventy-five, I am so interested in how he looks that my attention often wanders from his plans for the Contras. We will never know if his snappy appearance is due to anything more than luck and clean habits.

The wife of the chairman of one of the country's big insurance companies told me she "colors" her husband's hair. He would probably kill her if he knew she had spilled the beans.

A short time ago, one of the handsomest, and suavest men in New York made something approaching a scene at a smart dinner party, when his wife blurted out that he was costing her a fortune by using up all her Estée Lauder cream.

Another friend of mine, a real estate man, married a beautiful, successful Scandanavian model. This lovely creature decided to devote herself to being a good wife; and she was a very good wife indeed, except that she lacked a certain sensitivity to her husband's self-regard. All of his friends were delighted when she naïvely regaled dinner-party goers with details of the home beauty treatments she gave him. He cringed as his friends chortled. They led her on. When he asked her to cool it, she replied in her marvelous accent, "But darling, everybody knows you are beautiful."

For a while, it looked as if their marriage would founder; but then the wife opened what has become a thriving shop, and now she's too busy to give her husband any more facials—or at least to talk about them, if she does. He still looks remarkably rosy and young for one who has such a tough reputation in the boardroom.

If skin care is touchy, what about plastic surgery? No man I know admits to it, but the interesting thing is that it is discussed at all. Does this suggest that some men are thinking about it?

One summer afternoon, a year or so ago, I was walking up Madison Avenue and ran into a friend who had just been divorced. His dome was a bloody mess. Could the two things be related? Tactlessly, perhaps, I said, "Are you all right?" "Of course," he said, and walked on. When I told my sister about my friend, a corporation lawyer, and suggested that he looked as if he had been in an automobile accident, she curled her lip. "Ever since he divorced his wife, he has been kidding himself that he's the same age as those young models he dates. What you saw is the hair transplant he bought himself. Isn't that the saddest thing you ever heard?"

Well, no. I have heard of plenty of things a lot sadder. I am one of the millions of American gents who might be candidates for hair transplants; but, when one looks at those who have had them, vanity alone forbids it. On some men, you cannot help seeing the transplanted tufts of hair growing in rows across the head like a miniature corn field. After seeing that, bald as you are, would you really want to look like that?

So, here we are, twenty years after the "Youthquake," after the turbulent 'sixties. Life has changed in so many ways. My wife's hair is no longer bouffant; she washes it herself, in the shower. Except for big evenings, she wears little makeup. She works—and works out. To me, she looks very good.

I have not smoked in twenty years. I eat no red meat. I hit the salads pretty hard. I run several miles every day it does not rain. I rely on Julio to fix those few locks left to me. I smear my face with Lubriderm after I shave, as a matter of comfort as well as vanity. I am no youngster, no Adonis, and I'm not likely to compete in the '88 Olympics. When I look in the mirror, I can see those sags and bags that keep cosmetic surgeons in business. Still, I like what I see a lot more now than the bleary face of that youth who drank the nights away in Princeton so long ago.

I was watching a Clint Eastwood masterpiece on the VCR with my family the other night. Towards the end, Clint, more or less my contemporary, stripped to the waist to give the villain a thrashing. For one delirious moment, I thought to myself, "Who is this Eastwood bum, anyway? Why, he's not in as good shape as I am!" Happily, I did not say it aloud. A minute later, I thought, "Who do you think you're kidding?" The answer was obvious. Me, of course. But it made me feel good. And that's what the new vanity is all about. ▽

CLOSE SHAVES

(Continued from page 268)

air," says Harry R. Elden, Ph.D., skin biophysicist at Xienta Institute for Skin Research, in Pennsylvania. Men with dry skin may prefer a non-foaming shaving cream for its skin-smoothing aftereffects.

When it comes to razors, most experts feel the choice is a matter of personal preference. While many men believe an electric razor is best for touch-ups only, Drs. Brauner and Elden feel electric and non-electric razors give equally close shaves, as long as both are sharp. (Most men don't realize that electric razors can dull over time, need to be sharpened.)

Shaving is a skill, say the barbers; the stroke should be light, deft, and controlled by the wrist, not the whole arm. And, to minimize the risk of skin irritation, nicks, and ingrown hairs, stroke the razor with—not against—the direction of hair growth.

A barbershop shave always finishes with a bracing, high-alcohol antiseptic, a practice that some dermatologists feel is not only unnecessary but may irritate sensitive or dry skin. Only breakout-prone skin benefits from a post-shave astringent. For those with dry skin, a moisturizing after-shave may be a better idea. ▽

POWER BARBER

(Continued from page 268)

than the man with sparse locks.

In many ways, Gio's hair approach—his attention to line, balance, proportion—and his service link him more with women's stylists than with men's barbers. In principle, perhaps, but not in fact. "I can tell instantly when a man's hair has been cut by a woman's stylist. They focus on hair length rather than head shape. As a result, the hair isn't tapered properly. The back is almost squared off—the antithesis of a good cut. A man's hair should look masculine. On the other hand, a certain type of young woman can wear a man's cut, if it's a good one," says Gio.

Other than cut, Gio concedes that, in many ways, the line between men's and women's styling is blurring. "We do a lot of haircoloring, especially on grey hair," says Gio. "When grey is beautiful, a man shouldn't touch it. But many feel, rightly, that using haircolor is better for business; they look younger without the grey. We do more coloring than permanent waving. But a body wave on a man with very fine hair can be a great advantage. Most of our clients have at least two facials a year. Men are more accepting of facials; they think of them as part of fitness, not fluff." ▽

WHERE MEN GO

(Continued from page 269)

or dryness—but return for his deep head massages, stimulating hair masks. Kingsley's following? From Arthur Levitt, Jr., chairman of the American Stock Exchange, to actors Dustin Hoffman, Christopher Plummer.

Georgette Klinger was the first skin-care salon to open its doors to men, but—a sign of the times (1963)—that door was marked "men only." Five years later, Klinger felt men were confident enough to use the women's entrance . . . **Anushka Salon**'s facials and total body scrubs, too, entice men and women.

Once men thought that, like a haircut, a workout had to take place in tough-looking rooms; spartan, no-frills gyms were the exercise esthetic. Not any more. Michael O'Shea has civilized his co-ed **Doral Sports Training Institute.** Shoes are shined while you work out, exercise clothes are provided, laundered; equipment dazzles.

At **Cardio-Fitness Centers,** exercise means business. Evidence: CFC's midtown and Wall Street locations, their efficiency (exercisers can be in and out in one hour), the uniforms (blue T-shirts, navy shorts), TVs tuned to the news, and, of course, the CEO/COB members (e.g., David Rockefeller, U.S. Trust's Daniel Davison, First Boston's Peter Buchanan).

For many men, the corporate gym has replaced the health club, and **Forbes**'s in-house gym is a prime example (see page 269). Forbes's employees get one hour of exercise three times a week on *company time*.

In NYC, scrambling to get to the gym is an exercise in itself. That's why one-on-one at-home workouts have become commonplace. "By coming to the house, I can save a client one hour," says NYC trainer **Stephanie Herman,** who visits such clients as E.F. Hutton chairman Robert Fomon as early as 6:30 A.M.

Los Angeles is the city of youth and beauty. Only fitting, then, that men there take their grooming and exercise seriously. Those who don't want to mingle with other people have services and workouts come to their homes.

Two of the oldest barbershops in town are at **The Beverly Hills Hotel** and **The Beverly Wilshire.** The former—serving Roger Moore, Grant Tinker, Robert Evans—is for more conservative men, despite the fact that haircolor, manicure, pedicure are offered alongside cuts, shines, and a real old-fashioned hot-towel shave. Best of all, you can get it all done in front of a TV baseball game.

The Beverly Wilshire barbershop hasn't changed in fifty years. Services: haircuts, scalp conditioning, manicures, pedicures (something men here are still shy about), facials, shoe shines. Some clients come here every day.

Who goes to **Harry Drucker's**? "Everybody who is anybody in Hollywood," e.g., Cary Grant, President Reagan (when he's in town), Lew Wasserman (CEO, Universal Studios). Any women? "No," barks Drucker, "our clients want privacy." . . . **Little Joe** serves "no stars, just the rich" with haircuts, scalp massages, shaves, manicures, pedicures, and, of course, house calls.

"Men are fussier than women," says Joseph Genna, stylist at **Allen Edwards** co-ed salon. In addition to cuts, services here include haircolor, manicures, pedicures, even waxing (between eyebrows). *(Continued on page 302)*

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WHERE MEN GO

(Continued from page 301)

Umberto and **Armando** are star groomers. Umberto has eight private rooms and five stylists to dispatch for house calls; but most clients prefer his salon—"Peter Falk isn't embarrassed to walk around the salon with haircolor," says Umberto. Other fans: Sylvester Stallone, Prince, Eric Roberts. . . . The appeal at Armando's Salon, where Tom Cruise, Martin Sheen go: body waves, relaxers, and, of course, hair care.

Where to get your beard and mustache dyed and groomed? **Aida Grey Salon,** where Peter Fonda, Joel Grey, and Chuck Conners stop in for facials, skin caring.

Here's a switch: for a facial, Rod Stewart brought girlfriend Kelly Emberg to **Aida Thibiant**, where Peter O'Toole, Richard Harris, Robert Wagner also go. The draw? The simultaneous facial/foot massage.

Skin pro **Ole Henriksen** has discovered a way to provide skin care to men: keep the packaging plain; describe the products in terms of shaving needs. The approach works on Michael J. Fox, Sylvester Stallone, Stacy Keach.

The most popular Hollywood exercise: stationary bicycling—it's the only one you can do while reading or talking on the phone, probably the most important Hollywood "exercise."

Most stars take fitness at home, one-on-one. Trainer **Jake Steinfeld** pares down his tough workout to thirty minutes for busy clients—Steven Spielberg, Harrison Ford. . . Like any star's, trainer **Dan Isaacson**'s phone number is unlisted. He prefers to work by personal reference only. Those who rate: Christopher Reeve, John Travolta, Billy Crystal.

In **Washington, D.C.**, you don't see overt pampering or many men in women's salons. It takes a security pass to enter the popular barbershops in the **House** and **Senate,** where cuts are a bargain and barbers take clients in order of rank (e.g., Senators first, then Congressmen, and staff).

Undisputed power barber in D.C. is Milton Pitts, who has tended four Presidents, including President Reagan and most of his cabinet. Pitts visits the one-chair White House barbershop once a week, and credits his longevity to his cutting skill as well as his diplomacy—"I'm convinced the President doesn't color his hair or wear makeup." When not at the White House, Pitts is at the **Sheraton-Carlton Hotel.**

When you think of a **London** barbershop, chances are you picture **Geo F. Trumper** or **Truefitt & Hill.** Trumper is undoubtedly British: it's been at 9 Curzon Street for 130 years; is all mahogany and leather; offers traditional services, including chiropody (a kind of advanced pedicure); and holds the Royal warrant (they send a barber to the Palace). Trumper also stocks a collection of fragrances named after better-known clients (Astor, Wellington, Curzon, etc.).

If all this sounds predictable, then step into **Atlas Associates,** a large concrete space with antique leather tables, chairs. Atlas is serious about cuts—they offer no other services; devote one hour to each appointment. No surprise that Atlas appeals to artists, fashion designers.

In **Paris**, top salons: **Carita Monsieur**—overlooking a garden on Faubourg Saint-Honoré—with haircutting, coloring, private rooms for facials, Shiatsu, European massage, sauna. **Desfosse** also is considered one of the best men's Paris hairdressers for haircuts, facials, body/hand/foot treatments, sauna—even breakfast.

For hair treatments, men in Paris go to **Jean-Yves Le Goff**—as much for individually prescribed hair care as for its calm. ▽

WOODY ALLEN

(Continued from page 247)

about their shrinks, their fantasies, their tranquilizers, and their ex-lovers. He never distances himself from vulnerability as traditional leading men do; he shares this quality with the women he courts, and he is far more worried about being found attractive and desirable than they are.

But if Woody the actor is a fellow patient and victim, Woody the writer-director is far more powerful. Psychoanalysis and the movies have this in common: men tend to run the show and women tend to *be* the show. As *auteur*, Woody Allen is the ultimate analyst; he guides his actresses, offers definitive interpretations, helps to shape the persona each will be known by.

And the world tends to know them by very little else. Louise Lasser was terrific as the bewildered panic-in-slow-motion heroine of TV's mock–soap opera *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*, but we see very little of her these days. And though Diane Keaton continues to do good work, she has yet to find a movie that stamps her in our minds as clearly as *Annie Hall* or *Manhattan* did. Mia Farrow's characters are more elusive in Allen films because she doesn't have a fixed comic persona, but this is beginning to work against her: sometimes she borrows Keaton's mannerisms; at other times Allen's camera so beatifies her that there is onscreen only a golden blur where the heart and mind of a character should be.

We all read the papers, and the movies invite us to pursue fanzine trails and clues. Lasser, Keaton, and Farrow have each been involved with Allen offscreen. What does it mean that none of them seems to exist fully onscreen or in our imaginations once she has left the realm of his movies?

Woman number three works in bonds on Wall Street, and her gripe is with Woody's men. "Oh sure, the women are romantic ideals," she acknowledged, "but the men are caricatures. Don't misunderstand me—I work with plenty of caricatures. But why does Woody always set himself up as the only three-dimensional boy on the block? There's nowhere for a self-respecting woman to run: all roads lead back to Woody."

> "Woody's films now opt for the sleek, the safe, and the sacrosanct"

Woody Allen usually supplies himself with a best friend who is something between a sidekick and a foil. Often played by Tony Roberts, he's tall, athletic, attractive in a coarse sort of way, and good company if you like your men shallow and a touch obtuse. He and Woody often compete for the same girl, and the friend usually gets her body. But Woody gets her soul, along with the movie's best lines. In *Hannah and Her Sisters*, the hypochondriacal Woody has relations with few men besides his doctors; he moves through the film by a series of monologues. Michael Caine does play a kind of alter ego, an emotional hypochondriac, as obsessed with love as Woody is with death. He wears Woody-ish glasses and uses anxious, air-chopping Woody-like gestures. Between them they manage to marry or have affairs with all three sisters. But do they ever meet? No.

"You've developed quite a little style of your own," the phantom Humphrey Bogart tells the nebbishy Allen character in *Play It Again, Sam* once he has proved he can win the love of women. That style brooks no serious competition from other men. Woody Allen can work very well with female comedic partners: after all, romance blunts the competitive edge; moreover, they rarely do work as demanding as his. But when has Allen worked with a man who is not his inferior in work and in love? And when, for that matter, has any character, male or female, been allowed Allen's verbal quickness, his skill at taking mental pratfalls, his intellectual range?

Woody Allen can be a witty, canny observer of the world around him, but his interest in manners and morals always gives way to his self-absorption. He is the center of his comic universe. He talks about himself constantly—his paranoia, his angst, his favorite books and records, his views on love and death. He has been talking this way for more than twenty years, and his talk is becoming the highbrow equivalent of "Take my wife—please!" and "I don't get no respect" routines.

I admire Allen's skills, but I don't think he's a great comic or filmmaker. The best—Chaplin, the Marx Brothers, or Preston Sturges (whose *Sullivan's Travels*, a meditation on manhood, romance, and comedy, informs *Hannah and Her Sisters*)—give us something more surprising, more daring. They give us an outrageous satiric punch, moments of pure anarchic absurdity, a sense that we are poised between the irresistible and the unspeakable.

There are moments like these in Allen films—usually tucked into period fantasies like *The Purple Rose of Cairo* or *Zelig*. But his contemporary movies opt for the sleek, the safe, and the sacrosanct. Hannah and her two sisters embody Nurture and Neurosis the way Jane Austen's heroines embody Sense and Sensibility or Pride and Prejudice. Husbands and lovers surround them; so do charming but self-centered parents, clever but treacherous female friends, smart but unglamorous career women, and dashing but fatuous suitors. There isn't a risky moment in this movie. If the handsome New York City land-

scapes don't get you, the music will; if one sister's tale palls, there's always another's; if you tire of the swing and sway of romantic folly, there's Woody to undercut it with frazzled monologues on illness, religion, and death.

I read an interview once in which Allen, a jazz enthusiast and clarinetist, spoke of making a jazz movie. No moviemaker had understood the history or caught the texture of jazz, he said; perhaps he could. It may be that to take risks, Allen needs a respite from the world he and his lovers inhabit and a subject that allows him to reinvent an American past, as *Zelig* did; to pay homage to crafty and durable entertainers, like the aging comics of *Broadway Danny Rose*; to play art against life, as he did in *The Purple Rose of Cairo*. What would he make of artists like Mary Lou Williams and Ella Fitzgerald, of the musical romance between Billie Holiday and Lester Young, or the marriage of Mildred Bailey and Red Norvo?

Woody Allen must have moved beyond stand-up comedy to moviemaking because he wanted to move past the sound of his own voice into a larger world. Now, I wish he'd let his characters—his women *and* his men—do the same. ▽

VIENNA

(Continued from page 244)

"One can judge the level of a civilization by the amount of writing covering its lavatory walls," he wrote.

Today, we find in Viennese modernism startling predictions of things to come; perhaps we also find hope in a culture in which a critique of decadence and pessimism gave birth to fresh thought and a progressive spirit in both the arts and sciences. The richness and complexity of Viennese art will be vividly displayed in a major exhibition, *Vienna 1900: Art, Architecture, and Design*, at New York City's Museum of Modern Art (July 3–October 22). The show will include a substantial number of rarely loaned works as well as a great deal of material drawn from earlier versions of the exhibition—*Traum und Wirklichkeit (Dream and Reality)* at the Historical Museum of the City of Vienna and *L'Apocalypse Joyeuse (The Joyous Apocalypse)* at the Musée National d'Art Moderne, Centre Georges Pompidou, in Paris.

Interestingly, the first generation of cultural rebels, whose leader was painter Gustav Klimt, founder of the anti-academic group called the Secession, did not really challenge the old order's established framework of ideas. Indeed, Emperor Franz Josef himself attended the opening of the ornate gold-domed building designed to house the work of Klimt and his followers who seceded from the old-fashioned Fine Arts Academy. Inside, Klimt's opulent gold-ground paintings of fashionably garbed *femmes fatales* decorated the walls. More famous than these, however, were Klimt's paintings of amorous couples and stylized but highly eroticized nudes. The art-loving Franz Josef, whose spectacular costumed horseback parades through Vienna were a high point for patriotic Austrians, also paid for the productions of the famed Vienna State Opera, where Gustav Mahler conducted his own productions as well as those of the great German composer Richard Wagner.

That the Jewish composers Mahler and Schönberg should esteem the anti-Semitic Wagner was only one of the contradictions of Viennese society. For Vienna, capital of a sclerotic Austro-Hungarian Empire teetering on collapse, was simultaneously a center of Jewish cultural achievement and art patronage and of modern anti-Semitism. Many of the greatest Viennese thinkers, artists, and scientists were of Jewish extraction.

The curious social status of assimilated German-speaking Austrian Jews, who had full civil rights and could even be ennobled, resulted from the proclamation of 1848 that identified the Jews as a "people" but not a "nation." Thus, no matter how high they might rise in society—and many were to be found in the upper ranks of the wealthy Austrian bourgeoisie and even, in cases like the Rothschilds, in the aristocracy—they continued to be stateless.

Whether the marginality of these educated German-speaking Jews can be identified as a source of their originality and modernity is disputable; however, their presence in such large numbers among the Viennese intelligentsia surely contributed to the special flavor of Viennese art and culture. It also prompted Theodore Herzl, an editor of the *Neue Freie Presse* (The New Free Press), a leading journal, to claim that the Jews could be full citizens only in their own state, and to urge the creation of a Jewish homeland to be called Zion and located where the ancient Jewish state of Israel had been. Ironically, Herzl took as his example the rising spirit of German nationalism.

In trying to account for the phenomenon of Viennese culture, with its clash of generations and cultures, its political and economic decadence, and the unconventional daring of its thinkers and creators, some historians have suggested that it was precisely because convention, formality, "good taste," i.e., all that was official, was so stifling that the antidote was to strip away the lies and hypocrisy and expose man's true character more explicitly than ever before. It is no accident that the two forces Freud identified as governing human drives, Eros and Thanatos, Sex and Death, should be the most popular subjects of Viennese art. Given the repressive nature of official culture, the second generation of artistic rebels, which included Egon Schiele, was driven to extremes in its pursuit of honest expression. The prejudices against the new music and psychoanalysis were exaggerated, perhaps because their principal creators were Jews. Schiele, however, who died tragically at twenty-eight after serving a prison term for moral degeneracy, was not Jewish. He was persecuted for the overt eroticism of his entwined couples and his sexually explicit nudes, who looked like, and often were, common prostitutes. These prostitutes were an important element in sexually repressed Viennese society where "good" women still had chaperones.

Surely the greatest painter of the Viennese school, Schiele took Klimt's *femmes fatales*, with their angular, bony faces and bodies and claw-like hands, and *(Continued on page 304)*

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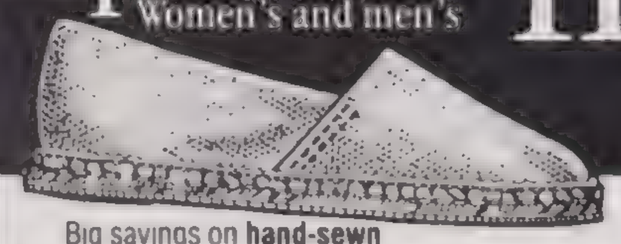

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VIENNA

(Continued from page 303)

turned them into suffering emblems of humanity, denuded of pretense, available in their sexuality, anguished in their solitude. His most shocking work, a 1911 watercolor of himself masturbating, is an unforgettable study of frustration. Schiele's duality toward women, who were seen as both desirable and dangerous, was paradigmatic of the contradictions that permeated society: fragile, intense, complex, and, above all, nervously *Angst*-ridden. It was also exhaustively esthetic and elegant.

Angst, or anxiety, was the pervasive emotion in Schiele's Vienna. Cultured Viennese were justifiably nervous; they were fully conscious that they were living at the end of a period, a last brilliant flash before the apocalypse that we now call World War I. Life in "Kakakania" as novelist Robert Musil referred to the ailing Austro-Hungarian empire, playing on the "Ka-Ka" formula of "Kaiserlich" and "Königlich" (imperial and royal), was nothing if not nerve-wracking. The exquisite refinements of aristocratic spectacle and the comforts of high bourgeois living were faced by the specter of modern proletarian discontent, displaced minorities, and a rising tide of anti-Semitism. The balance that held in check contending forces of social, cultural, and political fragmentation was precarious. Perhaps it was appropriate that they should be blown sky high by the bullet Archduke Rudoph used to kill himself after he shot his mistress at Mayerling, the Hapsburg hunting lodge, in an act that linked sex with death.

The difference between the Viennese attitude and that of the other great cities of the time was its sense of living on the edge of "the joyous apocalypse," as the last days of the Hapsburg empire have been called. The brilliance of café life, the sharp bite of journalists, the elegance of the objects designed by the craft studio Wiener Werkstätte, the wealth of the great bourgeois homes in the Ringstrasse—the inner circle of mansions where the great industrialists, patrons, and connoisseurs of the new art lived—were added to the excitement of the annual Secession show, where the avant-garde was officially embraced.

In Vienna, before World War I, hypocrisy, corruption, and decadence were recognized as such. But the possibility of rebirth through the purification of language and design, seen as the living expressions of authenticity and truth, and the idea that understanding man's unconscious death instinct through psychoanalysis could control negative antisocial impulses created a spirit of hopefulness, in contrast to the existential despair depicted by an artist such as Schiele. For example, the tragedy of Mayerling could still be seen as esthetic melodrama. However, when Archduke Ferdinand, the heir to the Hapsburg Empire, was assassinated at Sarajevo in 1914, the incident triggered World War I. At that moment, the unique world that produced the great achievements of modern Viennese culture ceased to exist.

Today, the spirit of that world and its signal innovations in the arts and sciences, passed over for decades when it appeared modernism was mainly if not exclusively a product of the French imagination, has a special allure for us. For we, too, live in a time of doubt and ambivalence, of hollow official rhetoric and parvenu ostentation. The streets of New York City may not be paved with culture, but they are paved with cultural pretensions. The mixture of art and fashion that makes for high style that was Vienna 1900 attracts us as once again the sense of impending apocalypse seems an occasion for seizing the day, exulting in pleasure and display, esthetics and spectacle. ▽

AMERICAN MEN

(Continued from page 241)

on their own. So alimony has been replaced today with rehabilitation money, with short-term money to be used to help speed up the time in which a woman can earn her own income.

For women truly able to earn full incomes, the notion of rehabilitation rather than alimony makes a great deal of sense. The people for whom it doesn't make sense are the women who have stayed home and earned very little or no income during the marriage and are now severely disadvantaged in their capacity to earn a substantial income.

Dr. Gould: The woman's career remains secondary to the man's. And as a psychiatrist, I could make a living solely on cases of men who have severe problems about women's making more money than they make. The man cannot handle that. The woman's role has to be secondary, and if there is a move to another city because someone's job has changed, it is the woman who will follow the man 99 percent of the time rather than the other way around.

Of course it shouldn't be that way; but one has to keep fighting the good fight, and the feminist fight for equality cannot be set aside with delusions that we have won our major points. They haven't been won. You've got to keep fighting until the victory is real.

Mr. Astrachan: I notice the change in the economic world, in the real world is actually very small. Mr. Forbes, I'd like to ask you as the "capitalist tool," why is corporate America so resistant to the idea of putting women in higher middle-management places? And to the idea of comparable worth? Why is the corporate world so resistant to change that goes more than one degree beyond the token level?

Mr. Forbes: Well, I think what you have, in high places, are corporate executives who came up largely at a time when there weren't that many visibly competent women around.

You don't become president of a corporation if you have not been the most successful general sales manager, or the most successful in design, or the most successful marketer. In fields where they were accustomed to women, fashion, and so forth, there are super female marketers. But in General Motors territory, there weren't many female division managers at Pontiac. You don't get to top rungs of major corporations without coming to know this.

But the situation for women now goes back to the fact that they now do have legal equality. After all, people don't like to lose lawsuits on discrimination against women and pay ten-million-dollar fines and pay back wages and so forth. The fact is the Equal Opportunity law only became the law because most Americans supported the law, and the change; and it has not been on the books long enough for competent women to rise to higher corporate levels outside of traditional women's fields.

It's all changing. There are more women in middle management. From the ranks of middle management comes top management. Men are not born to top management—unless you are lucky like I was and your father owns the business; then you can rise rapidly. But basically in the corporate world, it's happening; but the change hasn't happened early enough, widely enough. It's new—it's within the past twenty years.

A basic change that I think will be very consequential and increasingly felt in the next five to ten years will come from the fact that most colleges that were all male and all female are gone. The Ivy League, and so forth. I'm not talking about state colleges and the public institutions that had to be equal, but the private colleges and boarding schools, the prep schools. It got to where young teenage boys wouldn't go to a prep school unless there were girls there.

Sometimes I think a lot of younger people tend to confuse inequality with courtesy, which is sort of what you grow up with. It relates maybe to anatomical differences, but I don't think the fact that the fellow opens the car door means that he doesn't consider the gal who gets in an equal. I mean, he'll open the car door even if she's the vice president, and it's not considered bootlicking.

I think there is a big difference between courtesy and manners and respecting women, ladies, girls, as equals. In brain power, women are usually superior. The reason I opposed Princeton's going co-ed was the school was tough enough when it was just guys competing, and women were always harder. It had nothing to do with availability of sex, it was greater competition.

I think there has been a fundamental change, and while courtesies haven't changed, young people have absolutely, most of them, a whole different perspective on women as equals instead of as potential mothers, housewives, parents. I think there is a broader view.

There is a change, and I don't think it is a macho change, I think it is basic change. Now there is an equality in the educational level, there is a recognition that women have a capability in most any field; and they are increasingly in middle management, and you will see this in growing numbers.

Dr. Levinson: I think there are two main reasons that it's hard for women to get equality in the business world or at a university. One reason is that our culture makes a big distinction between man's work and woman's work. Men don't want women doing men's work. Running a company is man's work. The idea that women would be doing men's work is still basically alien to men, and to most women as well. I don't think feminism has gone that far in penetrating the con-

sciousness of most women. There's been some change but not a great deal, in my opinion.

And the other issue is about authority, women's having authority. Women are not supposed to have too much authority—in the home as well as in the work world; it makes everybody nervous—women as well as men. As we saw with all the women who wouldn't vote for Geraldine Ferraro, whose candidacy was an example of a woman's getting more authority than women are supposed to have.

There are more women in lower management, a few more in middle management, and hardly any in top management in the business world. There are lots of female students in law schools and in medical schools and in graduate departments in the universities. There are still a very small number of women in junior faculty positions and almost no women in senior faculty positions in the major colleges and universities of the country. Something is happening, but it's going slowly.

Dr. Gould: It certainly is true that this is a capitalist society, and we are extraordinarily competitive. We compete with each other on every level for jobs, for status, for prestige.

No institution has ever given up power voluntarily. Marcos didn't give it up voluntarily. Duvalier didn't give it up voluntarily. The whites didn't give it up voluntarily to the blacks; and the men didn't give it up voluntarily to the women. If forced to, through boycott, through Trojan women withholding sex, you can force change. But the power structure itself is resistant to change, and in these times where the economy is not all great, no matter what Reagan says—there are cutbacks in the work force, industry, and so on—men are now competing with women for top jobs.

Now on a purely competitive level, forget sexism, just competition for top jobs: if your rival were a man, you would be fighting him for the job. So if you can keep a rival down through tradition, through historical precedent, then you've got an edge. You keep yourself on top by keeping the door shut. Just as in the universities, which are supposed to be bastions of freedom and openness, it's just as bad as in all other institutions—just as competitive as in industry or in business. And men are also threatened by women who make more money than they do. Men feel they've at least got to be superior in the work force. Otherwise they've lost the sense of what it is to be a man in this culture.

Mr. Astrachan: When we talk about power and men's needing to make more money than their wives because that's a way of being superior, one of the reasons that we feel that is that men don't have very much power. It may be true that the rulers are all men, but all men are not rulers by a long shot. And I think that a lot of the reasons we keep crying for power, a lot of the underlying force behind the competitiveness, one of the reasons we—not perhaps the chairman of the board and chief executive officer but other men in management—feel this way, is that we don't have very much power.

Women's claim to power exposes our own powerlessness. We live in one of the most democratic countries in the world; but it's still a country, a society, a polity in which most of us, men, too, don't really have very much power. Because the ordinary working man knows this about himself is one of the reasons that women working in factories have a hard time, let alone women in corporate management.

Miss Mirabella: But there are lots of different kinds of power. I'd like to now bring you to the subject of sex: does it play a role?

Mr. Talese: I think that we can lament the condition of our society, of women's not achieving because of various reasons, none of them noble, on the part of men; but one of the things that has been missing from this conversation is how truthful it is that power is not something that is legislated by one group to give to another, or that is given willingly. It is something that is attained after much experience with rejection.

> "Equal opportunity became law because most Americans supported the change"

My awareness of the people of power, and most of them are men, are people who dealt most successfully and most persistently with rejection. They are, in my opinion, men who have known rejection and have refused to accept defeat, refused to accept the view of others that they were finished, be it the Chrysler Corporation or the presidency of the Yankees or a career as a singer that seems to be over—that Frank Sinatra comeback syndrome. But I see something in my daughters' generation that I saw in the friends of my wife when I first started to date, and it's something I remember of my mother's friends—and that is: women are not so willing to face rejection.

Women are not so aggressive sexually. I don't care what Steinem says, Freidan says, Brownmiller—in my opinion, women are sexually reticent for the following reasons: they do not take chances, they wait for signals in the sexual sense, and they say yes or no to the opportunities as to their choices of men.

This has a lot to do with power and capitalism, because boys learn to risk rejection on the most basic level, which is a dating pattern or who asks whom to dinner. If you are fourteen or fifteen, as a boy, going to school with women, you have to ask the question of who goes to the movie, do you try to invite someone to a dance, and it's yes or no from the young woman's view. That's something that has not changed, and that's not going to be legislated—the fact that it is that way is not because men want it that way, it's because women want it that way also. I don't think that will ever change.

And unless that does change, you are not going to have women become the best directors of Hollywood because they have to risk rejection, they are not going to be the head of some big corporation because so much rejection is involved there, and I think it is sexual at its root.

Mr. Astrachan: It may be a very small percentage, but I think that some women are taking the initiative sexually, are being aggressive sexually. I don't know if it is 5 percent or 25 percent or 49 percent, but it's enough so that some men feel it. I think it is perfectly true that men know much more about rejection in this traditional sense than women do, because until the last twenty years it has always been the man who pursued and the woman who knew she could say no and did the rejecting. But I don't think this has gone on totally unchanged. I think there has been a small but significant number of cases in which women have taken the sexual initiative, and I think that many men don't know how to say no.

We may know how to stand rejection, but we have this myth that a man always has to be available as a stud, has to be able to perform sexually whenever he is asked, whenever he is given the opportunity. One of the most important things, I think, going on among men in the last twenty years is that some of us are beginning to learn how to say no. This implies that some women are beginning to ask.

Dr. Gould: The point that was made earlier about men's feeling powerless is very important and has a great deal to do with how men relate to women.

There is a tremendous amount of domestic violence. We are all becoming much more aware of it than we ever were before. The beating of wives, the beating of children is very commonplace. Rape is increasing at an alarming rate. Incest, and sexual abuse of children, which again has been, more frequently in the last few years, brought up for discussion in the newspapers and on television, is incredibly widespread.

Male college students were interviewed about whether they would rape or not, and 51 percent said, if they could get away with it, they would rape. A sociologist at Indiana University said 62 percent of the women there said they had been aggressively attacked by men at some time in their sexual lives. This is a way of men's showing power when they feel powerless, but I think men are terrified of rejection. Terrified. Which is one of the reasons they go for incest or rape. When you do those things, you are not getting consent from a peer, from an equal. Brute force is what you resort to when you fear rejection.

And I think men cover their fear of rejection in many ways. But I do think they fear rejection every bit as much as women do. And I don't think that women haven't become directors of movies because they fear rejection. I don't think the door has been opened for them to become directors.

Miss Mirabella: What about men and women as pals? That's what we're hearing more and more about. Is that a new role that's being played by men and women? Is that a different relationship? Is that other than marriage? Is that part of marriage?

Mr. Astrachan: It's different from marriage. You shouldn't confuse being pals with treating your spouse as an equal. They are two different things. With a spouse, I hope, you still have sexual connection. With *(Continued on page 306)*

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pals, almost by definition, you don't.

Dr. Gould: I may be very cynical; I don't believe in this palship. I think girls in their twenties are so scared of getting married, and boys in their twenties of committing themselves, that they play at being friends and pals because they don't know how to share on a more intimate level. And in their thirties, I still find many young men and women lost and struggling, in conflict because they believe in trying to maintain an equality which doesn't really exist in life or in their own minds. They've been given mixed messages all their lives.

It is extremely confusing, and they find themselves torn. And I think this is partly the reason for the late marriages. Young people don't know what they are looking for, what to expect of marriage anymore.

Miss Mirabella: Do men like women any more, any better now? Less, now?

Mr. Talese: One of the things that I've learned is that it's easier to be around successful women than to be around unsuccessful women, and it's easier to be around smarter women than women who aren't so smart.

I think it is easier to be around stronger women than women who are not strong—for the reason that if women are not on the defensive, it's just simply easier to live with them, get along with them, have dinner with them, do whatever.

In terms of liking women more, I think that there is an awful lot of hostility. I don't suggest that it has to go to the extremes that Dr. Gould pointed out in his figures and facts about rape—I'm not even thinking along those lines—but what I am thinking along are Mr. Forbes's comments about courtesy. I do think there is a lack of courtesy for women on the part of men, in the traditional definition of the word. I think there is a diminution of what had once been a prerogative of men to behave in a way that was courteous. And now men are backing away from that because they don't feel, I believe, as fondly disposed towards women in a genteel fashion as was very permissible in the time of my father.

Dr. Levinson: I don't think men like women very well. And I don't think women like men very well, although we try to like each other and get along. I believe that women and men lead almost entirely separate lives. Husbands and wives don't know each other very well. Most men have zero friends who are women. And most women have zero friends who are men.

We have acquaintances, or people we sort of know around, but a friend in some more specific sense is rare. The barriers that separate women and men begin with the distinction I mentioned before between the woman in the home and the man in the outside world. They make it almost impossible for women and men to get together. Even in the family, the members don't do much with each other across gender.

So I want to emphasize that the separation has been so powerful that all of our talk about intimacy and the development of close mutual relationships is mostly wishful fantasy.

Dr. Gould: Most men do not like women. They did not learn to share with girls as children, or to be their friends; and if you don't learn to like girls when you are a boy, what happens in adult life? Yes, you fall in love, but that's a romantic desire; it's a sexual connection, in order to make things work. But it is not the same as liking a person as an equal, where you really think that person is as important as you are in the world.

Mr. Forbes: Nobody has mentioned the fact that a great deal of man's ambition springs from the fact that he wants to impress and attract women, and he wants to lessen the likelihood of rejection by them.

I think if he's the best in the football team, if he's the best on the racetrack with a car, he imagines that that image attracts women. Half of what we do, more than half, either in the way of ambitions, in the way of clothes, is aimed at attracting women. You may say you don't like them—you may not like specific women, but you want them to like you.

> "The revolution is going to come to fruition only when men do half the work of child-raising from the moment of birth"

Miss Mirabella: Is it futile to try to erase sex differences?

Dr. Gould: No one wants to erase the real differences. The penis is different from the vagina, and there are many innate differences that make a chemical attraction and a sexual interaction between men and women which is vital and should never be changed. But these should not dictate the social or economic roles of men and women in the work force and in every area of our culture. We are still operating by rules that declare men and women are destined for different jobs and different lives.

Mr. Guggenheim: I wouldn't go so far as to say that women are smarter than men, I would say that women have a lot more to teach men than men do women about how to live a reasonable life.

And what I've observed is that the women who are making it in a man's world are making it under the men's rules. And until that changes, we're going to have the profound problem that we spoke about from the very beginning tonight, of living a life without really knowing where it is going.

American politics is dominated by men, hence our fascination with toys like guns and "star wars" and military phenomena. Women play a very minor role in the public life of America. That is to our mutual disadvantage.

Dr. Levinson: I think that is one of the ultimate questions which we don't have the knowledge yet to talk about very well; but there are, in fact, a lot of assumptions about it and a lot of feelings. There are two extreme positions: One, which is a form of feminism, is to argue that, apart from the anatomical differences, there need be no differences between the genders in what they want, in the social roles they have, in the kinds of relationships they have, and so on, and that any such differences have been produced by a society that subordinates women to men.

The other extreme is the traditional one, which says they are basically different. Women are in the home, men are out there working, and that is a good arrangement. That is an ideal that is still held by probably the majority of people in our society, and certainly elsewhere in the human species. I think it is what we are moving away from, but it's still there as an ideal.

Then there's a middle ground between these extremes. That's the question that I think most of us are struggling with. Whatever may be healthiest in the long-term future, what can we hope for or try to work toward in our lifetimes, or for our children? How much equality should we hope for? If there were a culture that didn't bring out all these stereotyped differences, what would there then be, as the culture supported greater equality? I think that's what we don't know.

Miss Mirabella: One historian has claimed that now, for the first time, women's fulfillment is at odds with the fulfillment of the family. What changes are required to resolve this dilemma in men, women, corporations, government, and so on?

Dr. Levinson: I think that's bullshit. Blaming women for the problems of the family is saying that when there has been a neglect of family, women are responsible for all the bad things that happen to kids, as though men weren't a part of the family at all.

If women are going to be more involved in the public work world, as they are increasingly, then men will have to be more involved in the family—or the family will be neglected. Women and men are still trying to work out how to do this. We don't know how to have equality in the family any more than we know how to have equality in the work world.

Mr. Talese: I think one of the things that has happened in the last two decades is a redefinition of the glamour attached to the word "wife."

I think that in the time of our grandmothers, and certainly maybe even our mothers, to be a wife was not to suggest lack of power because it was certainly not a powerless position or even one that lacked glamour. A person at a party might say, "You've met my wife," and not regard that definition as demeaning. Now in the 1980s there are those in my generation, among my age group, who would not find it appropriate to identify a spouse in such a way. So we've had the change of that label "wife" from what it once represented to what today it represents, which is not indicative of prestige and power.

Having that word change, we also must address the roles in a household in which children are being born and reared. What we do not have

in so many of our urban lives, where money is such a factor, we do not have that wife anymore. And if you live along the lines that I have always lived, you have a substitute wife, a hired wife, often from the Third World, bringing a kind of old domesticity, from a part of the world where it is not degrading to be a wife, into the urban centers such as New York and Los Angeles and other major cities and some minor cities.

This housekeeper is fulfilling what used to be the traditional role that women played when they were willing to be called wives.

So if I were to make a lot of money, I would suggest one way to do so would be to have an agency, Wife Ltd., Wife, Incorporated, and hire people from the Third World where the wars are ripping people apart, bring these people in, like a new immigrant force of women, named wives. There would be a whole agency, the William Morris Agency of Wives.

Mr. Guggenheim: We haven't begun to answer the question "how do we want to raise our children?" The substitution of hired women for hired women—if we look at wives in that role—doesn't change anything about the role of women in our society. It only allows the rich an opportunity to wear white gloves while their children's diapers are being changed.

Someone is going to have to rear children from birth to a certain age—whether that be only three or thirteen, depending on one's point of view—and I think within that we would have some real disputes, of where prominent parental influence should begin to wane. For those who can afford it to just hire nannies to do the child care, allowing the parents to go off to make money, in a way, only masks the depth of this problem.

If we were dealing with a society holistically, if we believed in the liberation of all people, what would we do? Because the women who are watching our kids have their own kids. And after a while we quickly realize that we've run out of helpers. "How do the *rest* of us want to raise our children?" When we begin to ask that, I think we come back to day-care centers or child facilities that could be utilized from a very early age on.

I'm not sure that is the solution. But we need to begin to ask "what can we do to allow people to do more than just be homemakers and parents and still worry first about our children?" The difference between women and men, as I see it, is that women worry first about their children and men worry first about themselves. Somewhere along the line, that's a very profound clash. So it becomes a woman's problem to combine working and parenting; it's not seen as a man's problem, and therefore it's not an American societal problem; it's still the woman's problem. And so the feminist movement has not gotten to the next level of consciousness, of realizing that this really is bigger than simply a woman's problem. For the corporate executives, for the legislators, for men, this is basically not their problem. They recognize it to be a problem; but when a very rich man makes the joke that "well, we'll just hire women to do it," he's missing the point by many, many miles.

Mr. Astrachan: I don't know how many families in the country as a whole hire Third World women to raise their children, but it certainly is an important fact in the lives of upper-class or middle-class people. The problem isn't just freeing your wife to go out and work and hiring a woman from a poor country to do this. The problem is if women continue to raise children, we will continue to replicate the mothering situation and the ultimate put-down of women that we have been doing for centuries.

The revolution is then going to come to fruition only when men do half the work of child-raising from the moment of birth. And an agency for hiring Third World women may be a way to get rich, but it's not a way to solve this problem. I think men are going to take a long time before they take half of the responsibility; but a number of books have been written, mostly by women, about the way the infant personality develops that leads to the putting down of the female, and this will change only when the child reacts as much to the father as to the mother, even if it is in different ways.

Dr. Gould: Can women be fulfilled working and also being mothers, and can they do both jobs well? And the answer should be—it should be as easy for women as for men; but this requires, as we have indicated, a revolutionary change in the way men and women relate and how marriages function. And how do you do that?

Day care could be a tremendous help. Just as a good housekeeper could. But day care doesn't work, primarily because we don't believe in that system, in women's not taking care of their own children. We pay day-care workers $15,000, $12,000 a year. They should be paid $50,000 a year to get the proper kind of loving, nurturing, parenting figures. The children don't need the biological mother or father for the love and nurturance; they need the mother or father when they come back from nursery school and the parents come back from work. But during the day, a real day-care worker who knew how to love, encourage, engage children would be wonderful. Reagan doesn't believe in it, the administration doesn't believe in it. Day care has been a total failure.

Men and women should share jobs equally. Absolutely. And in Scandinavia they've had projects where men and women who are in the same professions, such as law or medicine, share one job. So each one works a few days a week, and one stays home while the other works. This is rather radical. But these are the radical ideas that we have to entertain if we are going to have not just the lip service about men's being equal—equal with women—in sharing child-raising, when the system doesn't allow for it.

Miss Mirabella: In these days when even having an apartment can require two incomes, don't economics play a big part in the decisions as to whether a woman with a family will work or not?

Dr. Gould: Yes indeed. More and more women are entering the work force and will continue to do so. Economics have played a role in this situation for much more than a decade. I think that this is one of the reasons that the backlash era is not going to wipe out the revolution that women started. Economics will prevent that from happening because no family can live anymore without a woman at work, whether or not she is treated as an equal. ▽

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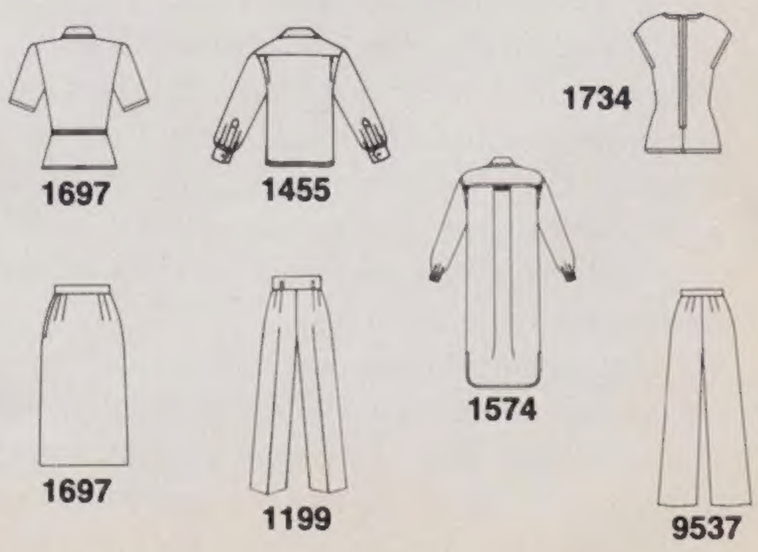
FASHION INFORMATION

Page 26: Hat at Charivari, NYC; P.H. Reed, Middleburg VA; Handle With Care, Chicago. Inset photo: Clothing, Donna Karan New York. Cotton skirt, $80; cotton top, $90. Available at Bloomingdale's; Liberty House of Hawaii. **76:** Inset *top*: Earrings, Martha Sturdy, Canada. Inset *left* and photo *right*: Echo Scarfs. **86:** Large inset, above left: Jacket, Calvin Klein. Earrings, John Iversen. Necklace, Jill Stuart. Small inset: Earrings, Barry Kieselstein-Cord. **134:** *Bottom*: Tablecloth by Le Jacquard Français at Ad Hoc Softwares; Pewter flatware at Wolfman Gold & Good. **144:** *Bottom, left*: Biedermeier mirror; Etruscan-style vases; English lawn balls from Niall Smith Antiques. **176:** Inset: Jacket, shirt and trousers, Gloria Sachs. Above: Quilted bag, Chanel. Shoulder bag, Hunting World. Tasseled tote, La Bagagerie. Below, clockwise: Ivory hoop, Patricia von Musulin. Twisted hoop, Earrings by Monet Jewelers. Bangle size thin hoop, double hoops, two tubular hoops, M & J Savitt. Large gold thin hoop, John Iversen. (*Center left*): Fat tubular hoop, Erwin Pearl. (*Right*): Two color gold hoop, Bulgari. **180:** *Top right*: C.P. Shades T-shirt, shorts, The Gap. Hat, Madcaps. **195:** Wool jacket fabric, Garigue. $1700. Late July at Lord & Taylor; Nan Duskin; Sara Fredericks, Boston; Balliet's. Earrings, Stephen Dweck. Henri Bendel; Carlos Falchi, Dallas. Hat and gloves, Geoffrey Beene. **198–199:** Earrings, Stephen Dweck. Hat, Geoffrey Beene. **200.** Body suit available late July. Also at Hartly, Westwood NJ; Jamie, Nashville TN; Barbara/Jean, Little Rock AK; Aversa, Milwaukee WI. Earrings, Anke Davids. Detail, NYC. Bracelet, L.L. Fifi. The Great Salt Marsh, NYC. Gloves, belt, panty stockings, Donna Karan New York. Belt at Bergdorf Goodman; Burdines, Coconut Grove FL. **201.** Suede shirt, Zack Carr Collection. $550. July at Harriet Kassman, Washington DC. To order at Bergdorf Goodman. Ellen Ruth Levy Love Sterling silver dipped in gold vermeil. To order at Lina Lee, NYC and Beverly Hills; Bonnie White, Atlanta GA; Miki, Mill Valley CA. Johnny Farah buckle—brass covered with "gold" at Bergdorf Goodman; Lou Lattimore, Dallas; I. Magnin. Jill Stuart "gold" metallic ring at Bergdorf Goodman; Knit Wit, Philadelphia; Neiman-Marcus. Barry Kieselstein-Cord gold vermeil at Maxfield, Los Angeles. To order at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. **202:** Zoran turtleneck. Gloves, Sachiko for La Crasia. Altman's. **203:** Jacket also at I. Magnin. Gloves, Aris Isotoner. Model's right hand: Top bracelet, Rasco Jewelry. Bottom bracelet, Cathy and Marsha for Catherine Stein. Model's left arm: Middle bracelet, Cathy and Marsha for Catherine Stein. Bottom bracelet, Debra Fine Yohai. **204:** Acetate/viscose shirt. Earrings, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. **205:** Sweater, cuff links, gloves, Chanel. Cuff links at Hirshleifer's, Manhasset NY; Marshall Field's; Chanel Boutique, Honolulu. Gloves at Barneys New York. **206:** Calvin Klein turtleneck. Roughwear by Ralph Lauren shirt. Calvin Klein Eyewear at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. Leather thong on glasses, Paul Stuart, NYC. Bottom necklace left, earring attached, Bulgari. **207:** Glasses, Persol for Private Eyes. Morgenthal/Frederics Opticians, NYC. Hermés "agenda" at Hermés NYC; Palm Beach; Chicago; Dallas; Beverly Hills. Silk Reflections by Hanes Hosiery. Altman's; Joske's, Texas. **208–209:** Here and the next 12 pages, hair, Madeleine Cofano for Bruno Dessange; makeup, Andrea Paoletti. Inset: Giorgio Armani. For stores see page 210. *Large photo left to right:* Left, turnout also at Jimmy's, Brooklyn NY; Panache, Millburn NJ; Caron Cherry, Coconut Grove FL; L. S. Ayres, Cincinnati OH and Indianapolis IN; Macy's, San Francisco. *Middle photo:* Wool flannel Pants. Stole, Claude Montana for Birger Christensen. Bergdorf Goodman. To order at Neiman-Marcus. *Right:* Coat dress also at Neiman-Marcus. Accessories by Claude Montana. **210:** Model, *Right,* wool/polyamide skirt. Watch at Fred Joaillier, NYC. **211:** Wool crepe pants. Accessories, Giorgio Armani. Watch at Fred Joaillier, NYC. **212:** Watch at Fred Joaillier, NYC. **213:** Accessories came with outfits. **214:** Gloves, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. **217:** Inset: Azzedine Alaia gloves at Barneys New York. Large photo: Claude Montana skirt, $950. Turnout also to order at Suzy, Great Neck NY; Claude Montana Boutique, Beverly Hills. **218:** Gloves, Azzedine Alaïa. **219:** Turnout also at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique San Francisco. Skirt also at John Wanamaker. Belt, also through leather skin, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. **220:** Missoni dress also at Ruth Shaw, Baltimore MD. **221:** Jacket and skirt, wool by Agnona. Turnout also at Gianni Versace Boutique, Beverly Hills. Tunic at Filene's. Accessories came with outfit. **222–223:** Bikini top (bottom not shown) also at E Martini, Charlotte NC; Mark Keller, Birmingham MI. Cotton denim shirt also at Polo/Ralph Lauren, San Antonio TX. Hat, Angelo Tarlazzi. Bandana, The Honey Collection. Lord & Taylor. Belt, Susy Dyson for Johnny Farah. **224:** Cotton indigo/viscose skirt. Cotton jacket. Earrings, Gerard E. Yosca. Bandana, The Honey Collection. Lord & Taylor. Belt, Polo/Ralph Lauren Leather Goods. Marshall Field's. **225:** Earrings, Unique Clothing, NYC. Bracelets, Bruce Tolman. Xavier Danaud, NYC; Ultimo, Chicago; Susan of Burlingame, Burlingame CA. **226:** Cotton/polyester Lycra Corset. Earrings, Martha Sturdy, Canada. Henri Bendel. Cuff with ridges, Tulla Booth. Lord & Taylor; Montaldo's. Plain bracelet, Nancy & Rise. Altman's; Marshall Field's. Belt, Doppia Vita. **227:** Cotton shirt. Belt, Ruza Creations. Altman's; Style In The Round, Philadelphia. **228:** Echo Scarfs. Macy's, New York; Macy's, California. Earrings, M & J Savitt. Cache. To order at Barneys New York. Ring, John Iversen. Silver bracelets, Carol for Eva Graham. Saks Fifth Avenue; Macy's, San Francisco. Black bracelet, Eric Beamon. Knit Wit, Philadelphia. To order at Barneys New York. **229:** Xun sunglasses for Private Eyes. Macy's, New York; John Wanamaker; Jordan Marsh, Boston. Earrings, Susan Tamulevich. Saks Jandel. **230:** Cotton shirt and pants. Earrings, Jay Feinberg. Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Glasses, Optical Affairs by Christian Roth. Henri Bendel; Tom Tailor, Southampton NY; Savannah, Santa Monica CA. Belt, Doppia Vita. Scarf, Pierre Deux, NYC. **231:** Earrings, M.E. Stewart. Irresistibles, Marblehead MA; Totally Yours, Ames IA. Scarf, The Honey Collection. Lord & Taylor. Cuffs, Bracelets, Les Bernard. Plain cuff at Altman's. Ridged cuff at Bergdorf Goodman. **232:** Dress also at Sassafras, Madison WI; Canfield's, Sacramento CA. Ring, Martha Sturdy, Canada. Fini, Seattle WA; Henri Bendel (to order). Bracelet, Tulla Booth. Lord & Taylor; Montaldo's. **233:** Turnout also at Simi's, Sherman Oaks CA; Nelly Stallion, Seattle WA. **234:** Cotton top and skirt. Skirt also at Dillard's, Dallas and Ft. Worth TX. Bandana, The Honey Collection. Hat, Angelo Tarlazzi. Belt, Susy Dyson for Johnny Farah. If, NYC; Ultimo, Chicago. Bag, Agnes B., NYC. **235:** Cotton skirt and top. Sunglasses, Sanford Hutton for Colors in Optics. Neiman-Marcus. Bracelet near hand, Tulla Booth. For stores, see information page 226. Rings above: *Left to right*: Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Martha Sturdy, Canada. *Bottom*: Polly Bergen Jewelry. Shoes, Joan & David, NYC. **242:** "Goldfish," Musée des Beaux-Arts, Soleure, Fondation Dübi-Müller/Centre Georges Pompidou; Freud, Mary Evans/Sigmund Freud Copyrights/Centre Georges Pompidou; Klimt, Moriz Nähr/Centre Georges Pompidou; Schiele, Österreichische Galerie, Vienna/Erich Lessing/Magnum; **244:** Hoffman chair, private collection, New York; Karlsplatz, Keiichi Tahara/Centre Georges Pompidou; Berg, Arnold Schoenberg Institute; Moser, "Frommes Kalender" (detail), The Museum of Modern Art; Jews, Centre Georges Pompidou. **249:** Gregorian: Bruce Rosenblum/AP Wide World; Lurie: Stephen Barker; Schmidt: AP Wide World; Bofill: Marc Riboud; Yeager: Tom Zimberoff/Gamma-Liaison **250:** Gaylord: Ken Nahoum; Gooden: Focus on Sports; Malik: David Bailey; Blades: Barbra Walz/Outline; Schlossberg: Pamela Price/Picture Group **251:** Fahey: Steve Tynan; Mastroianni: Bettina Rheims/Sygma; Fischl: Louie Psihoyos/Contact Press. **260:** Liza Bruce swimsuit. Speedo America goggles. Richard's Aqua-lung Center, NYC; Bamberger's, Paramus NJ; Nordstrom, Seattle WA. **263:** Hair ribbon, Michael Katz. Earrings, Jay Feinberg. Martha. **264:** Ariel nylon/spandex suit. Gottex at John Baldwin, Dept. 71. Earrings, Cara Croninger. Artwear, NYC. **266:** From left to right: Shakiba Rahimi, Anushka, NYC; Ling, Donsuki Salon; Astrid Bedrossian, Georgette Klinger's Urban Spa; Kim Lepine, La Coupe; Elisabeth Drabinski. Man's suit, Cerruti 1881. Black leather pad from D.F. Sanders. **268–269:** *Left to right*: *Top row*, UPI/Bettman Newsphotos; UPI/Bettman Newsphotos; Ron Galella, Ltd.; Wide World; Ron Galella, Ltd.; Geoffrey Croft/Retna, Ltd.; Walter McBride/Retna, Ltd.; Tim Graham/Sygma; Richard Young/Retna, Ltd.; The Bettmann Archive; David Loar/Retna, Ltd.; Darlene Hammond/Retna, Ltd.; Ron Galella, Ltd.; Ron Galella, Ltd. **271:** Man: T-Shirt, The Gap. Shoes, Nike. Woman: Leotard, Dance France. Tights, Capezio. Sneakers, Reebok. Hair, Odile for Bruno Dessange Salon, NYC. Makeup, Laura Mercier. **272–273:** Panty stockings, Hue. Shoes, Waltea. **274:** Genny available September. Also at Panache, Millburn NJ; Pompian, Chicago; Loretta Blum, Dallas; Butch Blum, Seattle WA. Hue Hosiery. Shoes, Donna Karan New York. Anne Klein II also at Rich's; Godchaux's, New Orleans. Gloves, Sachiko for La Crasia. Dim Hosiery. Bloomingdale's. Shoes, Susan Bennis/Warren Edwards, NYC. **275:** Dress also at Marshall Field's; Frances Kahn, Roanoke and Lynchburg VA; Hixons, Milwaukee WI. Belt, Barry Kieselstein-Cord. Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. Panty stockings, Perry Ellis for Trimfit. Shoes, Susan Bennis/Warren Edwards, NYC. **276:** Turnout also at John Baldwin; Lou Lattimore, Dallas. To order at I. Magnin; Liberty House of Hawaii. Watch, Patek Philippe. Aron Faber Gallery, NYC. Stockings, Givenchy. Shoes, Donna Karan New York. Bloomingdale's. Bag, Judith Leiber. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. Neiman-Marcus. **277:** Wool knit top and skirt. Turnout also at Robinson's, California. Swatch watch. Panty stockings, Trimfit. July at Macy's, NY. Shoes, Vittorio Ricci, NYC. **278:** Watch, Obrey. Bergdorf Goodman. Calvin Klein Hosiery. Bloomingdale's. Shoes, Carlos Falchi, Dallas. Bag, Carlos Falchi. Bloomingdale's; Carlos Falchi, Dallas. **279:** Tiktiner also at Lou Lattimore, Dallas. Watch, Time Will Tell, NYC. Gloves, Portolano Products. Hue Hosiery, Bloomingdale's. Shoes, Manolo Blahnik, NYC. Gianni Versace also at Gianni Versace Boutique, Beverly Hills. Watch, Fred Leighton Trump Tower, NYC. Panty stockings, Trimfit. July at Macy's New York. Shoes, Arlene La marca. **280:** Fabric available at Buttons 'n' Trims, Denver CO. Earrings, Coro U.S.A. Savage, NYC; Cuffs, Barry Kieselstein-Cord. Barry Kieselstein Cord Salon at Bergdorf Goodman. **281:** Shirt Fabric at Paron Fabrics, NYC. Pant Fabric available at Calamo Silk, NYC. Earrings, Les Bernard. Gold belt, Gerard E. Yosca. Ostrich belt, Miss Ellen Ruth Levy NYC., Brenda's Place, Roslyn NY; Jim Elle, San Francisco. **282:** Fabric available at Paron Fabrics, NYC. Buttons, Tender Buttons. Earrings, Laura Vogel. Double disc ring, Marieluisa Stern for Stigi. **283:** Tank fabric at Landau Wollen, NYC. Pant fabric at Paron Fabrics, NYC. Belt, Leslie J. Knaster . Mishon Mishon, NYC. Chain belt, Jay Feinberg. ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE.

VOGUE PATTERNS *Back views, yardages, details, pages 280-283*

Pages 280 and 281. **Suit:** Vogue Pattern #1697, View A. Sizes 8-18. Size 10: 3⅛ yards 45" fabric. $7.00. Canada, $8.50. **Shirt and trousers:** Shirt—Calvin Klein for Vogue Patterns #1455, View B. Sizes 8-16. Size 10: 2⅜ yards 45" fabric. $8.00 Canada, $9.70. **Trousers:** Vogue Pattern #1199, View D. Sizes 6-16. Size 10: 2 ½ yards 45" fabric. $5.00. Canada, $6.10. Pages 282 and 283, **Safari dress:** Kasper for Vogue Patterns #1574, View B. Sizes 6-16. Size 10: 3⅝ yards 45" fabric. $10.00. Canada, $12.10. **Jersey tank and silk pants:** Tank—Vogue Pattern #1734, View A. Sizes 8-18. Size 10: 1⅝ yards 52" fabric. $7.00. Canada, $8.50. Pants: Vogue Pattern #9537, View C. Sizes 8-18. Size 10: 2⅝ yards 45" fabric. $5.00. Canada, $6.10 **Sewing tips:** For safari dress, even out the bottom hem.



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